

THE
EARLY HISTORY
OF
JACKSON COUNTY
GEORGIA



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Joseph Wilson

THE EARLY HISTORY OF JACKSON COUNTY GEORGIA

"The Writings of the Late G. J. N. Wilson, embracing some of the Early
History of Jackson County."

THE FIRST SETTLERS, 1784

FORMATION AND BOUNDARIES TO THE PRESENT TIME

RECORDS OF THE TALASEE COLONY

STRUGGLES OF THE COLONIES OF
YAMACUTAH, GROANING ROCK, FORT YARGO,
STONETHROW AND THOMOCOCCAN

*Given in Narrative Style without Burdening the Reader
with Dates Hard to Remember
By G. J. N. WILSON*

With Supplement giving a list of Officers of the County, 1796 to 1914
Judges of the Inferior Court Jackson County's Part in the Civil War
Confederate Veterans in the County
Representatives and Senators from Jackson, 1799 to 1914
And Some Strange Records by Editor

Edited and Published by

W. E. WHITE

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THE EARLY HISTORY
OF
JACKSON COUNTY, GEORGIA

By G. J. N. WILSON

DEDICATION

In full appreciation of their kindness and in glad memory of their unselfish services, this narrative of a bygone age is

*LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO
MY FRIENDS.*

RECOMMENDATIONS.

We, the committee appointed by the teachers at their regular monthly meeting in April, to examine the manuscripts of the late G. J. N. Wilson, with a view to seeing whether or not any part or parts can be used as a History of Jackson County, beg leave to make the following report:

That we, as a committee, recommend that the manuscripts be published as "The Writings of the late G. J. N. Wilson, embracing some of the Early History of Jackson County."

Jefferson, Ga., July 4, 1913.

J. E. J. LORD, Chairman, Ex-Member Legislature,

J. A. CROOK, Principal Plain View High School,

W. H. MALEY, Member Board of Education,

LUTHER ELROD, Supt. Public Schools, Jackson County,

J. N. ROSS, Member Board of Education.

Committee.

On August 29, 1913, the Board of Education of Jackson County in meeting assembled, unanimously concurred in the above recommendation.

J. C. TURNER, President.

LUTHER ELROD, Secretary.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

“My friend, if I fail to get my book out before the Master calls, I want you to promise me, now, that you will see that it is published.”

In obedience to the above request, made some six months before the death of the late Hon. G. J. N. Wilson, the Editor is offering this work to the public.

It has been no small task to take up the manuscripts of a dead man, these, too, at different dates, and assemble them in the order that one would suppose the author intended. He left no instructions whatever and but one explanation, and that concerned the Talasee Colony. Mr. Wilson stated that when a small boy, he had a “liking for scribbling.” That a descendant of the Talasee people lived near his father’s home and they very kindly allowed him to use the old papers as a copy. This he did as mere pastime, it never once occurring to him then that these papers would be found useful. A few days after the papers were returned the neighbor’s house burned.

Thus does God verify His saying, “And a little child shall lead them.” Through the work of a little boy these records have been saved from oblivion. We can learn a few things about how the first settlers began the work of redeeming the forest and building homes in the garden spot of all Georgia.

We have made just as few changes as possible, leaving, as it were, “the author in his work,” even to the peculiar manner of spelling some words.

After having traveled more than 500 miles, from place to place, verifying what was stated, and finding dates, places and people just as described in the manuscript, we feel that no higher

enconium can be paid the author than to say, "What is written, is written."

In the Supplement to this work the reader will find what we believe will interest as well as instruct.

We wish to thank the many friends that have been so ready to help by allowing us the use of their libraries, and also for the words of encouragement spoken by those who hope to see our county at the front.

W. E. WHITE.

Jefferson, Ga., March, 1914.



THE HOME OF THE "OLD GENERAL."

THE LIFE OF GUSTAVUS JAMES NASH WILSON.

On October the 16th, 1827, was born a baby boy, near what is now the beautiful little city of Commerce, Jackson County. He was named Gustavus James Nash Wilson and was destined to make a mark in the world.

He belonged to a family living in the county when it was organized in 1796 and subsequently prominent in its political, business and social affairs.

He was a grandson of George Wilson, a leading citizen of the pioneer days of Jackson County and one who made the original draft of the first constitution of the state of Georgia.

George Wilson was one of the first settlers of the county and was an elder in the first Presbyterian church organized in this part of the State. James, a son, married Miss Martha Bowles, daughter of another old settler, and they were the parents of the subject of this sketch.

The father was a farmer and a brave soldier in the wars of 1812 and the Indian troubles of 1836. He died at the home of his son, G. J. N. Wilson, near Pentecost Church, on March 19, 1870, aged eighty-three years. Mr. G. J. N. Wilson then lived in the Flannigan house, where Mrs. Amanda Finch now resides.

In the youthful days of Mr. Gustavus Wilson educational advantages were few. The "old-field" schools, and here and there a private academy, furnished the mental training of the masses. In the former Mr. Wilson's natural love for learning was nurtured until his mind was prepared to guide it into channels of self education. He was from childhood a hard and thorough student, ever seeking knowledge.

At thirteen years of age he was so far advanced that he was asked to teach a school near where Commerce now is, and so eminent were his qualifications and successful was he in the work, that he taught this school for fourteen successive years. He was associated with other schools in the county, and was at the head

of some of the most prominent institutions of the county in ante-bellum days.

In May 1862, Mr. Wilson left his profession to cast his lot with the Confederate Army as an officer in Company E, Thirty-fourth Georgia Regiment.

After the war he devoted most of his time to carpentry; and was thus engaged when, in 1871, he was elected to the position of County School Commissioner. He held this position for about 30 years in succession.

Mr. Wilson came of Scotch-Irish descent; of fine mental attainments and possessed a physique of Herculean proportions.

He was an Elder in the Presbyterian church, a Chapter Mason, also an Odd Fellow.

Mr. Wilson was what some might term eccentric, but to know him was to love him. His friendship knew no bounds. He was the same to all; the high or the low, rich or poor received his help at all times. Hundreds of teachers who now have made their mark in the world, can look back to the time when they, struggling to rise, would have given up in despair but for the timely aid and sweet sympathy given them by the one above them—and yet never above, for the Old General never took advantage of his position as Commissioner to “bully” his friends or teachers.

He could boast of never spending an idle day in his life, always busy with mind or hand, and his motto was: “Owe no man anything.”

In his official capacity he never cost the county one “nickel.” He even furnished his own office and office fixtures free of any cost to the county he loved so well.

By using “little scraps of time,” Mr. Wilson erected one of the nicest homes in the city of Jefferson, with his own hands.

The Old General, as his friends loved to call him, was always at home to his host of friends; and many a time strangers could be seen looking around the place and inspecting the many interesting things that he had gathered from time to time. These good people were drawn thither by some chance remark made by some other traveler, maybe in a distant state, as to how they had spent the time when “passing through the city.”

(Right here let it be understood that the term, "General," was not a title nor was it ever used as such by Mr. Wilson, but was only a "nickname," by which his friends addressed him.)

Mr. Wilson owned one of the finest private libraries in the State, and one never went to him for help, intellectually, and went away empty. He seldom had to refer to his books but had the desired information at the "tip of his tongue," so to speak. He kept up with the political movements of the times, but never at any time stooped to "dabble" with the dirty tricks that sometimes curse this section of the State.

He, like many another good man, lived, as it were, before his day, and his worth was not appreciated. Even since his death he has been criticised by some who did not understand him.

He was loved by his teachers and pupils alike. And even now one can hear him referred to as "That dear old Commissioner that visited our school when I was a little tot."

Mr. Wilson was married on August 1, 1847, to Miss Carrie Coleman. They had two children to bless their home, Mr. L. C. Wilson and Mrs. Maggie Johnson.

Gustavus James Nash Wilson died on the 28th day of March, 1909, and was laid to rest in Woodbine cemetery in the city of Jefferson, Ga.

EDITOR.

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A LIST OF THE DIFFICULT INDIAN NAMES FOUND IN THIS BOOK,
DIVIDED INTO SYLLABLES AND AN EXPLANATION AS TO WHAT THEY
BELONGED TO IN THE DAYS OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS.

Po-cā-tāl-i-go was the name used by the Indians for Sandy creek; Tish-ma-gū was Mulberry river; Ē-tō-hō, North Oconee river; Ith-lō-bee, Middle Oconee; Pin-hō-lō-wah, Turkey creek; Tōb-kē-sō-fōs-kee, Curry's creek; Num-sā-cō-tā, Hurricane creek; Ca-hoo-tā-cōn-nough, Double branches; Jā-rà-thōg-gin, Beaver creek; Ip-sē-quil-tā, Cedar Creek; Yō-tō-comp-sā, Morgan's creek; Tau-rū-lā-boule, Beech creek; Tip-toe, Price's Mountain, on the line of Hall; Yām-ā-cū-tah, Tumbling Shoals; Yām-trā-hooch-ee, Hurricane Shoals; Tāl-ā-pā-hoo, Rock ford; O-kō-lō-cō Trail, was on the western side of the county (present boundary) and passed through Snō-don, now Winder; Lā-cō-dā Trail led from Augusta to the mountains, passing through Groaning Rock, now Commerce, thence through where Maysville now is, and on through Stone-throw (Gillsville), to the Tallulah and Nacoochee countries; Pō-gā-nip, Cedar Hill; Nō-dō-rōc, the mud volcano, that the Indians thought was hell; Sō-quil-lās, meant horses; Ū-mau-sau-gā, the old chief that lived at Tāl-a-see Shoals, his home being called A-dā-bor; Ē-tō-hau-tō was Umausauga's brother; Yr-tyr-myr-myr-mys-cō and Wō-kō-lōg were two Indian bucks; I-rō and Al-bō-rak, names of two of their horses; Tā-litch-lēch-ee was the name of a certain man; Yēth-à, a woman's name; Rā-dō-ā-tā, was a battlefield near Attica; Ār-hār-rā, another battlefield nearer the Tish-maugu; Ō-nō-cō-wāh, a word of lament; A-lō-thā, the Bell spring; Lāp-sī-dā-lī, the woman that caused trouble between the Creeks and Cherokees; O-nō-mā-cō, Lapsidali's brother; Nū-mēr-ā-dō, the old battlefield at the mouth of the Nūm-sā-cō-tā creek; Shūl-tā-mōō-zaw, an Indian village where Black's Creek church now stands; Hū-ā-nā-cō, the name of a certain Cherokee messenger; Bō-hū-rōn, the place where Oconee Heights is situated; Neg-li-gole was the Indians' word for renegade; Tā-tā changed his name to Nyx-ter when he became a spy among the Bō-hū-rōns; Ē-lān-cy-dyē was the Cherokee's queen until she was killed at the battle of Arharra; Ēl-trō-vā-dyē, the orphaned daughter of

Elancydyne. She was found on the field of Arharra and became the adopted daughter, Băn-nă, of old Umausauga; Ră-mō-jă and Emefila meant a festival known as the Corn dance; Hō-nō-răs were men among the Creeks that correspond to our present day sheriffs; Nē-rē Nă-ră and Nū-rū-lŷn, names of two girls; Thōm-ō-cōg-găn, the present city of Jefferson was once so called; Hooch-lē-ō-hōō-păh, a certain man's name; Nō-dŷn was the name of a man who lived at Sno-don; We-tŷmp-kă, Columbus, Ga.; Ō-kō-kō-bee, a Creek chief over the Ufallayak division of the nation and was the father of Umausauga, El-tō-mŷ-ră and Etohauto; Nē-nă-the-mă-hō-lă, successor to Okokobee; Sī-lō-quot of Hă-ŷ-tau-thŷ-gă, near Fort Yargo, was a spy and whose companions were Ē-lī-tō-boy, Că-măs-tōō-kă and Nō-vŷ-ăr-kă; Ō-kō-lē-gee, the old chief that lived on Tip-toe; I-nō-mă-tŷ-hă-tă lived on Pea Ridge; I-nō-mă-tăw-tŷn-sŷg-nă lived at what is now known as the Arnold old mill place. These three, Okolegee, Inomatuhata and Inomatawtunsigna together with Talasee were all chiefs and were among the fourteen Indian chiefs that signed the treaty at Augusta that gave Jackson County the "Wofford Settlements." Al-ă-pă-hă and his daughter, Ū-nŷ-coy, lived near Yamtrahoochee. Wau-tō-wau-tō was the chief that stole Flora Clover and Susan Bingham at the shoals and a little later killed Dr. Henry Therrauld at the battle of Nău-hă-tă.

EDITOR.

INTRODUCTORY.

“The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
Until the memory of an age is fled,
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring’s doom.”

—Don Juan.

In the absence of written history one wave of human life sweeps over another until the achievements of the past become wholly unknown, save such as are lodged in the generous bosom of mother earth or transmitted from father to son as in the days before the flood.

The pioneers of this country cared little for written history. To make a record of local events or of the men and measures of the times perhaps never entered their minds. Even official documents were vague in meaning, and often destroyed as soon as used. Stones that have been buried beneath the accumulated dust of ages give us an account of some of the leading nations of antiquity as full as anything that can be found concerning the first settlement of this immediate part of the country. Indeed, the generations which followed have been greatly deficient in this respect.

It was long after the first white settlers came to Jackson County before the people could spare their children from work, or procure the means to send them to school. The first staple production was tobacco; and if the children of to-day, arrayed in their splendid outfit for school purposes, could, for one moment, know how much hard work was necessary to prepare the unbroken forests for cultivation amidst threatening dangers on every side, and imagine the filthiness of killing tobacco worms, pulling off the “suckers,” topping of the plants, cutting, curing, stripping the leaves from the stalks, and the hard labor necessary to send it to market in “rolling hogsheads” they would stand in utter amazement at the great difference between then and now, and no longer wonder why their ancestors did not go to school, nor have time to read and write.

But if they did not attend school, knowledge was acquired by intensity of action, by observation and reflection, rather than

from books. They were too busy making the way to the ends of life to write incidents on the wayside. Thus it was that through the eventful decades of more than a century generations have come and gone without leaving any record to let the world know that they had ever lived in it.

To secure from oblivion what is known of their history, now fast fading away through the already dim vista of time, is the object of these pages. They are written at the solicitation of friends for whose opinions the writer has the most profound respect. They claim no literary merit, but absolute originality. Having no companion nor guide to direct him, he travels alone amid the shadows of the long-gone past. And yet they are not dreary.

To a limited extent the narrative is drawn from documentary evidence, partly from memory, and largely from tradition. Regarding some incidents there is a difference of opinion; but in such cases the most reliable authorities have been followed. Many of the dates given are correct; others are approximate and where this could not be done, none are given. The writer does not claim to be free from all error.

G. J. N. W.

Jefferson, Ga., Sept., 1906.

CHAPTER I.

FORMATION AND BOUNDARIES—CHANGES MADE TO BRING THE COUNTY DOWN TO ITS PRESENT LIMITS—SOME INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

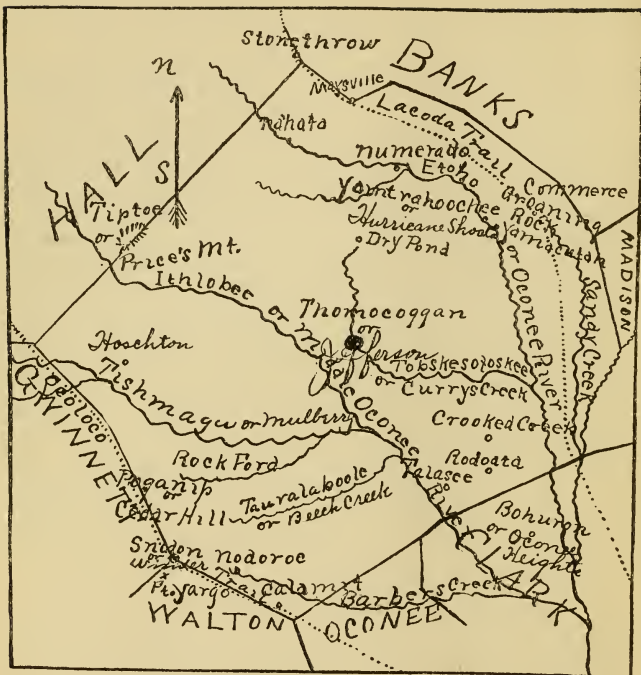
In 1784, when Northeast Georgia was a wilderness, inhabited by wild animals and wilder men, with here and there a few white settlements from two to three days' journey apart, Franklin* County, was laid out in order, as the Act to form it declared, "to strengthen the State, and for the convenience of the inhabitants." Its area was extensive, "beginning," continues the Act, "at Savannah river, where the west lines of Wilkes county strikes the same; thence along the said line to the Cherokee corner; from thence on the same direction to the south branch of the Oconee river; thence up the said river to the head or source of the most southern stream thereof; thence along the temporary line, separating the Indian hunting ground to the northern branch of

* Prof. R. P. Brooks' "History of Georgia," Pages 143 and 182.

Note: We quote, here, from "First Settlers of Upper Georgia," Pages 333 to 335, by Gov. George R. Gilmer, extracts from a letter, written to the President of the United States, concerning the Indian troubles, a few years prior to their removal to the West. In this letter, written by a gentleman who had resided in or near the "Broad River Settlement," now Oglethorpe County, all his life, we find many facts as to the location of the Creek and Cherokee Indians in this part of Georgia.

"Executive Department, Milledgeville, Dec. 29, 1829.

"Independent of any knowledge derived from individuals, it is probable that we could have accounted for the change of possessions of the disputed territory from the Creeks to the Cherokees, from the alteration of the habits of life which has been for a long time taking place in both tribes. Within the last thirty or forty years, the Creeks and Cherokees gradually became less and less capable of subsisting by hunting. Very many of the half-breeds of each tribe exchanged hunting for herding. But even these were but little accustomed to provide, by cultivating the earth, food for the support of their cattle during the winter, but rather trusted to the cane and other natural productions. Both tribes therefore inclined to progress to the south, where the lands on the streams were richer, and the cane more capable of sustaining their cattle. That portion of the Cherokee tribe in particular, who inhabited the high mountains, cold and sterile country about the head waters of the Savannah and the Chattahoochee, were disposed to leave it to one further to the south, and more suitable to the change that was taking place in their habits. The truth of this opinion is



MAP OF JACKSON COUNTY, GEORGIA

Showing the location of the different places mentioned in the
Early History of Jackson County, with both
the Indian and modern names.

Present boundary
lines, 1914.

Savannah river known by the name of Keowee, and down the said river to the beginning."

† Previously to the formation of this large county, the state had no organized means of protecting its citizens, who had emigrated thither from Virginia, North Carolina and the "Broad River Settlement," in Wilkes. They had suffered much, not only from the merciless native Indians, but also from heartless Tories, who, under Champ Moore, the notorious Tory leader, often passed through the country. Though this state of affairs existed for some years after the organization of Franklin County, the population so greatly increased during the next twelve years, that the people, living in the southern part, [it might be more nearly correct to say southwestern], made application for another new county.

Accordingly, in 1796, when Jared Irwin was governor and Capt. James Terrill represented Franklin County in the legislature. Jackson County, the twenty-second formed in the State, was cut from Franklin. The Act establishing its boundaries bears date of

† Geo. G. Smith says, "There was up to 1792 great danger from Indian forays, and the scattered inhabitants lived much of the time in block-houses." P. 153.—Ed.

verified by the talk delivered by the Cherokees in 1808, to the President of the United States, in which they represent the scarcity of game in that part of their country, and the intention to leave it. In addition to the superior advantages of a more southern country for the support of their cattle was added the inducement of approaching nearer their markets, rendered important by the increased value of their beef and hides.

"It is probably known to the President, from personal observation that the country in dispute was formerly occupied by the Creeks entirely, and that they gradually relinquished their possession, until, at the close of the late war, there were very few of the tribe remaining in it; and that, at the same time, and in the same manner, the Cherokees by degrees obtained almost entire possession. The fact that all the streams and remarkable places have Creek names prove certainly that it was but lately occupied by the Creeks, and that there has been no general and simultaneous transfer of its possessions from one tribe to the other, and that the Cherokees must therefore have intermingled with the original inhabitants, so as to have adopted their proper names. The Cherokees' talk, the testimony of the Indians, and the information of the original white settlers on the frontier, prove that this occupation of the country by the Cherokees was permissible on the part of the Creeks, and so considered by the Cherokees until 1820, when General McIntosh procured the consent of the Creeks to make it a

February 11th, 1796, and says: "The line dividing the County of Jackson from the County of Franklin shall begin on the south of Broad river at the place where it intersects the Counties of Oglethorpe and Elbert; from thence it shall run up to the head or source of the middle fork, it being the main stream; from thence south forty-five degrees to the main ridge which divides the waters of Broad river from the waters of the Oconee; thence along the said river to the temporary or western line of Franklin County; and all that part of Franklin lying and being southwardly of the aforesaid line, shall be included and comprehended in the County of Jackson."

Thus it seems that the new county was four times larger than at the present time, and included several places which have since become prominent in other counties. Josiah Meigs,* first President of Franklin College, now the State University, called his first class to order in Jackson County.

This extensive territory was called after Gen. James Jackson, of revolutionary fame, and not for Gen. Andrew Jackson as has sometimes been said. Though an Englishman by birth, no other

*"White's Historical Collections," says "President Meigs commenced the exercises of the University when no college buildings had been erected. Recitations were often heard and lectures delivered under the shade of the forest oak, etc." P. 397.—Ed.

matter of right. The country was said to have been loaned by the Creeks to the Cherokees. The first claim of the right to possess it at all, on the part of the latter tribe, was derived by success at a ball-game, at which the stake was the disputed country, and at which play the Cherokees were successful. This ball-game took place some time between the years 1816 and 1820.

"I understand that the President is of the opinion that the United States Government is bound, by its contract of 1802 with Georgia, as well as upon general principles, to permit no transfer of territory after that time from the Creeks to the Cherokees, or rather to disregard any contracts which may have been made between the two tribes. The Creeks having been the occupants of the country in 1802, and having parted with possession, it now belongs to Georgia, as the rightful owner of the soil.

* * * * *

"Georgia considers herself entitled to immediate possession of the country claimed, but is willing to have the right postponed for the attainment of a more important object. If that object is not affected by the means adopted during the present session of Congress, the State expects that the President will, so far as his own power extends, do her justice, by having

man was ever a more faithful and efficient servant of Georgia than James Jackson. No "railing accusation" was ever brought against him except that he was accused of causing Franklin College to be located in Jackson County because it was named after him. Mild indeed; but even that was afterwards shown to be utterly false.

For a period of nearly five years the original lines of Jackson remained undisturbed. However, the steady increase of population, and the location of the State School where Athens now flourishes, called for still another new county. Accordingly by an Act approved on 5th of December, 1801, Clarke County, then including Oconee, was cut, largely from Jackson, by a line beginning "on the Appalachee river at the mouth of Marbury's creek; thence on a direct line to Richard Easley's mill (Talasee Shoals) on the middle fork of the Oconee river; from thence on a direct line to where the Oglethorpe line crosses the north fork of Brush creek; thence down the Oglethorpe line to the Appalachee river; thence up said river to the beginning."

Ten years passed away before Jackson was again called on for a division of her patrimony, by its citizens living east of Big Sandy creek. By taking a large part from Jackson, and smaller portions from Oglethorpe, Clarke, Franklin and Elbert Counties, Madison County was formed by an Act approved December 5th, 1811, and by "beginning on the Clarke County line on the ridge between Bushy and Beaverdam creek; thence a direct line to where the Jackson County line crosses Little Sandy creek; thence on a direct line to the fork of Big Sandy creek above Espy's Mill; thence up the eastern fork of the same to Knight's old store; thence to the head of Black's creek in such manner as to leave all the waters of Big Sandy creek in Jackson County."

the Cherokees removed from so much territory as is included in the treaty lately made with the Creeks.

"These remarks are submitted to the President with sentiments of most respectful consideration.

"GEORGE R. GILMER."

"To the President of the United States."

—Editor.

The western boundary of Madison as above given; being somewhat indefinite, the matter was not settled till a few years ago. The loss to Jackson by the formation of Madison County was not as great in territory as it was in citizenship. People in any part of the country with first-class citizens, and churches and schools, farms and shops, and all pursuits known to civilization, will prosper and be perpetuated upon an ascending scale from generation to generation.

Still, mother Jackson had an immense territory as compared with her present limits, embracing a large part of what is now Walton, Gwinnett, Hall and Banks Counties. Besides, the year after Madison was formed, the usual rule was reversed by making Jackson larger.

In 1785, Col. Hawkins, the United States agent for Indian affairs, was ordered to run the Franklin line from the Currahee to the head of the Appalachee river, which is to this day known as the Hawkins line. However, the Georgia legislature of 1812 decided that Col. Hawkins did not run the line "agreeably to the true spirit and interest of the treaty held at Augusta on the 31st of May, 1783, and confirmed by the treaty at Shoulderbone, in 1786; but left on the Indian side certain lands, which, by the 3rd Section of the 4th Article of the Federal constitution, belonged to the State of Georgia."

In pursuance of this decision Gov. Rabun, on the 7th of December, 1812, signed a bill adding to Jackson County, "all the land lying west and northwest of the Hawkins line, and on the waters of the Oconee, up the ridge dividing the waters of said Oconee from the waters of Chattahoochee river, commencing at a point on the line run by Hugh Montgomery, where the same crosses the dividing ridge, between Oconee and Broad rivers; thence along said ridge a southwest direction to the intersection of the Hawkins line."

This act, which is hard to understand, while greatly increasing the territory and Indian population of Jackson, added but few whites, most of whom belonged to the celebrated "Wofford Set-

tlement," now in Hall. This colony of pioneers had been added to Jackson two years before; but it seems that the State government did not reach them, and was repealed before the Act of 1812.

The Augusta treaty which finally gave the Wofford Settlement to Jackson, was signed, with a cross, by fourteen Indians; and as four of them lived within the present limits of the county, their names are here given as a matter of curiosity:

Talasee King, for whom the Talasee Shoals are named. He lived on the road leading from the shoals to Athens, and about midway between Prospect Church and the large blackgum tree which marks the line between Jackson and Clarke Counties.

Okolegee, a prominent friend of the white settlers. His wigwam stood on top of Tiptoe, now known as Price's Mountain, several miles above the present Price bridge, and where a battle was fought between Confederate and Federal troops in 1864.

Inomatuhata, whose home was on Pea Ridge, north of Winder. He lived in a picturesque house made of the branches of hickory trees, carefully intertwined and neatly plastered both inside and out, with a light, brick-colored mortar, the mixture of which, the writer believes, is now unknown. The roof was of moss, evidently taken from the swamps a few miles to the south, and growing, soon became impervious to water.

Inomatawtunsigna, who affixed to his name the characteristic title of "Head Warrior," lived near Arnold's old mill on Bear creek. His wigwam was of the common form, but unusually substantial. Though not an avowed friend to the whites, he was conservative, brave and intellectual.

I-no-ma-tu-ha-ta and I-no-ma-taw tun-sig-na were brothers, and claimed to be descendants of Mispenthe, an illustrious warrior of a former age, and his Queen, Lutro, the "Moon Spirit." It is not known that either of the brothers left a namesake to try the jaw-breaking power of their pale-faced successors.

Of the five distinguished white men who signed the treaty, two of them, Andrew Burns and John Lamar, afterwards became

citizens of this county and some of their descendants still live in it.*

The era upon which Jackson County entered in 1812, was an eventful one. Though rich in the integrity of her men, proud of the ennobling and elevating character of her women; and boasting of a surplus in her treasury, amounting to \$57.06 $\frac{1}{4}$, fear and forebodings of an evil day began to dawn upon the people. Still a border county, and our Atlantic coasts blockaded by English fleets; the flames of burning houses by night and the gleam of the Indian tomahawk by day, announced indiscriminate slaughter all along her borders and sometimes within her limits. The morals of the people, hitherto almost pure, became corrupt; drunkenness, almost unknown before, became common; and crimes of which the older citizens had never dreamed, were committed, sometimes in open defiance of law. It is strange that demoralization follows exciting times; but the old maxim that, "Hanging day is the worst in the year" is generally true. It is not certain that Jackson County has yet recovered from the blow then given.

Under the trying circumstances few men could leave their threatened homes to enter the second contest with the British lion and his whelps, the Creeks and Cherokees. Still out of a population of 227 taxpayers, the county furnished 23 volunteers who enlisted under Gen. Jackson, and all but three or four, who had died of disease, were with him at the Battle of New Orleans in 1815. Besides the volunteers, a Company of 40 men, styled the "Jackson Guards," under the command of the gallant Capt. William Jones, patrolled the county, and were of inestimable service. What a crying pity that the history of the "Jackson Guards" has never been written.

*This treaty covered practically all of the old County of Franklin. The Acts of the General Assembly of Georgia, 1783, approving this treaty, states in Article III, that the Savannah river was considered the eastern line and "Beginning at a stream known as the Keowee and running in a westerly direction to the Currahee mountain; thence southwest to the head waters of the most southern branch of the Oconee river (Appalachee), including all the waters of the same; thence down the river to the old line."

After enlarging Jackson by the Act of 1812, it was six years before the pruning knife was again applied to her boundaries. As the tread of the Anglo-Saxon had taken its way to the west; as George Walton, Button Gwinnett and Lyman Hall, good men and true, were without namesakes on the map of Georgia; and as Jackson could furnish good material to build their monuments, three deep cuts were made at one blow, creating, to a large extent, our three charming daughters, Walton, Gwinnett and Hall Counties.*

The Act making these three new counties became a law on the 19th day of December, 1818, and says: "That all that part of Jackson County which lies southeast and southwest of a line to commence on the Appalachee river, where the dividing line between the counties of Walton and Gwinnett strikes the same, and continuing the course of said line until the same strikes the Hog Mountain road; thence down the same to the southern line of said county; thence along the same to the Appalachee river, shall be added to, and made a part of Walton† County; and all that part of said county which lies above the described line; and thence along the road which passes Thompson's mill, to the Mulberry fork of the Oconee river; thence a direct line to the corner of Gwinnett County on the top of the Chattahoochee ridge, shall be added to and become a part of Gwinnett County; and all that part of Jackson County which lies northwest of a line to begin at the house of William Clements and running parallel with a line commonly called Hawkins line, to the present line of Franklin County be added to and become a part of Hall." As this Act did not clearly define some of the northern boundaries of the new counties, the legislature of 1819 undertook to remedy the matter by enacting "that the line dividing the counties of Jackson and Gwinnett shall extend from Thompson's mill on the

*See G. G. Smith's "The Story of Georgia and the Georgia People" and Charles H. Smith's, (Bill Arp) History of Georgia, pages 53 and 54. If the reader will make these references he will see that the northern and western boundaries of Jackson County were not well defined.—Ed.

†According to the Acts of the General Assembly, 1803, all the lands on the north and west of our county were called "The Walton Country."

Oconee fork of the Mulberry river; thence up said fork to where the line dividing Hall and Gwinnett crosses the same."

This Act of 1819 was still so unsatisfactory that in December, 1820, an explanatory Act was passed with following preamble: "Whereas some of the lines dividing Jackson, Walton, Gwinnett and Hall Counties were designated by old roads, not very much in use; and whereas persons living near such roads are in the habit of turning such dividing roads at pleasure round their houses, so as to throw them in which county they may see proper, so as to evade civil process, militia duty, payment of tax, and effect many irregularities contrary to the true intent and meaning of the aforesaid law. Be it enacted," etc. The Act then goes on to re-establish nearly the same original lines, and in the same indefinite manner. In some places their exact location is unknown to this day.

About the time Walton, Gwinnett and Hall Counties were surveyed, the Georgia legislature proposed to turn the Chattahoochee river into the North Oconee by digging a canal from the former to the head water of the latter. This novel measure, which was claimed to be practical, was, after a long debate, finally defeated, mainly by the wild and fiery eloquence of John Stebbins, a member who lived somewhere on the lower waters of the Oconee. "What, Mr. Speaker," he exclaimed, "will become of me and my family, when the Chattahoochee, three miles wide, a thousand feet deep, and ten miles higher than the sea, is turned loose at the rate of forty miles a minute, on lower Georgia. Why, sir, it will wash every one of us away, and if we don't get drowned we will wake up some morning and find ourselves a-straddle of logs floating about in the Atlantic ocean. Yes, sir, the mountains of North Georgia will come tumbling down here and knock our State House into a cocked hat, and people will look out of their top windows to see if old father Noah is again sailing around in his big ship. Besides all this, Mr. Speaker, if we turn the vast volume of water that is in the Chattahoochee from the channel where God made it to run, the Gulf of Mexico would go dry, and the fish, whales, alligators and snakes in it

would stink so bad that nobody could live in ten thousand miles of its shore!"

Of course neither the speaker nor any one who heard him believed what he said; but the speech from which the above is an extract, was the climax of ridicule, and had the desired effect. The measure failed, though it was not finally abandoned till some years after.

In the meantime some of the citizens who lived around Hurricane Shoals, believing that the Chattahoochee would soon come washing by them, applied for a new county to be called Unicoy, after the pretty daughter of the Indian chief, Alapaha, who had once lived near the Shoals. The bill to create a new county went down with the bill to create a new river. They died together; but it was not known that John Stebbins had anything to do with the county matter.

In pursuance of a law passed 24th of December, 1821, Jackson was again made larger by enacting that "the line dividing Franklin and Jackson shall commence where the Grove Level road strikes the Hall County line; thence along the said road to Malone's old store; thence a direct line to where the present Jackson County line strikes the Madison County line, and all that part of Franklin lying south and southwest of the aforesaid line, shall be added and become a part of Jackson County."

Sixteen years passed without any further change. In 1837 an additional part of Franklin was added to Jackson; and in 1850 a few hundred acres of Jackson were cut off to Clarke. In 1852 the line of Jackson was so changed as to include the residence of William Sanders in Madison. In 1856 the residence of Jesse Lord was transferred from Jackson to Banks, and the lands of David Smith in Gwinnett were added to Jackson. The plantation of George W. Hudson was taken from Jackson and added to Clarke in 1868; and the line between Jackson and Madison so changed as to add a part of the former to the latter, and a part of the latter to the former.

In 1870 the line of Walton was so altered as to include all the lands of D. R. Perkins in Jackson; and the line between Jackson and Banks was materially changed as to begin "at the resi-

dence of James H. Holland, on the Hurricane Shoals road; thence to General Thomas Anderson's; thence to Atkin's brick store; thence up the Clarkesville road to the line of Banks County, including all the lands in the above metes and bounds in Banks County."

This last Act was exceedingly successful in giving its "metes and bounds" so that they could not be understood; but all of the difficulties growing out of it have recently been adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

In 1905 the people living southward of the Mulberry river, applied for a new county which they proposed to name Stephens, with Winder for its capital. A large part of Jackson was involved and the new county party was strong and influential, but was unsuccessful.

Note: Again in 1913 an effort was made to cut a part of Jackson off and combine with a portion from each of Gwinnett and Walton Counties thereby forming a new county to be named Barrow County in honor of Chancellor Barrow of the University of Georgia. This failed, also.

—Editor.

Barrow County formed in 1914.

CHAPTER II.

THE COUNTRY—ITS INHABITANTS—FORESTS—STREAMS—BIRDS.

When the first white man, with his bold and fearless step came to what was then known as Franklin, but since 1796, as Jackson County, the conditions which he was called upon to meet were entirely different from anything known to the present generation. The soil, being subject only to the stealthy tread of the native, the light foot-fall of the prowling animal, and the force of heavy rains being broken by dense forests, was so soft and mellow that the white man sank ankle deep as he passed over it. There was little undergrowth. By concert of action throughout the country, the natives burnt the woods during the autumn of every year. This custom kept small growth in check, destroyed millions upon millions of reptiles and insects, and the smoke arising from such a vast area of burning leaves and dry timber partially obscured the rays of the sun and produced the lovely Indian Summer of old times. Some of the undergrowth escaped the fire and is seen in the large trees which still remain in our scattered woodland.

For an unknown distance in every direction the country was covered with an almost unbroken forest through which wild animals and wilder men roamed at will both night and day. At the time of its first settlement by the whites, the country was not as thickly inhabited by native Indians as most of the adjacent territory. Perhaps this was partly owing to the fact that that part of it which lies between the Athens and Clarkesville road to the north and east and the Mulberry river to the south, was claimed by both the Cherokee and Upper Creek tribes, and passed from one to the other as the fortunes of war dictated. Another leading reason for this sparse population will appear as our narrative progresses. The territory was now in full possession of the Upper Creeks with here and there a family or an individual that belonged to the Lower Creek tribe. In manners, customs and language these two divisions of the Creek Nation were

almost identical; but, strange to say, they were not on friendly terms except in time of war with other tribes, and not always then. Those who lived within the present limits of Jackson County had all the leading characteristics of their race which are too well known to need repetition here. A few of them were capable of the most devoted friendship; but the great majority felt nothing but the most intense hatred for the "pale face" as they generally termed the white man. Nor can we reasonably blame him for this. Put yourself in his place. It is a serious thing for a stranger to come and take full possession of a man's home, and either kill or drive him away. It can be justified on the principle of the survival of the fittest only. If Moses led his hosts to the borders of Canaan and Joshua took possession of the homes of its inhabitants, it was for a far-reaching reason that has already wrought upon the destiny of the whole human race, not only for all time, but for eternity as well! It may be that the very people of whose homes our forefathers took possession were the descendants of those whom Moses led to Canaan and at last became lost among the nations—the ten tribes of Israel!

The natives found here were, and still are, called Indians, not because that is their proper name, but because, when first discovered, they were thought to be inhabitants of India, in Asia. This shows how little the geography of the world was known by Columbus and his compeers. However, when the natives finally came to know something of the different races of mankind, they called themselves "The Red Men," and this is, perhaps the most appropriate designation by which they are known.

Their conceptions of a Supreme Being were of a high order, and almost universal. They fully believed in a future state of existence, and thought the after life a continuation of the first in every respect. They considered the emergence of a butterfly from its chrysalis a renewal of the life of the same insect that fluttered from flower to flower the summer before, and that after death they would do the same way in what they termed "The Happy Hunting Grounds of the Great Spirit." Deeming the life of a butterfly an illustration of their own, one of the few precepts which they taught their children was "You must not kill a

cetace," as they called the butterfly. Though this belief was not universally entertained or even known, it was a fine conception of the mind of some heathen who never heard of the word resurrection.

The Upper Creeks lived chiefly on wild animals and birds caught in the woods; on fish, mud turtles and terrapins found in the streams; on custard-apples or papaws which grew upon small bushes, but now almost extinct; on wild beans or mistiups which grew on vines in the fertile valleys, but totally disappeared after the introduction of cattle; on pig potatoes or oskones which still exist in some of our swamps; on wild grapes or unups which grew in great profusion, and were of a much better quality than now; and, when in season, largely on green corn which they called emefila when soft, but ze maize when hard. As the time for eating this choice article of food approached, they manifested their delight by performing the emefila or Green Corn Dance. It was a weird and laborious performance and required the full exercise of all their physical powers. Sometimes they ground hard corn between two stones, or beat it in mortars cut in large flat rocks, and thus produced a coarse meal of which they made cake or bonokins. These they cooked in hot ashes, and they were said to be excellent eating. Our grandmothers perpetuated this custom of cooking ash cakes for many years, and carried the art to a high degree of perfection. The natives also made many kinds of soup, their favorite dish being a mixture of green corn and wild beans which they called succotash. They often cooked in earthen pots; but broiling was their favorite method of preparing fish and birds. It is not known that the Upper Creeks had any knowledge of salt, pepper, or other seasoning or flavoring ingredients.

Patches of corn were planted, cultivated, ground and cooked by the women exclusively. The tool chiefly used in its cultivation, or we may say the plow, was made of the forked limb of a hard-wood tree, the point that entered the ground being somewhat hardened by a skillful application of fire. Within the memory of living man, a small plat of land now partly covered

by the Commerce Cotton Mills, was thus cultivated by a very old Indian squaw whose name was Jillico.

Nearly all Indians were skillful in the use of the bow and the tomahawk. Some of them were experts to such a high degree of perfection as seem incredible to this age. These were used in the chase and in war. Fire arms were unknown to the natives of this immediate section until the latter part of the 90's of the 18th century. They were of Spanish make, and in the hands of the natives did little damage.

As already stated the forests were almost unbroken, and when broken at all it had been done by the action of fire chiefly. Trees having a diameter of from six to nine feet, and a spread of branches of one hundred feet from side to side were not uncommon. Most of these were chestnut trees, and the amount of nuts which they produced was enormous, sometimes covering the ground in places to the depth of several inches. Their excellent flavor and mealy substance have made them a favorite article of food wherever known. The natives cooked them in various ways, and though they make delicious bread, it is not known that they ever so used them. Though now closely verging upon total extinction, the chestnut, large and small, was the prevailing growth of this country. The timber, to say nothing of its fruit was very valuable, and its disappearance is hard to explain. It is generally thought that when the woods ceased to be burned, decaying leaves produced a germ of disease that killed the trees by slow stages.

Next in size came the poplars and white oaks, the latter often producing enough of big, plump acorns to make it a difficult matter to walk over the ground where they had fallen. The length and size of their branches were amazing. They generally grew horizontal to the main body of the tree. This afforded bears and panthers a favorite lurking place. The poplars were not so numerous as the oaks but some of them grew to an immense size. Near the junction of big and little Sandy creeks stood a poplar that at the height of a man's head measured nine feet and seven inches in diameter. It was hollow, and about 1837 was cut down by raccoon hunters at the cost of the lives of

three valuable dogs and several raccoons, besides William Rhodes, one of the hunters, was crippled for the remainder of his life. Being a shoemaker by trade, he made a full set of lasts and the arm pieces of a pair of crutches out of a part of that big tree.

Another distinguishing feature of the old-time forest was the deep yet low undertone which the listening ear could always hear when the wind was not blowing. Though not yet entirely unheard in the woods, it was prominent then and many a hunter has been soothed to sleep by its pleasant, dreamy moaning through the tree-tops. Others again have cried under its influence because many believed it to be the whisperings of the dead in a language which no one could understand until they joined the invisible throng themselves. It was not like the sad sighing of the wind through the pine trees, for it could not be heard at all when the wind was blowing. It seemed like the solemn, sad, yet pleasing moan of beings among the trees, inviting us to come and join in the chant of universal nature with them. The old poets called it the "solemn hush of nature," and represented it as "constantly singing a soft lullaby that enabled nymphs and fairies to sleep soundly." As it was, and still is heard in dense forests only, it may be that if the rush of a million worlds through infinite space above and around us makes a noise so loud we can not hear it, the growth-cells constantly being added to millions of trees, leaves and plants all around us, make just enough noise to enable us to indistinctly hear them grow, and that this constitutes "The Moan of the Woods."

Taking these prominent features, together with the great number of large and beautiful pine trees whose towering trunks overtopped all others, whose invaluable timbers have entered into the construction of many ships beyond the seas, and the large area that has been entirely cleared of all spontaneous growth, from the forests once roamed by our ancestors, and we have left a very skeleton indeed.

The water courses of the country have also considerably changed. It is a disputed question as to whether they afford as much water now as they did before the forests were cleared

away; but the laws governing evaporation justify us in saying that less water flows now than when its surface was hardly exposed to the sun at all, nor did the dry winds reach it then as now. The water of all streams whether large or small, was as clear as crystal. Little mud reached them from the hills. Under these favorable conditions fishes were much more numerous, larger, and better flavored than now when the waters are so very impure that it is a matter of surprise that anything considered clean can exist in them at all.

The old-time names of all the streams have been changed. North Oconee on which Hurricane and Tumbling Shoals are located was called Etoho; Middle or Walnut Fork, Ithlobee; Mulberry, on which are the Talasee Shoals, Tishmaugu. Properly these streams should still be called North, and Middle and South Oconee because they were so named by the first settlers of the country. The name of Sandy Creek was Pocataligo; Turkey Creek, Pinholowah; Curry's Creek, Tobesofoskee; Hurricane Creek, Numsacota. The double branches in Newtown district were called Cahootaconnough; Beaver Creek, Jarathoggin; Cedar Creek, Ipsequilta; Morgan's Creek, Yotocompsa; and Beech Creek, Taurulahoole. This word means screaming panther, and the creek was so named because its swamps were inhabited by a great number of these animals.

Taurulahoole!—Screaming Panther Creek!—The name sounds ominously; but from the accounts which have come down to us descriptive of its gloomy haunts, the place itself must have seemed horrid indeed to those who first came to the country. Mrs. Clara Linton, one of the early emigrants, thus described the place in a letter written to her sister who lived in Liberty County:

"The bed of the creek is much below the tops of the adjacent hills, and for several miles above its junction with the Tishmaugu river is bordered by almost impassable swamps and by dense canebreakers on both sides which are in some places several hundred yards wide. These are inhabited by a great number of panthers that make night hideous by their screams which you well know resemble those made by a woman in distress. When we consider the character of the animal, I conceive that nothing

more horrid ever reached the human ear than the doleful mingling of their unearthly screams as with the coming twilight one stands on a distant hill top and listens to their frightful orgies. Then, if possible, to make the night still more hideous, a flock of great-horned owls sit on the surrounding tall tree-tops, and hoot and hoot ta-ha-too-who-who until broad daylight. If one near by is answered by another in the distance, as frequently happens, then, all unconsciously the listener expects to see a troop of ghosts come marching from the dark and gloomy jungles of Screaming Panther Creek."

"It is strange," continued Mrs. Linton, "that no other place in the country is subject to such a frightful nocturnal visitation. No wonder only two natives have been known to live in this immediate vicinity for more than one day, and they, because of some secret said to be in their possession only, were immune from the attack of vicious animals. Even torture failed to elicit the secret from them."

Birds were among the most interesting features of the primeval forest. Some are extinct and a few others nearly so. Then as now the haughty blue jay, policeman of the woods, growled and fretted like many people who seem to be mad because others are living besides themselves. Then as now the reticent mocking bird, the both day and night musician of the times, poured forth his varied notes from some towering tree-top for want of a hedge from which to give his hearers a closer audience.

Then as now, the fidgeted little wren, hermit of the wood-pile, with inquisitive round and keen eye, frisked from place to place in search of the early worm or belated fly; but the great woodchick with his scarlet plume, and his black and white wings of ample spread, carrying him through the air like he was riding upon the waves of a boisterous sea; the golden yellow and the blood-red tanagers, whose plumage is as brilliant as any bird of the tropics; the delightful woodthrush, with his canary-yellow, black-speckled breast, and his musical song at break of day; the harmless bluebird twittering near his well-hidden nest in some hollow tree; the crimson-colored redbird with his bold whistle and heavy beak; the delicate partridge with his bob-white call

and sly habits; and the great turkey gobbler with his lordly strut, bronzed breast, red-wattled head and hanging beard, have all or nearly all, disappeared.

With the pretty birds the great eagle that on tireless wings sometimes soared above the clouds, has also gone. Often he wheeled in lowering circles and turned his head in every direction in search of his prey. Discovering a pig, lamb or rabbit, he half-folded his wings, and descending through the air like an arrow, easily carried his victim away to some hidden place of retreat. Indeed one of these fierce birds seized a little child near where Winder is now located, and carried it to Price's mountain* near Belmont in Hall County. The skeleton of a child's foot with toe nails still on was afterwards discovered there, but no other bones were found.

With the passing of the eagle have also gone the great flocks of wild geese that often visited the country in old times. Arranging themselves in a V-shaped body far above the tree-tops, a bold, strong leader placed himself at the apex, and thus they ranged the broad extent of country from Mexico to Canada. Occasionally a few stragglers would stop to search for food, and often some of them were killed and found to be excellent eating.

Until the woodman's axe became so terribly destructive there stood, near the residence of Rev. Henry Hardman, a tree which came from a seed found in the craw of a wild goose. It was planted in 1823, and no one who saw the tree was able to classify it. It produced a rich profusion of finely flavored blooms, and almost an equal number of rare berries similar in taste to the muscadine, but a little smaller. Greatly to the regret of many, the seed of the berries would not germinate—it may have been because of climatic conditions.

Especially at night when ghosts and goblins were said to be trooping to and from churchyards, the lonesome, far-away cry, "honk!" "honk!" "honk!" of the wild goose caused the listener to draw his bedclothes close around him. Sometimes the geese

*Price's Mountain is on the line of Jackson and Hall Counties. Part of it is in Jackson, but the greater portion is across the line in the other county.—Ed.

flew so high as to be invisible even in the daytime. That was a good sign of dry weather. At other times they flew low and repeated their cries rapidly. That was a sign of bad weather. Hence the old adage of weather prophets, "The goose hangs high," or "the goose hangs low," "hang" being a corruption of "honk."

The vast multitude of wild pigeons that in bygone days visited the country have passed away with the geese. The flocks were frequently so large as to obscure the sun like a monster black cloud, and the great number of rapidly moving wings caused the leaves of the trees beneath them to flutter back and forth as when a moderate wind is passing. Unlike the geese they often stopped to feast on acorns and chestnuts. Going to roost at night all went together, and lighting upon the trees they broke down the timber to such an extent that many thousands were killed in the general wreck. Hence another old adage was, "Go around the pigeon roost if you expect to eat dinner."

Then, too, there was the horned owl, the night sentinel of the times, that took his post on some lofty tree-top as described by Mrs. Linton. Because of his cigar-shaped body, short wings and ghostly hooting, "ta-hoo-to-hoo-hoo," he was regarded as the ogre of the night, and when another, and another answered him from all directions, children and sometimes even grown folks, went to bed and pulled the cover over their heads. Though simple and easily understood, such a medley of harsh, discordant notes seemed to have a ghostly sound. Even more so when the quick, sharp, unearthly screams of the nighthawk, seldom seen but often heard at night only in the most gloomy parts of the forest where a ray of sunshine was almost unknown. Of ugly form, and, except when on the wing, of ungainly movements, the nighthawk is, perhaps, the least companionable bird of all the feathered tribe.

The sharp note of the lonesome joeree; the "cra-cre-cro" of the sly raincrow; the "boo-o-uh" of the swooping bullbat; and the delightful strains of the swamp blackbird, are not often, if at all, heard by children of the present generation. To the prosperity of all of them, the unbroken forest with its deep shadows

and silent glens that teem with insect, vegetable and animal life, seems to be necessary.

It has been said that the number of turkey buzzards in any given area neither increases nor diminishes with the passing years. This is singular because they are known to extend their flight to a great distance. In 1836 William Jones caught a buzzard on his father's plantation now known as the Jackson—near Dr. L. G. Hardman's place, and fastening a small brass bell, on which his name and date were plainly written to the captive's neck, he turned it loose unhurt. Some months passed and the same bird, having excited the curiosity of many people, was shot in the vicinity of Savannah, Ga., and the curious noise it made when flying was explained. The probability is that there are no more turkey buzzards now than when the country was first settled by the white man, nor are there any less.

CHAPTER III.

ANIMALS TOGETHER WITH SOME INCIDENTS RELATING TO THEM— THE MYSTERIOUS WOG.

Though the species of animals found in the primeval forests of this country by our ancestors, were not so many as those living in the jungles of Africa or in the plains of Asia, yet they were quite numerous. Some were dangerous and others harmless. At least one distinguishing characteristic applied to every one of whatever kind—all were sleek and fat—none were poor or lean. All were wild, but some more gentle than others. As everywhere else the vicious animals were not the wildest. Nothing approaching a domesticated animal had ever been seen by a native of the country except two horses of which they were much afraid at first, thinking that the horse and his rider were one and the same creature.

With the passing of some of the birds, many animals have disappeared also. The beautiful and innocent red deer, always sleek, clean and toothsome, and as swift as the wind; the sly fox, the delight of all hunters, and as cunning as a native; and the barking gray squirrel, the ornament of the woods and a target for the sportsman, are nearly all gone, now.

The opossum, prowler of the night and hypocrite of the woods, the raccoon, the little bear of the swamps and inhabitant of hollow trees; and the rabbit, the Molly Cotton Tail of the thicket, and the reputed companion of witches, are still here, but comparatively few in number. The latter little animal, the rabbit, is, or rather was, the most singular creature known to the country. Though still queer and hard to understand, the hunter, with his dogs and shot gun, have greatly changed his habits, his manners and his customs. Naturally timid, as his speed, large eyes and ears certainly indicate, the close seclusion and constant watching required by modern conditions, give him something to do besides gamboling and playing over the hills and up and down the valleys as he did in old times. Having but few enemies rabbits were more

numerous then than now for an Indian never killed one. Among them as among other nations there were curious people and when one of these died they believed his or her spirit went into a rabbit and made a witch. Hence the immunity of these animals from death at the hand of a native.

All animals have a sense of humor, more or less, especially when young. Perhaps rabbits and squirrels are more notable for their playful moods after they are grown than any other natives of this country. In old times when the latter would run up a tree only far enough to get beyond the reach of the hunter's dog, and turn around and actually bark at him with what seemed to be saucy, defiant mockery, they were very different from what they are now. Their playful running up and down trees, over the waving and slender branches, and jumping as if they had wings, from one tree to another, was very pleasing, and always engaged the closest attention of the hunter who never ventured to fire his gun at one when thus employed. Their exercises, though not so varied as those of the rabbits, were so elegantly performed, and their barking and chattering manifested so much real delight, that the respect of the beholder for the pretty little animals was always too great to admit of any interference with their fun, whatever.

Notwithstanding their wonderful acrobatical exploits among the trees, a squirrel was seldom known to fall to the ground. On one occasion when several were chasing each other up and down a great poplar tree in which was a large hole some thirty feet from the ground, the foremost one finally ran in it, and the others quickly followed. As quickly all came running out at the same time, and in such a hurry that some of them lost their footing and fell to the ground. After looking around for a moment, they scampered off through the forest and did not return. Their companions that were playing on other trees at once seemed to know that something was wrong and soon disappeared, also. It was afterwards found that the hollow into which the playing squirrels ran, contained one old raccoon and two young ones. Their haste to get out and the stampede that followed were explained.

Perhaps no animal values its tail so highly as the squirrel. It is indeed very pretty, and is of great use whether climbing or

jumping. In 1841, James Hampton who lived in the vicinity of Commerce, shot off the tail of a gray squirrel. It fell to the ground, but the squirrel itself escaped to a hollow tree. Near his house there grew a large, spreading chestnut tree which at the time was full of chestnuts, ripe in the opening burrs. The next day his daughter, Lenora Hampton, noticed that squirrels were frequently passing back and forth from the forest in which the squirrel had been wounded to the big chestnut tree, and that their actions were very peculiar. She notified her father of the discovery and at once they began to watch the proceedings. At noon the following day they were entirely satisfied that the friends of the wounded squirrel had coaxed him out of his den, induced him to sit in the crotch of the tree, amply supplied him with chestnuts from the field, and moreover, that he utterly refused to eat them! This continued for several days through which he sat, looking sad and dejected, without, so far as those who watched him could discover, eating anything. On the morning of the seventh day he was found dead at the root of the tree from which he had fallen. A careful examination showed that no part of his body had been injured by a bullet or otherwise. Doubtless the poor little fellow had grieved himself to death because of the loss of his tail. Lenora Hampton is still living and sometimes tells the pathetic story of the bob-tailed squirrel in the long time ago.

To further show that a squirrel highly values his tail, the following incident is given. Two young ones were kept in a cage until they were nearly grown and had become quite tame. As time passed on, one gnawed the hair off of his companion's tail so closely that he looked more like a rat than a squirrel. At last they escaped from prison and went to the woods. The uninjured one remained in the vicinity, but the rat-tailed fellow kept on and was afterwards seen several miles away. He never returned to the home of his shame, but his companion, being known by a small brass chain around his neck as well as by his manners, often went back on a short but always cautious visit.

As the foregoing incidents relating to animals are given to show old-time life in its innocent forms, the following are men-

tioned as most dangerous, leaving, however, incidents illustrating their character, to be described as they occurred in actual life:

The howl of the savage and always hungry wolf; the spring of the stealthy panther with his inordinate thirst for human blood; and the great black bear sniffing around at midnight in search of something to devour, and occasionally giving his ugly growls, were constantly a terror to those who heard them.

As all these animals had a mortal dread of fire, the only way to keep them at a distance while the pioneers were asleep was to keep a fire burning in the yard all night. True, many were killed; but it required a long time to perceptibly diminish the great number that roamed through the forests.

While the wolves, panthers and bears gave the first white settlers of this part of the country much trouble, still another animal whose existence has often been disputed, inspired those who professed to have seen him, with more fear than all the others combined. It was the Wog, not Woog as it has sometimes been called. Many of the people who first lived at and for several miles around old Jug Tavern from its first settlement to about 1809, claimed to have seen him at their houses. As the character of the people who first lived there will be shown as this narrative progresses, the reader will be at as much loss to know how he can afford to dispute their word as he is to believe what they have said. At any rate the writer tells the story as it was told to him; but, perhaps, with a little more evidence than any reader has.

The wog was said to be a jet-black, long-haired animal about the size of a small horse, but his legs were much shorter, the front ones being some twelve inches longer than the hind ones. This gave him something of the appearance of a huge dog "sitting on its tail," and when walking seemed to require him to carry forward one side at a time. His tail was very large, all the way of the same size, and at the end of it there was a bunch of entirely white hair at least eight inches long and larger in diameter than the tail itself. Whether sitting, standing or walking this curious appendage was in constant motion from side to side, not as a dog wags his tail, but with a quick upward curve which brought it down with a whizzing sound that could be distinctly heard at

least when twenty-five or thirty steps distant. But the most distinguishing feature of this horrid tail was that it revealed the presence of the monster in the dark—the only time he ventured to go abroad. His great red eyes were very repulsive, but not so much so as his forked tongue, the prongs of which were thought to be eight inches long and sometimes played in and out his mouth like those of a mad snake. Really the meanest feature about the beast was that his bear-like head contained a set of great white teeth over which his ugly lips never closed.

The Indians told the first white emigrants that so long as the wog was left undisturbed he would not molest any one—that he would sometimes visit their houses—go around them—if a light were inside, poke his tongue through any opening he could find between the logs, and then go away. Pioneers were not only quick to learn this lesson, but also carefully followed the instruction.

During the years formerly mentioned, the wog made several visits to houses in the territory to which reference has been made. Those inside the house, though they had not seen the flirting of his white plume, knew of his presence by its whizzing sound, by the poke of his horrid tongue through the cracks of the wall, and notably by the mortal fear with which he inspired other creatures outside. Dogs and cats ran away and in some instances were scared to death. Horses snorted, cattle moaned and chickens flew from their roosts in all directions.

Thus having seemingly accomplished his only mission—to frighten everything out of its wits—he gave a loud snort and still twirling his white signal from side to side, went ambling away, and welcome was the going.

The foregoing is, in substance, the description given by Alonzo Draper who lived and died in the territory of the wog, and also by Thomas C. Barron who died near Apply Valley in the '40's of the last century.

Let me repeat: I give the account of the wog as it was given to me. It is hard to confess that one believes that there was such a thing and one hates to say that he does not believe the word of these old citizens. The writer must leave the matter to you, dear reader.

THE TALASEE COLONY

BANNA MAR DE VEDO AND HER ENVIRONS

Being a part of the Early History of Jackson County

Dedicated to the Memory of the Talasee Colony

CHAPTER I.

FIRST SETTLERS FROM EFFINGHAM COUNTY.

In the summer of 1786, when few white people lived within the present limits of Jackson County, Richard Easley, Abednego Moore and Johnson Josiah Strong,* came from Effingham County and settled near Talasee Shoals on Mulberry river, then called Tishmaugu. Wishing to conciliate the natives, and knowing they were excessively fond of showy trinkets and gay apparel, the newcomers brought with them a liberal supply of glittering beads and some remnants of cloth of various colors.

At the time of their arrival a noted Indian whose name was Umausauga, and his only daughter, Banna, somewhere in her early teens lived in the immediate neighborhood. Though not a chief, his influence was considerable, his intellect of a high order, his physical strength gigantic, his prowess undisputed, his friendship true, and his hatred implacable. Contrary to usual custom of his people, he claimed a large extent of the adjacent territory as his individual property, and no one was allowed to live, hunt or fish on it without his permission. His claim lay on the south side of the river, and fortunately, the newcomers, without knowing anything of the reserved territory, pitched their tent on the north side at Jasacathor, afterwards known as the Dr. Pendleton spring where John Duncan now lives.

Some days passed before the white men and the Indian nabob met. They had seen him in the distance and thought he tried to shun them; but one evening while fishing at the shoals, a native appeared on the opposite bank, and wading into the water caught several fish with his hands before they captured one with their hooks. Apparently satisfied, he returned to the bank, and Mr. Strong, wishing to show a friendly front, and being able to speak the Creek language, told him that if he would come over his pale-faced friends would give him some hooks made to catch fish in

*See White's "Historical Collections of Georgia," page 499.—Ed.

deep water where there were no rocks. After some hesitation the Indian accepted the invitation, and when given the promised fish-hooks and their use was explained, his eyes sparkled with delight, and giving three distinct grunts, one for each of his benefactors, he, to their astonishment, said in broken English, "U-mau-sau-ga hook take. He much thank you. Hook good fish catch." Then and there began a friendship which, though often tried, was never broken.

At their urgent request the Indian went home with his newly found friends who treated him with kindness and respect. Among other things they gave him a long string of white, red and blue beads, and what Mr. Easley called "a frock pattern" of valuable red merino cloth and a string of small beads for his daughter, Banna, whom the white men had never seen.

Having manifested his gratitude in many curious ways and grown hilarious over the brilliant color of the cloth, Umausauga invited his new neighbors to move on his side of the river and live, hunt and fish where they pleased. This led to a full explanation of his claims as already stated, and, as afterwards found, were quite a departure from his usual custom. They gave him to understand that they did not want to impose on his generosity; but that if he would take beads in payment for a part of his land, they would willingly buy. This proposition seemed to please him, and the following day was appointed to fix upon the price and boundaries. Repeating his significant grunts the Indian then returned to his wigwam over the river with as proud a step as any lord that ever ruled a kingdom.

The Indian highway known as the Okoloco Trail, was, when opened for travel by the white man, called the Hog Mountain road. Near the spot where the Jefferson and Monroe road crosses that old Trail on the late John M. Austin place, there stood, a little to the south, a huge chestnut tree. Its ponderous branches, reaching far and wide, offered such ample protection from the heat of summer that the natives, who often traveled the Trail in single file, called the great tree Calamit, which means the place of rest. There they smoked the Calumet, the pipe of peace, and there they ratified their treaties and confirmed their trades.

It was a matter of much surprise to Easley, Moore and Strong, when Umausauga conducted them to Calamit to begin a survey of the land he had promised to sell them. They had expected it to be near the shoals but thinking it good policy to remain silent, and not caring much about the matter anyway, they offered no objections.

As the Okoloco Trail was the southern boundary of Umausauga's little kingdom, he made no claim to any exclusive rights and privileges pertaining to Calamit; but placing a large stone a little beyond its shadow he designated it as the beginning corner. Carefully taking his bearings, he stood upon the rock, and facing to the northwest, threw his tomahawk at a small pine tree some fifteen feet distant, and with such force that the blade went deep in the solid wood. Selecting another tree in range with the marked pine and the rock corner, he proceeded as before, and thus continued until the party reached a point called Talapahoo, but afterwards known as the Rock Ford on the Hinton plantation.

To an Indian, Talapahoo meant about the same thing that a slaughter pen means to us. There the natives dressed the animals caught in the chase, and their children washed all blood stains away. There Britt Langworth, believed to be a member of Murrell's Pony Club, dressed in fine broadcloth and sparkling with jewels, was drowned in time of high water; and there too was found the celebrated Miller camp which created much excitement in that community as late as 1873. An entire stranger who said his name was Garvin Miller, was an outlaw who sometimes made his headquarters in that immediate community, out-generaled all the officers with whom he came in contact, and made a plaything of the old jail at Jefferson. There are men still living whose faces will wear a broad, dry grin every time Miller's name is mentioned in their presence.

Leaving Talapahoo the unique surveyor turned nearly west and proceeded as before to Poganip, now Cedar Hill, on the old trail. Away back in the shadowy past a large town is said to have flourished there; but only a few legends relating to its history have come down to us. The name signifies cold weather, and the

Comanches of the Far West, when referring to anything very cold, use the same word to this day.

The southern boundary of Umausauga's claim being already well defined by the Okoloco Trail, the surveying party went south-east to an obscure Indian settlement called Snodon, where the pretty city of Winder now flourishes. A small number of natives who, by Umausauga's permission, lived there, gathered around the little party to stare and gaze at the white men. Barnum never exhibited a greater curiosity than they were to the simple natives of Snodon. Some examined their shoes to see if they were hoofs or bear-skin moccasins, and others felt of their noses to see if they had bones in them. An old squaw wanted to wash Mr. Easley's blue eyes to learn if they were painted that color, and became indignant because he would not allow her to make the experiment. One boy proposed to stick a thorn in Mr. Moore's leg to know if it would bleed, and another, more bold, actually pulled a lock of Mr. Strong's curly hair out of his head to see if both ends grew in the scalp. This came near causing serious trouble; but when Umausauga slapped the boy to the ground the white men thought it good policy to do nothing themselves. The boy's name was Quakow and was a stranger at Snodon.

While the natives showed much curiosity, they manifested some friendship also. With friendly mind all went even unpleasantly near except one young girl who studiously remained at a respectable distance, silent, thoughtful; but closely watching every movement made. She was evidently reading a new chapter in the history of human life, and she was puzzled to understand it. Her movements were easy and graceful, her form unusually elegant, and her general appearance that of a queen born to command without speaking and to be obeyed without question. Her features were regular, and a flood of buoyant life of a soft red tinge seemed to play over her well-rounded shoulders, and flowing higher to her slightly oval face, danced upon her cheek in open revelry. Her large jet-black eyes were intelligent, and her hair, without a wave, was of the same color and reached much below her waist. She wore a robe made of fawn skins, which, being confined at the waist by a belt overlaid with small sea shells, gave

the spots on her dress that glittering appearance seen on the feathers of a peafowl when in the sunshine. On her feet were dainty moccasins made of the skin of a full grown deer, and consequently without spots.

These were all very distinguishing features to find in that wild, isolated region, deep in the seemingly boundless forest where no Anglo-Saxon foot had ever trod before! Still another significant feature was that the wild-wood beauty wore a three-fold string of beads around her neck—small, white, red and blue beads! Was she some mystical being who had been wafted thither by a passing zephyr from some enchanted island of a far southern sea? No! No! not that. The white men knew the beads. From the center of the lowest fold hung a large scarlet bead which rested upon the bosom of her spotted robe as if satisfied to remain there forever. They knew that it was the central bead of the string sent by them to Umausauga's daughter whom they had never seen. So the beautiful girl thus surrounded by savages was Banna!

"O my God!" exclaimed Josiah Strong as he turned his eyes away for a moment, "can it be that such a creature is herself a savage?"

Among the few who lived at Snodon were Etohautee, Umausauga's brother, and his son, Tata, who was something more than half grown. They lived in an old, dilapidated wigwam which stood on the ground now occupied by the Winder College Building. Near the wigwam was a large rock pillar built of huge stones dressed well enough to remain in position readily. It was about eight feet square at the base, tapered to some six feet at the top, and was perhaps a little more than ten feet high. Through the lower half was an opening in the form of an arch about three feet wide, and the upper half was hollow like a chimney through which the top was reached. The opening at the base was provided with shelving rocks which seemed to have served the purpose of seats as well as a ready means of reaching the opening above.

When Umausauga was asked to explain the purpose of the pillar, he only said, "Nere Nara," shook his head, chased gathering tears from his eyes, and turned away sadly.

Another strange feature about Snodon was its neglected, dilapidated appearance. Though doubtless once a thriving community, the few remaining wigwams had begun to fall down, its corn patches were uncultivated, and its once well-worn footpaths were overgrown with weeds and briers.

When ready to leave the place, Umausauga held a brief conversation with his pretty daughter, but nothing they said was heard by the white men. It was noticed, however, that his demeanor towards her was kind and affectionate, and that her attention to him was that of an obedient and loving child.

"How strange! how very strange, that we should have such an illustration of filial affection and parental love in this God-forsaken part of the world," said Josiah Strong as his companions walked away, and casting a long, lingering look at the beautiful girl, he joined them hurriedly.

Etohautee and his son, Tata, accompanied the surveying party back to Calamit, the beginning corner. The whites were puzzled to know why the boy carried a chunk of fire and a short hickory stick burned to a point at one end. Unlike other mysteries of the day, that was soon solved. Arriving at the place the Indians with a sharp stick and their hands soon dug a hole large enough to bury the corner rock so as to prevent its easy removal. The parties then seated themselves in a circle near the big tree, Umausauga filled his huge pipe made in the shape of a flying pigeon, Tata touched it with fire, and the ceremony necessary to confirm the land trade began, not by written document and official signature; but by smoking the calumet, the pipe of peace.

Each man present, six in all, took one whiff, and so on, increasing one every time until the sixth round was made. Thus the trade was confirmed by a process as binding on an Indian as any legal document is on a white man. Though unwritten, Indian law was sometimes very precise. Etohautee and Tata were the witnesses—an old man to see that the work was done properly, and a boy to transmit it to a future generation.

The trade being thus sealed, Umausauga received 14 pounds of beads in payment of his land, that is, one-eighth of a quintal avoirdupois as was counted in those days. Etohautee and his son

each received several yards of blue cloth, and the boy a Barlow knife, extra. The boy valued the knife much more highly than the white men valued their land, and voluntarily bound him to them with hooks of steel that never, either bent or broke. Again the pipe went around. Each one present took six distinct puffs, and blew the smoke upwards that all might be endowed with the spirit of peace which it was supposed to impart. The first smoke sealed the trade and the second showed that both parties were satisfied with it. The Indians gave their usual grunts, and going, single file, in the direction of Snodon, they walked away silently.

In addition to the curious features already mentioned, the adventurers, being left to themselves, began to consider others which they did not clearly understand. Being far beyond the reach of any well-known friends, and surrounded by savages whom they knew to be crafty and treacherous, it was quite necessary that they should be on guard at every turning and ready for action at a moment's warning. Though Umausauga had manifested strong friendship, and shown consummate skill as a woodman, he had that day constantly acted as if apprehensive of danger. He did not talk in the forest and when they spoke he placed his fore finger on his lips and shook his head. Then why had they not seen a native until they reached Snodon, and why had he allowed them more land than they wanted? Why had he made it in form of a triangle when some other shape would have been more practical? Why had he selected a territory that included Snodon where all the people they had seen were living, and where stood the curious rock pillar that brought tears to his eyes? These were some of the things that puzzled them and continued to do so for a long time.

Weary and a little anxious the pioneers returned to their tent at Jasacathor, and setting a watch they slept by turns that night. As their larder was scantily supplied just at that time, they devoted a part of the next day to hunting; and after killing a fine buck and several turkeys they returned home to find that a company of nine fresh emigrants had just arrived from the low country, all being relatives or other personal friends. It consisted of Mrs. Martha Easley, wife of Richard Easley, Mrs. Letty Moore,

wife of Abednego Moore and sister of Josiah Strong, Thelan Lahgoon, his wife Orpah and their daughter Ruth who was nearly grown, Leon Shore and Abel Trent, both young men, Joseph Starr and Edward Belknap, bachelors.

Besides other things of prime importance the late emigrants brought with them four horses, two wagons, four head of cattle, four sheep, six pigs, a good supply of tools, ten new rifles, and a large quantity of ammunition.

The little colony now consisted of eight brave and determined men, and of four equally brave and resolute women, and every one with a dead shot with the rifle. Richard Easley, Abednego Moore, Josiah Strong, Phelan Lahgoon, Joseph Starr and Edward Belknap were all revolutionary soldiers, fresh from the field of battle.

The following resolutions passed at a meeting called to consider the public welfare, will serve to show something of the spirit of these hardy pioneers:

“RESOLVED FIRST: That this colony shall be known as the Talasee Colony in the State of Georgia and County of Franklin; that in the name of said state we now take formal possession of that part of its territory lying and being on the north side of Tishmaugu river, to the extent of two miles above and two miles below Talasee Shoals on said river, and thence two miles north of it to west and east rock corners placed there to define said boundaries; that we proceed at once to improve the same as time and circumstances may allow, by clearing land, building houses, and, when thought necessary, a substantial fort for our protection.

“SECOND: That no person who is not of good moral character and of industrious habits, shall become a citizen of this colony; that one proving himself or herself to be unworthy, shall be driven away by force, if necessary.

“THIRD: That the land lately purchased from Umausauga, a native resident of this community, beginning at Calamit on the Okoloco Trail; thence northwest to Talapahoo, on the head waters of Taurulaboole creek; thence west to Poganip on said trail;

thence easterly down the trail to the beginning rock corner at Calamit, will not be occupied by any member of this colony until further developments may justify us in doing so; that other emigrants who are peacefully and industriously inclined, have permission to settle there at any time and place they may see proper, provided always that they do not trespass upon the claims of the said Umausauga; that in consideration of the price paid for the land whose boundaries are herein given it shall be called Beadland.

RICHARD EASLEY, President.

“MRS. LETTY MOORE, Secretary.

“October 20th, 1786.”

It doubtless seemed anomalous to the purchasers of Beadland that so large a territory should be bought for fourteen pounds of beads; but it was by no means an isolated case in history. When our forefathers purchased the site of New York of the Indians, the price was a peck of glass beads and brass buttons. All Chicago was bought for a pair of old boots, and the ground upon which Milbourne, one of the richest cities of Australia, now stands, was sold for two old woolen blankets. When Queen Dido first set foot on African soil, she told the natives that she only wanted a patch of land big enough to be inclosed in a bull's hide, and a contract was made on those terms. But the crafty queen cut the hide into leather shoe strings, and tying them together took in all the land upon which ancient Carthage stood, and the price paid for it was less than one dollar of our currency. Up to about 1840 the tax rate on Beadland and surrounding territory was based on a valuation of from $6\frac{1}{4}$ to $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per acre.

CHAPTER II.

JOHNSON JOSIAH STRONG MAKES A DISCOVERY.

As the days passed into months material changes took place among the Talasee colonists. Though few in number, they had good tools and every man knew how to use them. From sun to sun and sometimes far into the night, the men labored so constantly that they soon had a sufficient number of substantial log cabins completed to live comfortably, and, as they believed in security. Ruth Lahgoon had brought with her two powerful dogs called Pyth and Damon, and as all the women were experts with their rifles, they and the dogs kept a bountiful supply of meat on hand which left the men little to do besides clearing land and building houses.

The social condition of the colonists also soon began to improve. Various natives, some of them of high rank in their nation, often visited them—a few from friendly motives and others as a matter of mere curiosity. So far no hostility had been shown. Seemingly to encourage the social feature, one day Josiah Strong, after some hesitation and much circumlocution, said to Mrs. Moore: “Sister, though Umausauga is a savage, he seems to be our friend, and as the time may come when his services would be of great value to us, I wish you would visit him and open friendly relations with his daughter, of whom I believe you have heard. I dare say you will like her, and if you should, then take Ruth with you so that the girls may become acquainted, and perhaps enjoy each other’s company.” Mrs. Moore gave her brother a searching glance, smiled, and said playfully, “Since you show yourself to be such a splendid diplomatist, why not go yourself, Josiah?”

“Well, I could do that,” said the brother demurely, “but my diplomatic code teaches me that one woman should deal with another in all such cases as this. Besides, since I think of it, the girl has, or I suppose she yet has, enough real fine merino to make her an elegant dress. We sent the cloth by her father be-

fore we had seen her, and our kindness has certainly had a good effect. Of course she does not know what to do with such a charming dress pattern, and it is a shame for it to be used as a mere wrapper. Then please go, sister, and in your own charming way, offer to cut and make her a dress in first-class style, and I am free to say you'll never regret it."

"It may be, Josiah, that the girl is not as ignorant as you suppose her to be. I have heard that she is very handsome and that her deportment approaches that of a refined lady."

"I don't think Banna a fool; but as her father told me that she is a native of the wilderness and had never been anywhere else, I take it for granted that she knows nothing of English manners and customs. I gladly admit that her deportment seems to approach elegance and refinement; but I can account for it only on the theory that God in his providence has, for some reason, implanted something in her nature that is as broad as earth and as high as heaven. Then so much the better and greater the reason why you should comply with my request."

"Granted; but how would it do to have such a pretty girl, dressed as you want Banna to be, here in this wilderness with three such hotheaded young men as you, Leon Shore and Abe Trent are?"

"Why not include Joe Starr and Ed Belknap?" "Oh! they are such incorrigible old bachelors they would not be in the way. If you want heavy work done or a hard battle fought, call on Joe and Ed; but not to make love to a girl."

"That seems to be true; but you need fear no rivalry. Ruth has the exclusive control of the hearts, heads, hands and feet of Leon Shore and Abel Trent. She is the prime cause of them being here. As you say they are both so hot-headed that I sometimes feel concerned about the final result."

A pause followed. Brother and sister seemed to be pondering over all they had said, and speculating upon the probable outcome of the future. Finally the sister said thoughtfully, "I admit that some of your argument is very good, especially that part of it which pleads for the friendship of the natives around us. Therefore, with some misgivings I consent to comply with your

request at a convenient time during to-morrow afternoon." "I thank you, sister, and again say you will not regret it," replied the young man in tones of deepest thankfulness.

The truth was Mr. Strong had, at first sight, fallen deeply in love with the shy Indian girl whom he had seen at the old town of Snodon. Though a strong man he fought against it with all his power; but like Banquo's ghost, it would not down. Unsought and unbidden, an unfaltering love for the unknown girl entered into every fibre of his heart and took full possession. Gentle as a lamb among his friends and as dreadful as a maddened lion amid his enemies, it was strange that an untaught child of the forest should bring him to his knees at the first shot; but, even in spite of himself, it was so.

Johnson Josiah Strong was our hero's full name; but the first part is generally omitted in this narrative because he seldom used it himself, perhaps for the reason that his uncle, Gov. Josiah Tattall, for whom he was named, had also dropped Johnson on account of its inconvenient length.

Josiah Strong was an ensign at the siege of Augusta where he carried the national standard with distinguished bravery, and had one finger shot from his left hand. He was 22 years old at the time of his arrival at Talasee, stood six feet and four inches in his shoes, and was well proportioned. He was as fearless as he was strong and athletic, and as fleet on foot as any man that ever ran against him. Beneath a rich profusion of curly black hair there flashed a pair of coal-black eyes that always commanded respect and attention. Yet he had a kind heart and a sympathetic nature which, when added to his handsome features, caused him to have many close friends.

The to-morrow evening of which Mr. Strong and his sister had spoken came none too soon for the anxious brother. They went to the shoals at the time appointed, silent and thoughtful. There being neither bridge nor foot-log across the water, Mrs. Moore, seated upon her brother's strong right arm was quickly carried to the opposite bank. Though Umausaugua could speak broken English to a limited extent, they decided upon such Creek words as they thought would be necessary to use on the occasion. The

Indian's wigwam which they had learned was called Adabor, stood on the hill, solitary and unadorned, something more than two hundred yards from the shoals.

Waving, as was sometimes the custom of a peaceful visitor, a white handkerchief, Mrs. Moore slowly and a little anxiously, approached the humble home of her neighbor. Umausauga recognized her at once and offered his hand which was eagerly grasped by the lady. Neither knew much of the other's language; but they managed to be understood reasonably well.

When Mrs. Moore entered the wigwam, a young girl was seated upon a bear's hide which was spread upon the ground floor to its full extent. She wore a robe of spotted red deer skins, and being gathered at the waist by a blood red belt of the same material, the effect was really charming. She still wore the threefold strand of beads; but the large scarlet one rested upon her throat instead of her breast as before. She was busily engaged in making a fox skin moccasin, and judging by one already completed, the work was being neatly and substantially done.

In strict accordance with Indian etiquette the girl did not raise her head. Understanding the cause of this reserve Mrs. Moore knelt upon the bear skin and offered her hand. It was quickly grasped, and their eyes met. A moment more and they were in each other's arms; and being unable to think of anything more appropriate, the visitor sang, in tones of soft and mellow cadence, the good old song of Barbary Allen. Who fails to know that music thrills the savage heart no less than that of the philosopher? Its rhythmic sweep carries all creatures along with it from the tiny insect that burrows in the ground to the lordly lion that roams upon its surface. Thus it was when a Christian woman first met a child of nature in the wilderness, and thus it was, when many years after, they parted for the last time and both were followers of the Man of Sorrows. How strangely different from the usual meeting of the Anglo-Saxon with the Red Man of the west.

Umausauga was deeply affected by the scene just witnessed, and so was a stranger whom Mrs. Moore had not seen until she arose from the bear-skin mat. He was leaning against the wall of the wigwam in a somewhat darkened corner, and evidently much

excited also. She judged him to be of medium size, of slender form and quite young. His dress was composed of skins of various kinds, and around his neck and waist were belts from which hung bear and eagle claws alternately. On the back of his head was a kind of pad which projected, in bristling array, a row of long eagle feathers. A tomahawk, bow and small quiver of arrows were lying near his feet, and seemed to be in excellent condition. His name was Yrtyrmyrmyrmysco, Ir-tir-mir-mir-mis-co, is perhaps, as near as the English can speak it.

Lying on the bear skin was a small mussel shell exquisitely polished and the parts apparently still united by the usual ligament or hinge on one side. Notwithstanding this, the girl took a string from the eye of her bone needle and carefully tied it around the shell. Then watching for an opportunity when the strange young Indian was not looking at her, she quickly concealed it in the folds of her robe, or maybe in a pocket. While tying the shell, Mrs. Moore noticed that the girl used the words *eto thaska* which, unfortunately, were not in the list furnished by her brother; but seeing a package which was evidently the red merino cloth tied with a deer skin thong, she pointed to the bundle and said "*eto thasca.*" The girl looked surprised, but without hesitation untied the package and spread the cloth before her strange visitor.

It was now that Mrs. Moore learned that Banna, the girl whom she found sitting on a bear skin, could speak broken English, even better than her father, her accent being clearer and more distinct. Having already accomplished the first part of her mission by securing the good will of a neighboring family, she found it an easy matter to effect the second part, even without using half the Creek words she had learned for the purpose.

The result was that Banna readily understood what her visitor wanted, and was glad to have a dress made in first-class style and in accordance with the fashion of the times, that is to say, a closely fitting bodice, ample skirt and flowing sleeves. Having taken the necessary measurements, and promising to return, as in modern times, every day or so until the fit was completed, Mrs. Moore,

carrying the merino cloth with her, took leave of her friends and joined her brother at the river.

"O Josiah!" she said, with an anxious tone, "I hardly know what to say. That girl is one of the most beautiful as well as most lovely beings I ever saw. Though a savage, she seems to have some knowledge of civilization. There must be some mistake! I do not believe she is an Indian!" "Then why do you call her a savage?" asked the brother dubiously. "Oh, some mysterious fate has placed her in savage hands. Now I think of it, I am more than half ashamed I called her one. Why she speaks a few English words with a sweet, musical accent that is charming. Besides her long, wavy hair convinces me that she does not belong to the red race. Then too, an Indian is incapable of giving the clean-cut enunciation that she gives to some of the words she speaks. Forgive me for calling her a savage." "I freely forgive you. I did not know that Banna knew any English words at all; but I do know that her hair is as straight as an arrow—there is neither wave nor curl about it. And I fully believe she is a full-blood Indian." "Why brother, you are mistaken. Only a few minutes ago I twined my own fingers among her silken tresses, and they were as full of waves as the ocean when a gentle breeze plays over it. And I well remember that when I was smoothing them over her forehead I could see her Saxon blood playing hide and seek beneath her sunburned features, for Banna the Beautiful, as I must hereafter call her, knows nothing of wearing a bonnet. It was then, too, she, for the first time, turned her large, lustrous eyes full upon me. They were soft and liquid as those of a gazelle, and as I returned the look, deep and sympathetic as heart can feel, tears gathered in them. In all America there is not a native from whom a pale face can thus draw a single tear."

"Have it your own way for the present, Letty. A few hours or days at most may decide which is right. Banna's English is surprising to me; but is easily accounted for. Her father lived for several months on the coast when he naturally picked up the little he knows of our language, and in turn his daughter has learned it from him. As to the play of her blood, her musical accent and the gathering of tears in her luminous eyes, I attri-

bute all that to her superior nature which, from the little I have seen and all you have told me, I readily grant. As to her hair you are simply mistaken about that; but wavy or straight means nothing to me. I am truly glad that you too, love her. So it only remains for me to acknowledge the 'corn' and ask you to help me win her heart as she has mine. Say, Letty, will you help me?"

Mrs. Moore was seated on a way-side rock where she mused long and tearfully before answering. When a little composed she looked up and with quivering lips answered, "It seems strange and sudden to say so; but I can only answer yes! A very queen should be proud to own her as a sister, even if she were an Indian!"

When the grateful brother had expressed his thanks, his sister gave him a full account of her visit, saying in part, "I found and left at the wigwam a fellow whom I suppose story writers would call a young Indian brave. He sported about all the old toggery of his race, together with a terrible name so long that I do not remember it. I believe he is making love to our Banna, and if so, it may mean trouble in the future."

"Never mind about that. Umausauga has incidently mentioned that fellow to me. Though a sub-chief, apparently, I have learned that he is not in favor at Abador." "I'm glad of that; and have another incident to mention that greatly excites my curiosity. When I first approached Banna I happened to notice a mussel shell, such as we see on the rocks here, but well polished, lying half concealed on her bear skin seat. For some reason she slyly concealed it in a fold of her wrapper. I am anxious to know what is in it, not merely to satisfy a woman's curiosity; but to confirm my belief that the little incident means something of importance. Should you ever learn what was in it, please tell me."

"Certainly—"

They were joined by Leon Shore and Ruth Lahgoon, and the subject was dropped for the time. All four of the ladies belonging to the colony were good with the needle, but Letty Moore was a professional seamstress. All eagerly began work on the first fashionable dress ever made inside the present limits of Jackson County. When it was cut and basted together Mrs. Moore re-

turned to the wigwam on the hill to see if the fit was satisfactory. The form to be fitted was so nearly perfect that no alterations were necessary. While this was surprising, it was more so to find that the girl's hair was, after all, "as straight as an arrow."

While in vain looking around for the mysterious shell, the neigh of a horse was heard in the woods near by. Though wondering why a horse should be in that secluded forest, the lady thought it imprudent to ask questions, and returned home. She reluctantly acknowledged that the hair of her idolized girl was straight; but was ready to be qualified that it was full of waves when she saw her before.

The report that a strange horse was in the neighboring forest created some suspicion, and curious to say, Ruth Lahgoon was selected to investigate the matter. This young woman, then in her seventeenth year, was an anomalous combination of female modesty and loveliness, and of indomitable courage and heroic fortitude. Though a small girl, she was as active as the proverbial cat, and to reprove her was to invite another battle more fierce than before. As an expert with the rifle and as a rider on horseback, whether over the open field or through the tangled forest, she had no superior. And Ruth was a very beautiful girl. Her golden hair which fell in rich, curling ringlets over her exquisitely formed shoulders, and her deep blue eyes, mild when in repose, but flashing defiance when aroused, set off her florid complexion to great advantage. Her smile and her manners brought most men to her feet. The only reason why Josiah Strong had not, years before, loved Ruth Lahgoon, was because he knew that her heart had, almost from childhood, belonged to Leon Shore, one of his best personal friends.

The day following Letty Moore's second visit to Adabor was an ideal one for a bold horseback gallop through the woods. The morning was fair and balmy, and save the wash of the water over the rocks, not a sound was heard to break the reigning silence. No one in all the world, either ancient or modern, had ever thought of the rattle and clash of the machinery that now manu-

factures lightning there to run complicated systems of wheels and pulleys many miles away.

As Ruth stood at the side of Alborak, her beautiful black horse, the scenes around her meant more than the whirr of all the machinery in the world. By common consent he was all her own. She had trained him from a colt and ridden him all the way from the seacoast to within plain view of the mountains. Though large and powerful, he yielded to every pull of the rein, understood and obeyed all her commands, and when left to himself followed her as a shadow. Often when seen running in the distance his feet did not seem to touch the ground, and his powers of endurance were unknown.

Alborak's equipment was a light double-reined bridle with martingale to match. His saddle was light also, and of English made. Around its right side was a half hoop made of whalebone. A light rifle was strapped to the hoop, and from the right horn of the saddle hung a long knife in a steel scabbard. His head, trim and tapering to the muzzle, was held high, and now and then he clamped his bits. He was waiting for the signal to be off and away.

His mistress still stood at his side, tapping the toe of her dainty boot with a small rattan which she sometimes carried. She wore a closely fitting buckskin habit, that the brush through which she often dashed might not tear her dress. On her head was a jaunty cap from which fluttered a single white ribbon, and in which her curly hair was carefully rolled, the cap being held in place by a strap beneath her chin. Thus arrayed she too, was waiting—waiting for her dogs, Pyth and Damon, that were trailing a fox in the distant woods.

Becoming impatient, she gave a long, keen blast with the hunting horn that hung at her side, and presently the dogs appeared at a full run. One bound and their mistress was in the saddle and at once horse, rider, dogs and all were off at a brisk trot.

Hitherto Ruth had not crossed the river, though she had permission of the lord over there to do so at will; and now that her delegated mission to search for the unknown horse led her into the excluded territory, she boldly rode towards the shoals.

Having been piloted across the river by Leon Shore, of whose services she had no more need on that occasion than she had for another horse, she went west, intending to make a detour to the left and return by way of Adabor. In that way she hoped to learn something of the strange horse and at the same time gratify her anxiety to see the famous beauty of whom she had heard so much.

As the bold heroine advanced she became lost in thought. The huge trees with their ponderous branches reaching far and wide as if to grasp everything around them in their embrace, obscured the sun above and dwarfed all undergrowth below them. From their cool shade wild animals of various kinds scurried away in all directions, and they were so numerous that a constant effort was required to keep the dogs from following them. Life in a vast primeval forest through which only the savage has roamed, and where the sound of the huntsman's horn and the bay of his hound have never been heard, is at once grand, solemn and impressive.

Such was the situation of Ruth Lahgoon, the gentle, and yet heroic huntress from south Georgia. But Ruth was not looking for game that day. However she had unstrapped her rifle and was carrying it in her hand, ready for any emergency that was likely to occur. When descending into a deep ravine she noticed that Damon's hair was standing erect on his back, and that he stopped and began to sniff the air. Presently he trotted to the left in hostile attitude, and looking in that direction, she discovered a panther preparing to spring upon the dog from a horizontal limb of one of the great trees. Instantly the crack of a rifle, perhaps the first that had ever awoke the sleeping echoes of that gloomy forest, pierced the still morning air. With a death-scream the animal fell to the ground in dying struggles. Snatching her hunting knife from its scabbard, both she and Pyth hastened to the rescue of Damon. But the knife was unnecessary, the beast was quickly torn into fragments.

Having tasted blood the dogs were still more anxious for the chase. They constantly watched their mistress for the signal of pursuit. It was not given and the dogs did not go.

The passing of the panther aroused the solitary girl from her reverie. Consulting a pocket compass which she always carried when in the woods, she found that she had gone too far to the west. However when on Alborak distance signified little to his rider. She had heard that the Okoloco Trail was to the south, and wishing to strike it, rode in that direction. Having gone several miles, her horse stopped suddenly and gave a low, sharp snort. She had never known him to do that way before. With one forefoot up the dogs stopped also and stood listening. Ruth, as if talking to herself, said softly: "What in the world is up now my boys?" She could neither see nor hear anything unusual. Gently patting her horse on the shoulder, she continued, "Forward a little, Alborak, just a little, my boy." With head erect and nostrils distended the horse slowly advanced as long as he felt the gentle tapping. If she had struck him heavily he would have been off and away as if on the wings of the wind. But when she stopped he stood still and so did the dogs. As yet neither had shown any sign of present danger. Their actions indicated surprise only.

Just as the wondering girl was thinking of another forward movement she, to her utter astonishment, distinctly saw a woman flit like a bird, from the ground to the back of a snow-white horse. He was standing with arched neck, inflated nostrils and anxious look beneath a large spreading tree about one hundred yards distant.

CHAPTER III.

THE WHITE LADIES VISIT ADABOR.

No one in any position was ever any more astonished than Ruth Lahgoon when, in that dreary and infrequently visited part of the country, she saw a woman pass like a shadow from the ground to the back of a horse. Somehow she instinctively knew who the strange woman was, and approaching nearer, the spotted robe, the long flowing hair, the well rounded shoulders, the athletic movement, and even the presence of a horse, all united to satisfy her that she had unexpectedly found the mysterious beauty who had played such sad havoc with the heart of a good personal friend of whom she had, more than once, come near giving her own. It was Banna at Calamit!

Remembering the flag of truce used by Mrs. Moore at Adabor, Ruth waved her handkerchief and approached near the large tree at a slow walk. The white horse seemed anxious to advance also; but his rider, evidently not knowing just what to do, restrained him. Both horses soon began to neigh as if glad to meet each other, and they were.

One of the girls knew some Creek words and the other about an equal number of English ones, and by using them together with a multiplicity of signs, they managed to understand each other fairly well. But to understand words and signs was a small matter compared with another lesson they learned at this, their first meeting—to love each other so devotedly that it grew with their growth, strengthened with their strength, and died only when they died, if, indeed, such love ever dies. Verily, no—it lives forever!

As was afterwards learned, Banna at first thought that Ruth was some good spirit who, because of her beauty and loveliness, had been liberated from Nodoroc, and that all horses were white until changed to black by some demon in that horrid place. It was a long time before any of the colonists knew just what Nodoroc meant except that it was a very bad place. On the

other hand Ruth, though she knew the Indian girl was not a queen, thought that because of her regal appearance as she still sat on her horse, ought to be one, and acted accordingly. Knowing that the throne of an Indian queen consisted of a grass mat covered with white feathers, usually those of the white crane common to the country, she spread her handkerchief on the ground and motioned Banna to jump from her horse upon it. Quickly comprehending the honor intended, and not considering herself worthy of it, she jumped with elegant ease a little to one side, and spreading her arms, the girls were at once in a long, loving embrace. The only words spoken were, "No wonder that Mr. Strong and his sister love you!" It is a remarkable thing that an untaught child of nature should refuse an offered honor, and at the same time show her gratitude for it by embracing one whom she was just beginning to learn was not a spirit, but a real being like herself. Though the result was not expected, both girls were always proud of their first meeting beneath the great spreading tree at Calamit, the Place of Rest.

When at last they thought of their *soquillas*, the word for horses in both the Creek and Cherokee languages, they saw them eating grass near together. Their long isolation from horse society made them feel close akin. No doubt of that.

"The twin sisters," as Banna and Ruth were afterwards called, seated themselves on the rock corner of Beadland, and entered into a long conversation by using such words as they knew and by making such signs as were necessary. While thus engaged two Indians came walking along the trail, and, seeing the girls, both went near and one of them, whom Ruth knew by Mrs. Moore's description was *Yrtyrmyrmyrmysco*, asked Banna if she was traveling homeward or towards Snodon. The answer being somewhat evasive, was unsatisfactory, and the fellow whose name is too long to be often repeated, squatted flat upon the ground at the girl's feet, spoke something of his love and of his intention to visit her father about night.

The conduct of one seemed to embolden the other, whose name turned out to be *Wokolog*, and he too squatted at Ruth's feet. As he did so he passed one hand over her cheek and began to toy

with the rattan which she still carried. Quick as thought she drew a long, glittering stiletto, such as many Italian women carry to this day, and such as many Americans ought still to carry, from her bosom, and threw back her arm ready to strike; but the flashing blue eyes that seemed to look through him and the dagger that glittered in her steady hand, sent him backwards beyond striking distance, where he gained his feet and walked away sullenly. The other was evidently much astonished, but also went away laughing at the discomfiture of his companion.

While seated on the rock Ruth learned several things that were interesting to her. She had hoped to forever settle the dispute about Banna's hair, and she had settled the matter well enough to know that sometimes it was straight and sometimes it was wavy. When she first met her, the first thing noticed was the girl's long, silken tresses of entirely straight hair. While seated together she carefully noted that it was full of waves—beautiful waves which followed each other in constant succession from one end to the other. So Mr. Strong and his sister were both right, but how, she could not understand.

Another discovery made was that while the Indian girl, if she were an Indian, still wore the threefold strand of beads, there was a fourth strand of plaited hair, apparently from her own head, around her neck, and that to this strand was suspended just such a mussel shell as Mrs. Moore had described. A singular feature was that the wearer was careful to keep the shell concealed under the collar of her wrapper, but did not always succeed in doing so.

Still another discovery that afforded the observant Ruth much satisfaction was the cold and distant manner in which Banna received the advances of the long-named Indian. After he went away she did not hesitate to say how much her father disliked both Yrtyrmyrmyrmysco and Wokolog, the latter being so named because the word is applied to anything known to the Indian mind as low, mean and cunning.

Ruth Lahgoon had allowed the fire that once burned in her breast for Josiah Strong to smoulder in ashes; but she was still his devoted friend, and never failed to work in his favor on all

proper occasions. Hence her gladness to learn that there was no chance for the Indian to supplant him. Indeed the nature of both girls revolted at the thought.

The sun was far on his western journey when Ruth consulted her compass and pointed towards the shoals. The other understood the significance of the action, and in the musical tones on which Mrs. Moore so fondly dwelt, called out, "Iro! Iro!" The white horse quickly ran to her, and lightly stroking his forehead, she again repeated his name in low and gentle tones as musical as before.

"So Iro is the name of her pretty horse. He is doubtless the one heard by Mrs. Moore, and finding him in possession of her well-loved girl, my mission is accomplished," was the mental conclusion of Ruth. "Iro! Iro!" she repeated, to impress the name on her mind. Iro was indeed a beautiful animal. Though not so large as Alborak, he was of good size, and as elegantly formed. He was a pure white except his mane and tail which were of a light canary hue. The yellow tint was afterwards found to be artificial; but it certainly enhanced the beauty of the animal, and was then as appropriate for a white horse as the painting of a lady's face is now. The training of Iro and Alborak was different; but the result was the same. The white came when his name was called, the black when he heard a peculiar whistle given by his mistress, and by her only.

Iro's equipment consisted of a bridle and a sidesaddle, both of Spanish make. From the right hand horn of the saddle hung a bow and a small quiver of arrows. It had no hoop, but a tomahawk of curious shape was tied to the rear. On the small right-hand skirt the flag of Spain was imprinted in good style. Beneath the flag was the following inscription: DON MAR DE VEDO X ELANCYDYNE.

As the girls rode away, they presented a striking appearance. Two such horses carrying two such riders had never been seen in a wilderness before, perhaps nowhere else. Any woman looks better on horseback than she does in a palace, and when both horse and rider have an elegant appearance the effect is very

pleasing. And thus, as Banna and Ruth rode homeward, talking and making signs as if in all their glory, it was proven that—

“When two kindred strings are tuned alike,
To move them both but one we strike.”

When Adabor was reached it was plain that neither the horses nor their mistresses were willing to separate; but after a long, fondly lingering look at each other they separated with tears in their eyes. When Ruth reached the shoals she found Leon Shore and Abe Trent both waiting there for her. Poor, anxious, considerate fellows! Notwithstanding the girl had passed through enough during the day to try the nerves of the strongest man, they thought she needed help to ford a small stream! A bullet is blind, and so is love!

At a meeting called for the purpose of hearing Ruth's report, a “vote of thanks was tendered the heroine of the day for faithful performance of duty,” and on motion of Josiah Strong, three hearty cheers were given in her honor. Had a modern talking machine been used, how curious it would be to hear those cheers as they were given more than a century ago. Are they forever lost? Or will the great expected achievements of the twentieth century unroll them to mortal ears?

Ruth's adventures that day furnished themes for many discussions. What was the significance of the carefully concealed mussel shell? Where did the white horse and the Spanish saddle come from? And what did the curious inscription on the saddle mean? How did the girl get possession of them? And why was her hair changeable? These were some of the questions that Mrs. Moore, because of her deep insight into curious things, was asked to answer. “I can not,” replied that lady, “answer all your questions; but the changes in the dear girl's hair prove, as I have before told you, that she is not an Indian, though I can not account for the change. Moreover the Spanish saddle and the emblems on it, and now I think of it, the type of her features convince me that she is of Spanish descent with a distinct mixture of aristocratic English blood.”

"Sister," replied Josiah, "you are getting along first rate with your advanced theories; but after all I should not be surprised to find that changeable hair is characteristic of Indian beauties. Whether Indian, Spanish or English, I love Banna the Beautiful with all my heart, and no race distinction can change me."

"We do not," said Ruth after a pause, "blame you, and are anxious to do anything we can in your favor."

"That greatly encourages me, and I thank you in advance for your services. It only remains for you and Letty to arrange some plan that will enable me to meet her as if by chance. I will do the rest." "We can easily do that," said Ruth, and the interview closed sans ceremonie.

On the day following the interview the merino dress was completed. The finishing touches were made by the deft fingers of Ruth Lahgoon who was a "needle work designer," as those who did artistic work with the needle were called at that time. Around the bottom of the skirt was wrought a lovely wreath of green, white and blue beads. On the bosom was a similar design in oval form, and in the center of that was a monogram composed of the initial letters R. B., an emblem of mutual love. The sleeves were also ornamented with modest flowers wrought, not with beads, but with silk thread of various colors. Such was the dress made for a savage girl,—the native of a wilderness where the name of God had never been heard until a short time before and of whose attributes she knew nothing. For some reason her superior form and features were so cast by the God whom she did not know, that the light that irradiated them from within was the handiwork of the same GREAT FIRST CAUSE;

"Who rules and regulates
And guides this vast machine,
And governs wills, and times and fates—
Retires and works unseen."

The dress being completed Mrs. Moore and Ruth made a formal visit to Adabor. They found Banna alone, and she received them with gladness. However, they soon noticed that she became a little disconcerted because her hair was again without a wave,

and for the first time she discovered that her white friends were astonished at the change. When the glittering merino garment was spread before the wondering girl, she was so nervous by emotions perhaps unknown to the tutored mind, that she sat down and wept like a child. There in the deep umbrageous solitudes of nature, far away from the strife and turmoil of strenuous human life, followed a touching scene. Both visitors knelt at the weeping girl, and placing their arms upon her shoulders and their heads against her heaving breast, the trio wept together—one in grateful remembrance of her friends, the others in deep sympathy with her sweet, sensitive nature.

When restored to a normal condition Ruth dressed Banna's hair, and a delicate piece of net-work consisting of braids and curious plaits was the result. But the artist's fingers trembled as she deftly manipulated the long black tresses—she could see and even feel the waves returning.

"Eureka! I have found it!" exclaimed Mrs. Moore who was watching the waves as they came into view slowly. "Found what?" the artist asked anxiously. "That her hair changes when it comes in close contact with people of her own race. Such has been the case every time that either of us has been near her; another proof that she is not an aboriginee of this country." "I am," said Ruth, "more than half convinced that you are right; but why does our touch produce such a curious result?" "Tell me why the saw-brier and many other plants close their leaves when we touch them? A touch often means more than we can understand. At least one astronomer has said that if we could touch a star it would fly out of its orbit. But to be plain, I can not answer your question. While a truth is revealed, the mystery deepens. The why must go unanswered."

The bright girl knew that her hair was the subject of conversation, and she was embarrassed; but the smiles and kisses of Ruth caused her great luminous eyes to look upon her friends as charmingly as before.

The fit of the new dress was perfect. As Mrs. Moore finished adjusting the skirt she stepped back and said, "Oh, that brother

could see you now! You are so radiantly beautiful. I never before felt the full force of Gray's musical lines—

“ ‘Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear—
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air!’ ”

A deep silence followed this quotation from Gray's *Elegy*, because the scene was really impressive. At last Ruth said, "Though she bloomed in a desert we intend to transfer her to a garden, where tender hands and loving hearts will cultivate the rare flower until she blooms afresh in Heaven."

As Banna did not understand half what was said in reference to her, she looked bewildered; and to change the current of her thoughts, Ruth presented her with a toilet set, consisting of a small mirror, comb, brush and a few other articles. She was shown how to use them, and for the first time, saw herself in a looking-glass. Hitherto she had seen her own image only as reflected by the smooth water of the Tishmaugu just before it went tumbling over the shoals.

Perhaps that was the only way mother Eve ever saw her fair face, and as to that matter, father Adam, too. Yet they lived a long time. Having studied the toilet articles one by one, the girl began to realize the worth of her pale-face sister, and said thoughtfully, "I do what for things so good, so pretty?" Ruth knew what she meant, and hastened to inform her that all was the gift of love and that nothing would be received in payment. She looked astonished and clasped both visitors in her arms saying, "Will have little gift, you?"

When told that a small present would be received, not in payment, but as a token of love, she produced a roll of coarse grass cloth which contained several pairs of moccasins made of beaver skin with the fur on. They were lined with the same soft and pliant material. Around the tops were single rows of small sea shells evidently from a distant shore. The workmanship was neat and substantial, and the shape much the same as shoes of that day, that is to say, they were not "rights and lefts." Having

selected pairs of proper size, the ladies received the gifts with sincere thankfulness. They represented them as warm and pleasant to the feet, and wearing them on rare occasions only they kept them as long as they lived. It may be interesting to know that these moccasins were exhibited in a Lapsidalian basket at a county fair held at Jefferson in 1835, when Gen. David M. Burns was chairman, and William Gathright, secretary.

While selecting the moccasins Umausauga made his appearance with bow and arrows in one hand and a turkey in the other. As he surveyed his daughter in her new attire his huge frame began to tremble, but there was no frown on his tawny brow. Riveting his keen and restless black eyes upon her, he continued to gaze until, sinking lower and lower, he sat sprawling on the floor. When tired of his comical position he gave one of his native grunts and began to walk from side to side of the wigwam. His demeanor satisfied the anxious guests that he was proud of the wonderful transformation of his daughter, but strange to say, was actually afraid of the looking-glass.

Having fully accomplished their mission the ladies left with the understanding that Banna should visit them at Fort Strong two days hence.

On the morning of the day appointed for the Indian girl's visit, several ladies were assembled at the humble but well-supplied home of Abednego Moore.

"What," asked Mrs. Moore, "shall we give our guest for dinner to-day?" "I do not know," answered Ruth, after some reflection, "what Banna likes best, but she had two broiled fishes for luncheon at Calamit the other day. She beats corn in a mortar and makes hominy in an earthen pot. When last with her I noticed a sort of mug full of honey comb, and a ham of dried venison near by it. With these hints I suggest that you and mother spread such a dinner as you think best."

Everything at Talasee was done methodically. Nothing of general importance was attempted without a two-thirds majority of both men and women. This concert of action made the little colony strong in purpose and ready in execution. Ruth's suggestion was accepted by all, and everything went on smoothly.

Alborak soon carried his mistress to Adabor where she found Banna a little excited but ready to return with her. When called, Iro trotted near, and the girls rode to the shoals where they met a delegation of ladies to bid their coming guest a hearty welcome. Umausauga had been selected to accompany the party; but for some reason declined the invitation.

As soon as the opposite bank was gained Banna leaped from her saddle and embraced in turn each of the three ladies present as if she had been a long-absent daughter. A formal introduction followed, and when Iro's saddle had been regained as easily as it had been left, Mrs. Easley, who was a lady of culture and refinement, said:

"O Letty! did you see the deep red blood playing hide and seek in her cheeks as she threw her arms around us? Why has such a gem been so long concealed in these dark and gloomy forests?"

"For the present echo only answers why. By and by we may know the reason," replied Mrs. Moore thoughtfully.

Having arrived in front of the Moore residence, Leon Shore, as previously arranged, approached, and taking Ruth by the hand she lightly leaped to the ground. Josiah Strong and Banna at once followed the example, and together the pairs walked into the house. The Indian girl, as her escort still more than half believed her to be, had shown herself an apt scholar and a ready imitator as well.

Now a great relief was at hand. Mr. Strong could speak the Creek language almost as well as Banna herself. He had indulged in many a blissful thought which he hoped to enjoy while teaching her English, and was almost sorry that she could already speak some words as fluently as he could, though she did not know just how to arrange them. To remedy this defect, he finally decided, would be more pleasant than teaching the words, and so his future prospects grew brighter and brighter as they hastily passed before his mental vision.

If he loved her under as unfavorable conditions as when he first saw her at Snodon, what were his emotions now that she was at his side as a guest, arrayed in the most elegant style of the times? He became lost in wondering thoughts and audibly mut-

tered: "More than a butterfly has come from a golden chrysalis."

Finally glancing at the braided, plaited network of hair that served so well to show the outlines of her symmetrical shoulders, he discovered that it was as full of graceful waves as his own was of turning, twisting curls. Hitherto he had thought that his sister and Ruth were mistaken. He knew that his own hair was changeable—that the curls were more profuse in damp than in dry weather—but he had never heard of hers changing that way. This together with the fact that a crimson blush played over her face when he first gave her his hand, was enough to convince him that his sister was right. But before making a final decision he concluded to learn if he could whether Indian girls in common blushed or not. The truth was that for some reason he did not want to believe that Banna the Beautiful was not "a native to the manor born."

Of course the stranger girl did not know just how to meet the new conditions by which she was surrounded; but the constant attention of all present and the readiness with which she learned and understood anything presented to her mind helped her wonderfully. When she found that Mr. Strong could speak her language fluently, her eyes sparkled with delight, and to all appearance she greatly enjoyed her visit. When he asked her if she remembered seeing him at Snodon sometime before, she quickly looked at his head, as if to prove his identity by the missing lock of hair pulled out by the rude Indian boy, and with some confusion answered, "YES."

A general conversation followed in which Mr. Strong found that his visitor was anxious to learn all she could of the English language and that she was willing for him to become her teacher. Thus the day passed away pleasantly, and a little before sundown Mr. Strong escorted the Guest of the Colony to her secluded home amid the great spreading trees just over the river. The promises of his sister and friend had been redeemed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE IDENTITY OF BANNA MAR DE VEDO IS FOUND OUT.

About sixteen years before the beginning of our narrative a war broke out between the Cherokee and Upper Creek Indians. The former claimed territory as far south as the Tishmaugu, and the latter as far north and east as the Lacoda Trail,* which was nearly identical with the present Athens and Clarkesville road. Their first engagement was at Numerado, near the confluence of Hurricane Creek and Etaho river above Hurricane Shoals. Amercides, apparently an Indian with a Greek name, was leader of the Cherokees, and as gallant a brave as ever drew the bow. He rode a white horse and dashed from place to place as if trained on the battlefields of Europe.

Talitchlechee, commander of the Creeks, saw the mistake, and placing himself at a favorable point awaited the expected opportunity. It soon came and the Creek buried his tomahawk in the gallant leader's side. When the white horse was seen running riderless through the forest of Numerado, the Cherokees began to retreat. But soon the scene changed. Elancydyne, the wife or as she was generally called, the queen of Amercides, committing a small child that she was holding in her arms to the care of an attendant, mounted the riderless horse and at once took command. She was greeted by a yell from the Cherokees that echoed and re-echoed up and down the river and forward and back across the valley. Soon the air was thick with flying arrows and whizzing tomahawks.

The conflict deepened and the battle raged on. The commander was more cautious than her fallen lord, but rode unflinchingly in the face of every danger. At last the Creeks, finding their ranks so fatally thinned, retreated hastily. Another yell—this time the

*It was our pleasure to follow this old trail, last summer, to Tallulah Falls. Just a few miles this side of Clarkesville it "forks." One branch extending northwest leads into the noted Nacoochee country. The other branch, leading on through Clarkesville, Turnerville and the Tallulah country.—Ed.

yell of victory, reverberated over the hills, and the heroine of the day, forgetting all things else, hastened to see if her child was safe. She found it sleeping soundly in the arms of her attendant, who, to shield the babe from harm, had received an arrow deeply in her own shoulder. Her name was Yetha, and though the wound was thought to be fatal, she lived to be very old.

Soon a band of young warriors gathered around the queen, and carrying her over the battlefield, in grim mockery introduced her to the fallen Creeks as their conqueror—their beautiful Elancydyne.

Elated with their decisive victory the Cherokees considered the country conquered territory as far as they claimed and began a march across it to take formal possession. In the meantime, however, the Creeks had received substantial recruits, and Talitchlechee being a wily old chief of long experience, the enterprise was doubtful. His enemy, still led by what her followers considered their invincible new queen, moved slowly and cautiously forward until they reached the verge of the plateau which dips to Cold Spring, then known as Radoata, near the John Harrison old place, where they met Talitchlechee in command of a larger force than at Numerado.

The Creeks gave the gage of battle and soon the engagement became general. Though queen Elancydyne showed that she was a skillful and fearless leader, she was finally overcome by numbers, and by a master piece of strategy made a flank movement, and going still forward, camped that night at Arharra on the plain where Prospect Church now stands and within hearing of the waters of the Tishmaugu, the object of her expedition. This singular movement on the part of an enemy who had shown such consummate skill so puzzled Talitchlechee that he hesitated to offer battle as he had done at Radoata. The next morning, however, an accident brought on a general engagement with varying success. This continued at intervals until noon when the Creek chief sent Umausauga, one of his trusted braves, to conceal a number of expert bowmen in the branches of some spreading trees that grew in an adjacent forest. Late in the afternoon the conflict again became general.

Elancydyne on her white horse led the van, and her example so inspired her followers that they gave another deafening yell and rushed forward to engage at close quarters; but the Creeks retreated in the direction of the concealed bowmen. Again the Cherokee queen was in the thickest of the fray and soon fell from her horse pierced by many bristling arrows. The wail of lament, "Onocowah, Onocowah!" rising from the field of carnage, disheartened the Cherokees, and they in turn sullenly retreated to the north, tenderly carrying their fallen queen with them. If she had survived the battle it is difficult to say what would have been the result.

About the time of the arrival of the second party of emigrants at Talasee, various rumors reached Umausauga, and through him the colony, that the Cherokees were preparing to return to the country and wreak vengeance upon their enemies for their disastrous defeat at Arharra. Umausauga at once notified the leaders of this people of the threatened danger, and the colonists immediately began building a fort. When completed it was a large, substantial building, and in honor of the man who had worked almost every day and night in the interest of the colony, it was named Fort Strong.

About the same time Fort Yargo* was built at a place of that name about three miles southwest of Winder, the old Jug Tavern. Strange to say, Fort Yargo is still standing in a good state of preservation. Though first in Franklin and next in Jackson; it is now in Walton County; and having seen the coming and going of three generations, it is a heavy old land-mark which does not receive the attention it deserves.

Notwithstanding the number of brave, strong men belonging to the colony, Banna the Beautiful, and Ruth Lahgoon the Lovely, were appointed scouts to patrol the surrounding country. All

*On January 24th, 1914, the Editor visited this old fort and found it in good state of preservation. It is now used as a dwelling house for tenants by Mr. T. M. Wages, the owner. In cutting out the doors and windows preparatory for a dwelling most of the "port holes" were cut away but on the side next to the spring is one about 4 inches by 10 inches. This place is only a short distance from Carter Hill church, near the Winder and Loganville road.

the men were needed for heavy work; besides none were better than these two brave and skillful riders. A few days of instruction by Mr. Strong had enabled them to converse with each other readily, and they had become equal experts with the rifle. They generally went together and always in hearing of each other. As a protection to the women and children, the dogs, Pyth and Damon, were left at home. Both wore deerskin clothing, made to fit closely, and jaunty little caps of the same material from which generally fluttered a short black ribbon. They carried comparatively light rifles, long knives in steel scabbards hung from their saddles, and on the left breast of each the hilt of a deadly stiletto was just visible.

Thus equipped, and mounted on Alborak and Iro, these scouts fearlessly roamed the forests infested with dangerous wild beasts and sometimes with wilder men. They met with many adventures, some of which it is necessary to give here.

One day when they had been riding a little apart about one mile to the north, they, by previous agreement, met at a spring then called Alotha, but since known as the Bell spring. It is still a copious fountain, and its crystal waters are always inviting.

Banna was last to arrive, and leaping to the ground as was her custom, a shell fell from a pocket in her dress. The string around it was broken by the fall, the parts separated, and a jet black lock of curly hair was revealed to Ruth's wondering gaze. Mrs. Moore's mystery was solved at last. The disconcerted girl blushed as her companion had never seen her blush before. She did not wonder that Josiah Strong was enchanted when he saw those dark-hued cheeks mantled with a deep rosy tint as if borrowed from a sunset cloud. When Ruth looked at her and smiled pleasantly the bewildered girl made a clean-breast of the matter by saying in substance:

"That lock of hair was taken from Josiah Strong's head by a mean Indian boy at Snodon. When he threw it away I took possession of it and intend to keep it as long as I live. When I am buried I want it left lying on my breast. For this reason only I now reveal the secret."

That was indeed a pathetic confession, and Ruth knew it was an honest one. She was a very bright girl, and felt that the sentiments expressed in it were not born in a savage breast. Independently of all she had hitherto seen and heard, she was now fully convinced that her dear friend, Banna the Beautiful, was not an Indian.

Ruth reported her wonderful discovery to Mr. Strong and his sister only. To the brother it seemed evident proof that the girl who so highly valued a lock of his hair had loved him from the first as he had her. In happy reverie he said :

"Surely God has not decreed that two such streams should flow in different directions; and though the race question has nothing to do with my feelings, I am now convinced, as Ruth was, that Banna the Beautiful is not an Indian." Mrs. Moore was glad of the conversion of her brother and Ruth to her belief, and to more fully confirm them in it she said :

"Allow me to remind you that our Savior knew all about the laws of nature. When speaking of good and bad trees and of their fruits he said, 'Of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes.' The teaching is as applicable to Banna as it is to a tree and its fruit. Jesus of Nazareth made no mistakes."

When the rumor of a Cherokee invasion reached the country Umausauga, to the great surprise of the colonists, placed his daughter under the protection of the whites. No proposition was ever more gladly accepted; and now that all were fully satisfied that she was really not his child, the council met and passed the following preamble and resolution unanimously :

"Whereas, a discovery has been made which fully satisfies this colony that Banna, hitherto known as the daughter of our friend, Umausauga, the Indian, does not belong to his race :

"Resolved, That Miss Ruth Lahgoon, a member of this body, is hereby appointed to inform the said Banna of the discovery made, and direct that she do so at such time and in such manner as she may deem proper.

"J. Josiah Strong, Presiding.

"Orpah Lahgoon, Secretary."

On the morning following the above-mentioned meeting the scouts crossed the river and rode to the west. As Ruth had formerly traveled in that direction, she knew that the country was rough and infested with dangerous animals. Therefore they rode near together, generally in single file, without meeting with anything unusual until they reached the lower water of Taurulaboole (Beech) creek. There as they entered the dense forest that skirted its banks, they discovered a little path which led to a cluster of tall reeds that grew on a knoll a short distance from the stream. Following the path they soon reached a curious structure almost hidden by the reeds which grew close to its walls. As they went near an opening which seemed to serve the purpose of a door, a wizen-faced old man made his appearance at the opening with a small bundle of split reeds in his hand. He had never seen two such beings before, and as they approached nearer he disappeared in the hut. However, when Banna told him in his own language that no harm was intended, an old squaw came to the door cautiously. She brought a half finished basket in one hand and an old, rusty tomahawk in the other. She was hideous in appearance and evidently much older than the man. Her skin appeared to be dry on her bones, her great butter-teeth showed outside her thin, tightly drawn lips, and a tuft of hair, much like the foretop of a horse, fell straggling over her tawny brow. Banna at once recognized her as Lapsidali, a basket maker whom she had sometimes seen at Adabor.

Having long gazed with critical eyes at the girls and their horses, she laid down her basket and tomahawk on the ground and went nearer. When apparently satisfied that there was no danger, she went still nearer and patted Iro on the forehead. Ceasing to caress the horse, she looked up and carefully scanned his rider's features. Then she went backwards several steps, and placing both hands on her angular hips, she stood with a far-away look as if lost in some over-powering thought. Being unable to close her lips, they twitched over her great scurvy-eaten teeth as if talking to herself. Finally she suddenly turned and called to the little old man who was still in the hut, and said in substance :

“Onomaco, this girl on white horse is certainly Banna. Lives at Adabor, I have seen her there. But she has been changed to butterfly. That’s to keep Cherokees from knowing her. Two white horses. Two queens, too. This white horse like Adar. The other on black horse is pale face. Lives at Shoals. Flies through the air. Spirit floats up and down river every night. No harm in her. Come out here.”

The old hag advanced to pat the black horse also. Somehow Alborak refused to be petted by her, and throwing back his ears, he gave a short, vicious snip at her arm. The old woman snatched up her tomahawk, and her movements indicated that she intended to throw it at the horse’s head. Quick as thought the muzzle of a rifle was thrust in her face. Perhaps she did not know just what that meant, but at the click of the lock she fled into the hut and crouched beyond a pile of baskets.

When confidence was restored, the scouts examined the hut as a matter of curiosity. It was about ten feet square and some six feet high. Poles were set in the ground from ten to twelve inches apart, and the spaces between them were filled with slender willow branches, basket fashion. The outside was roughly daubed with whitish clay mortar which seemed to be hard and durable. The roof was composed of several layers of wahoo bark which was held in place by large balls of the white clay mortar. As the two solitary inhabitants were found to be wickiups, that is, cane basket makers, the place was doubtlessly selected because of the dense canebroke that grew in the vicinity, and was called Boca, the Creek word for cane.

The hut contained quite a number of finished baskets, and it was amazing to see with what wonderful skill they were made. Onomaco split and dressed the cane, and Lapsidali, his sister, colored and wove the material, but never in the presence of another. The brilliant colors produced by her methods did not fade, and though many efforts were made to learn her secret, the old jade died without revealing it.

In the early part of the last century these baskets were frequently seen in the possession of the settlers, and were called Lapsidalian baskets. Before leaving Boca the scouts made an ear-

nest effort to induce Lapsidali to explain what she meant in her talk to Omonaco about Banna. She however shook her head and replied, "Lapsidali talk to Onomaco, not to young squaws."

Being bothered about the ambiguous expressions of the old woman, they resolved to return home immediately and make their report. Both were silent for a time; but Ruth, deeming the opportunity favorable for telling her companion of the discoveries made in regard to her race, decided to use it. She began by calling the astonished girl's attention to what she had just heard at the hut concerning herself, the Cherokees, the two white horses and the two queens. She then went over all the circumstances which had convinced Mrs. Moore, Mr. Strong and finally the whole colony, that she did not have one drop of Indian blood in her veins, and concluded by saying: "I have seen enough myself to prove that you have the same white blood beating in your heart that is beating in mine. You may be of foreign descent partly; but if you are, it comes from white ancestors whose blood shows in all their descendants the world over, and O Banna, I am unable to tell you how glad I am!"

Ruth threw her arms around her trembling friend, and together they wept a long time. At last when the still trembling girl was a little composed she said in substance: "I have sometimes wondered why all around me was so different from myself. I have always thought Umausauga my father. He is good to me and has never failed to treat me kindly. I have noticed that other fathers make slaves of their daughters, while he treats me as a queen. I have never before been able to understand why this is so. I have never known but one other exception, and that is the case of a girl who lives at Snodon. Her name is Mera, and I want you to visit her, for both she and her mother are very lovely. Mother! Mother! How sweet and endearing the word! O, that I could know something of mine! The name must be of some akin to the Heaven of which you and your people so often tell me. Somehow your strange revelations make me feel like one world had gone and another had come. Must I give up all to gain more? I know not what to say or do!" "No! no!" replied Ruth vehemently, "you need not give up all you have. You

need not give up the man to whom you owe so much! We will take you both under our protection for life. You have nothing to fear, but much for which you will some day thank God and be glad."

In the midst of their conversation the scouts reached home, and all the colonists, finding that Banna had been informed of her true position in society, came to encourage her upon entering a new life. This was of vast benefit to the bewildered girl, and perhaps saved her from miserable depths of despondency and gloom. To change the training of a lifetime is doubtless a hard thing to do.

That night the council met, and with unusual interest listened to Ruth Lahgoon's report. The following extract from the proceedings of the meeting was copied from the original document more than sixty years ago:

"Whereas, the various allusions made in the presence of our scouts by Lapsidali, the squaw, to the Cherokees, the white horses and the queens, may mean something of much importance to this colony:

"Resolved, That Josiah Strong is hereby directed to interview the said Lapsidali, and obtain such information as he can about these matters; that Joseph Starr shall visit our sister colonies at Yamacutah and Groaning Rock; and that Abel Trent visit Fort Yargo, to secure an alliance with said colonies, assure them of our assistance at any time needed, and obtain such other information as may pertain to our interest.

"And be it further Resolved, That the Indian, Umausauga, and his hitherto supposed daughter, Banna, be solicited to become citizens of this colony and members of this council; and that the discovery made in regard to the unknown parentage of the latter be revealed to the former when the present unsettled state of the country passes away.

"Signed,

"Richard Easley, President.

"Martha Easley, Secretary."

Early on the following morning Starr and Trent started on their respective missions. In the afternoon Strong visited the curious hut among the reeds. To his great disappointment not a vestige of either its inhabitants or of their work was to be seen. He continued his visits for several days in succession, and always with the same result.

As the deserted abode seemed to have been in use several years, the solution of another mystery awaited the anxious colonists. The faithful scouts roamed on foot about the shoals nearly all the day carrying rifles in their hands. Poor Banna, having passed a sleepless night, was tossed upon a sea of conflicting emotions; dreams of the wilderness fleeting like a shadow to the realities of a new life of which she knew almost nothing. Whither should she go? Which way should she turn? Many brave young warriors of the upper Creek Nation, including him of the jaw-breaking name, had fallen at her feet and sued for her heart and hand. Though she knew not the reason why the pulsations of her heart did not beat in unison with them, she felt a reason, and loved them not. Her sensitive soul, ethereal as the passing zephyr and as invisible as the germ of the delicate violet, longed for something more refined than any of them could offer. A drop of oil in mid-ocean will not mix with any of its multitudinous waves. Being utterly unable to catch even a passing glimpse of what her future life should probably be, she instinctively drew the polished shell from her bosom, kissed it, and then slowly returned the dear souvenir to its long resting place. A smile as if a flood of sunshine had poured from an over-hanging cloud played over her features for a moment, and then as thoughts of the strange past and the uncertain future came to her mind, she sadly joined her companion who was gathering wild flowers some distance away.

Being a little weary the girls went to the shoals, and seeing a nice clean rock a few feet from the bank, they leaped upon it, and in a reclining position watched the water as it went rippling by them. Presently a large fish, in water so shallow that its dorsal fins were in plain view, came hurrying by without any apparent effort, and quickly disappeared in the deeper water be-

low. "Like that fish I know not whither I am drifting," said Banna thoughtfully. "Dear, please don't say that," replied Ruth anxiously. "Any fish" she continued with much earnestness, "can float with the current; but it takes a splendid mountain trout to scale the rapids and strike for higher latitudes and purer waters. You, with ten thousand times the advantage of any fish, may do likewise. Should you meet with any difficulties on the way, as did the fish when it struck the shallow water, I know of a strong arm, a willing mind, and a devoted heart that will always be ready to help you overcome them."

The girl did not reply at once. She was trying to understand the meaning of her friend. Finally she asked, "Where, O where shall I find such help as that?" "Josiah Strong, a lock of whose hair you now carry in your bosom, is the man! I know that he loves you, and only you, devotedly, and is longing for an opportunity to tell you so." The surprised girl covered her face with both hands, and after rocking back and forth for awhile, turned her beautiful, tearful eyes upon her companion, and in trembling tones said:

"Dear one, may we now go?" They lightly jumped to the bank, and arm in arm walked to the fort, where Banna the Beautiful, for the first time learned it was to be her future home.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHEROKEE SPY.

In due time Starr and Trent returned from their respective missions and made their reports. The latter found that the fort Yargo people, though few in number, were well armed and ready to come to the aid of Talasee at a moment's warning, and the former reported substantially the same of the colonies he visited; adding that the citizens of Groaning Rock had some reason to believe that a Cherokee spy, going in the direction of Talasee, had recently passed through the country.

In view of the information gained of the probable spy, Richard Easley and Phelan Lahgoon, both of whom had seen much hard service in active warfare, offered to become additional scouts. Accordingly the next morning the men rode to the east and the girls to the north with the understanding that the parties were to meet at Rodoata (Cold Spring) at such time in the afternoon as they could make the junction.

About noon when the girls were riding across the gentle slope on which Crooked Creek church now stands, their horses stopped and stood listening. Knowing that their hearing was more sensitive than their own, the girls remained quiet and anxiously awaited the result. Directly they discovered an Indian going in the direction of the spring, still there, but not so bold and beautiful as then. Amazed, both whispered "The Spy!" "The Spy!" He was armed with a tomahawk only, and carrying that at his left side, they knew him to be a Cherokee.

Having apparently satisfied himself that no danger was lurking near, he fell prostrate at the spring and began to drink. Just then, with rifles ready for instant use, the scouts rushed upon him with such impetuous dash that the fellow jumped the creek near by at one bound and ran to the southeast with incredible speed. Thinking they might obtain some valuable information from him they did not want to kill him or even wound him unless actually necessary. At full speed the girls began the chase at once,

and the Cherokee, finding that he would soon be overtaken, stopped suddenly and looked back. Perhaps more through habit than design he unfortunately drew his tomahawk from his belt, and quick as thought two bullets went crashing through his arm. The weapon fell to the ground, and the fellow, finding that it was useless to run, suddenly fell with his face to the ground, and gave the Cherokee wail of despair "Owocoway!" Then the scouts knew that there was no one near who could come to his rescue.

Doubtless the poor Indian thought there was no one to help him; but he was greatly mistaken. Hands far more tender and skillful than he had ever known were there and anxious to help him. For their own benefit the girls carried a roll of linen bandages, various salves, pins, needles and thread to use in case of accidents to which they were almost constantly liable. They now found great need of them, and conducting the wounded man back to the spring, they dressed his arm, and otherwise made him as comfortable as possible. They found that one bullet had fractured the arm bone but did not break it, and that the other had made a severe flesh wound. Their greatest difficulty was to stanch the freely flowing blood; but by long continued application of cold spring water they finally succeeded. During the entire process, which of necessity must have been very painful, the Indian did not utter a groan nor speak a word. The most distinguishing feature of his conduct was that he seemed unable to turn his eyes away from Banna. For some reason he was evidently overcome with wonder and amazement.

When the captive was a little composed the girls leisurely conducted him to Talasee and turned him over to Joe Starr and Ed Belknap from whom he was not likely to escape. They then hastened to Rodoata that the other scouts might find them there according to promise.

Easley and Lahgoon having reached the vicinity of Cherokee Corner, turned to the northwest, and crossing Trail and Sandy Creeks, reached the plateau upon which Center is now situated, without learning anything unusual. There, however, they met with a native, who informed them that on the day before, an

Indian who was supposed to be a Cherokee, had been seen going in the direction of Talasee, and that a runner had been sent to inform Umausauga of the discovery. This caused the scouts to hasten homeward, and being well mounted, they soon reached the plain beyond Etoho river. There they discovered the well known tracks of Alborak and Iro. Following the still deeper and deeper gashes as if made by a furious charge, they came to a spring where blood was spattered all over the rocks around it. They groaned in despair and frantically called for Ruth and Banna. No answer was returned and again they groaned aloud and Mr. Lahgoon exclaimed, "O my God! have the Cherokees murdered my precious child and her darling friend?"

Just then Mr. Easley noticed that the red stains led across the adjacent creek. They were quickly followed until a pool of clotted blood was reached. Both scouts were unable to speak—their hearts seemed to be still. Almost blinded by fear and apprehension, they looked around for further signs. Though confused by the great number of tracks made in the soft soil, they finally discovered a trail that led back towards the spring. They hurriedly followed the tracks, and reaching the creek, Mr. Easley discovered a slip of paper hanging on a bush that grew near the spring. To the unspeakable joy of the men there was written upon it:

"Gone home with our prisoner, the spy. He is badly wounded, but not fatally. We are not hurt; will meet you in Rodoata in due time.

Ruth and Banna."

Both men threw their hats high in the air and gave four lusty cheers,—one each in honor of the girls and their horses. With supreme satisfaction they rode to Rodoata, and finding Ruth and Banna already there, the cheers were repeated, and then following a series of whoops so wierd and wild that turkey gobblers were heard answering them in the distance. The four scouts returned home together; and having so quickly passed from mortal fear to very gladness, happier men than Dick Easley than Phel. Lahgoon never rode over the hills of Georgia.

In the meantime Umausauga had been notified of the capture of the Cherokee, and at once visited him at Fort Strong. He

was accompanied by Notha Neva, the runner who had been sent to inform him that a stranger had been seen in the country. In personal appearance this Indian was far superior to any others seen in the country, and while he had the step and the hair peculiar to the natives, he did not resemble them in any other respects.

Silent and moody, as if his thoughts were far away, the prisoner refused to speak to any one. That somewhat exasperated those who had him in charge, but they patiently awaited the action of the council. That body met at an early hour, and for the first time Umausauga consented to be present. Notha Neva also remained, and the two Indians were offered front seats, but refused to accept them.

The captive occupied a seat near the president, and turning his keen black eyes upon vacant space before him, he seemed to be utterly oblivious of the presence of others. He did not have a bad face, and his brow showed a high order of intellect. He was of medium size, but evidently muscular and active. When told that he might speak for himself, he placed his wounded arm on the palm of his left hand and asked, "Lodu Huanaco se queech?"—May Huanaco talk now?

The president nodded his head, and the prisoner arose to his feet; but in spite of his stoicism, with manifest pain. It was seen by all that his arm was badly swollen and the bandages too tight. Ruth and Banna hastened to his relief.

Umausauga and Notha Neva came near and watched the movements of their delicate fingers with almost breathless interest. Such tenderness and skill were unknown to them. Though far above the ordinary savages around them, they knew nothing of the glorious mission of a true woman—nothing of the soothing, healing touch of her gentle hand—nothing of the angelic spirit which warms her breast and makes glad the beatings of a wounded heart.

With eyes wide open and with bated breath the natives watch the nimble fingers until the last bandage is reached. It is deep in the flesh and tightly held there by dry blood which has to be softened by an application of warm water before the cloth can

be removed. Banna is applying the water. The silent, stoical sufferer casts a long, anxious look at her, similar to those given while his arm was being dressed at the spring. Suddenly his eyes close spasmodically, his whole body trembles, and he heavily falls to his knees, exclaiming, "Ouch Elancydyne! menurik outic en ma ecindre at survi. Eltrovadyne." That is, O Elancydyne, has your spirit come back, or are you the once little Eltrovadyne?

The council was amazed. Umausauga stood speechless, and acted as if some great secret of his life was about to be revealed. Banna realized that in some way the dramatic scene referred to herself. She nestled close to Ruth, and as usual their arms were around each other. The captive was lying upon the floor seemingly but not really unconscious. While in this condition the dressing of his arm was completed. The council sympathized with the poor fellow and awaited his own action. He had evidently made some overpowering discovery, and all wanted to know the result.

By and by, when the sufferer began to breathe easily, some of the men raised him to his feet, and he was told to go on with his talk. He essayed to do so, but did not know what to do with his wounded arm and paused to think. While doing so Mrs. Easley quickly untied her snow white apron, made a loop that fell from his neck upon his breast, and tenderly placed his wounded arm in it. Though still suffering his eyes followed the kind lady to her seat, a faint smile played over his features for a moment as if to thank her, and turning, he made a touching talk of which the following is a free translation:

"My friends. I find friends here. Great and good friends. Friends for whom I am ready to give my life." Here he paused and pointing his trembling forefinger towards Ruth, Banna and Mrs. Easley, he looked around and continued: "I believe there are others. To friend and foe alike I want to say I am a Cherokee. My name is Huanaco. I am not a spy. I come to you on a mission of peace, though I made a great mistake. I drew my tomahawk on the horses, not on their riders. I thought I might be run over. Had I not made this mistake I should not

have been hurt." Again pointing his finger towards the girls, he added, "They are too good to willingly hurt others.

"Friends, many moons ago the Creeks and Cherokees were at war. We were led by King Amercides. He was a Spanish nobleman. For some reason he became one of us. He died for us on the bloody field of Numerado. Then his queen took his place. She led us to victory. Her name was Elancydyne. Though of pure English blood she was always true to the Cherokees. When a very little girl she was washed on shore by the waves of the sea. We adopted her and she too became one of us. She grew to be so good and beautiful that King Amercides gladly made her his queen. She led us from Numerado to other battlefields. The last was at Arharra near this very place. There, when passing under some trees in whose branches bowmen were hidden, she fell mortally wounded. The spirit of the Cherokees was broken. We retreated beyond the Etoho. We carried our queen's dead body with us. She and Amercides sleep together. After the battle we tried to find her little girl. She was the very image of her mother. We did not find her. Her name was Eltrovadyne. Until a short time ago we fully believed her to be dead. I have been sent to see if she still lives. I think I have found her. We want her for a queen. Friends," the Indian continued, after a thoughtful pause, "I was once wounded in battle. Queen Elancydyne poured cold water on a great gash in my shoulder. Her beautiful eyes looked on in pity. She, whom you call Banna gave me just such a look with just such eyes while pouring water on my arm to-night. The discovery overcame me. I fell upon the floor. I know that was not in keeping with the dignity of a warrior. But tell me, O tell me, if you can, is Banna, the once little queen Eltrovadyne? What shall Huanaco tell his people?"

The speaker sat down, and with impassive features fixed his eyes on vacant space as when he first entered the fort. Umausauga was as motionless as a stone pillar. He seemed utterly incapable of action, and Banna was lying insensible in Ruth's arms. Even the iron-nerved Josiah Strong was deeply moved. The contraction of his brow, the compression of his lips, and the twitching of his great muscles, showed that some stern resolve

might soon be made known. Yet he spoke not a word, nor was he likely to do so before the climax of what seemed to be coming was reached. Banna the Beautiful, though now believed to be a princess indeed, was not to be taken from him, not even for a throne. Her situation excited the heart-felt sympathy of every one present, and the efforts of all were concentrated upon the best means to restore her to consciousness.

By and by, she began to revive, principally through the efforts of Mr. Strong who, though not a physician, had once studied the science of medicine with a view to practice. The services rendered to his patient in the wilderness was indeed a labor of love.

When all became quiet, Mr. Moore, the presiding officer that night, requested Umausauga to answer, as well as he could, the Cherokee's important question as to what he should tell his people. Without moving a muscle in his face or changing the natural gleam of fire in his eyes, the Indian came to the front with a slow, but steady step, and chiefly using the third person said, "Umausauga calls you friend, too. You have been good to him. In turn he will be good to you. He is glad we are friends. He was once the enemy of all white people and of the Cherokees too. Was in the battle of Arharra. Was one of the bowmen in the tree tops. Does not know who killed queen Elancydyne. Knows she was very brave. That her fall ended the battle. That he could have prevented her warriors from taking her body away. Umausauga would not do that. He fights for the living. Not for the dead excepting one time."

Here the speaker, for a reason that may be discovered as this narrative progresses, broke down and stood speechless. Banna, still trembling like a stricken child, went and took a seat at his side. That seemed to strengthen him. He gently placed one hand upon her head and with the other motioned for Ruth to come also. She quickly went and sat opposite her friend. Placing his free hand on her head, he, this time with a trembling voice, continued: "May the God of the white men and the Great Spirit of the red man bless you both, and keep you together always. Curses on the hand that would violently separate you.

“Umausauga has committed no crime. After the retreat of the Cherokees from Arharrah he was walking over the battle ground. He heard a child crying in the distant woods. He could not have found the little creature if it had not been crying. It was concealed by earth, rocks and bushes. A dead woman was lying near. An arrow was sticking deep in her breast. The shaft was broken. She still held the broken part in her hand. She had tried to pull it from her breast. When it broke she died.

“Umausauga took the crying baby in his arms. It soon became quiet. He placed it by the side of what he then thought was its dead mother. Their features were not at all alike, he thought again. He found that the features of the child were just the same as the features of the heroic woman who rode the white horse. He then believed her to be the child's mother, and that the dead woman was its nurse. He has since learned this to be true.

“Umausauga had no heart to leave the little girl to die alone in the woods. He carried her to his wigwam. He named her Banna. That word means princess. You all know how true she is to her name. Now you all know how well she deserves the title. As she grew older, he found her very good and very smart. He never knew her to do wrong wilfully. He never knew her to fail in her work. He never twice told her to do anything. She has always been good to him. He has always tried to be good to her. Umausauga has often thought of the grand appearance made by the Cherokee queen on her white horse. He wanted Banna to have one like it. He went all the way to the ocean before he found one to suit him. He finally found Iro and purchased him. He hunted two winters and one summer to get skins enough to pay for horse and bridle. Old Lapsidali had found a saddle in the woods around Arharra. She did not know what it was. Umausauga gave her a handful of beads for it—some of the beads he received in payment for Beadland. So Banna now had a horse, bridle and saddle. The horse is very much like the one ridden by her mother. Doubtless the saddle was hers also.

“Umausauga was so proud that he turned fool enough to tell his great secret to old Lapsidali. Until now he has never told any one else. He and Banna began to train Iro at once. She often went dashing through the woods on his back. He now sees how much she looked like queen Elancydyne charging among the trees at Arharra.”

Here the Indian again broke down as if lost in painful thought. At last he went on: “Brothers, sisters! this trial is too much for Umausauga. He here confesses for himself what you already know, that Banna is not his daughter! It is worse than death to be separated from her. And he here sounds a warning note that unless the separation be for some good reason and by her consent, somebody must be thrown alive into the boiling, burning flames at Nodoroc.”

Again the speaker stood silent for a few minutes. His eyes flashed, his muscles twitched, and giving a deep guttural groan, he suddenly turned to Huanaco, and in thunder tones exclaimed in Cherokee: “Hear, Huanaco! Having found your lost princess, what will you do? Speak! Huanaco, speak!”

Having uttered the last sentence with terrible emphasis, the speaker sat down. The Cherokee was confused; but showed himself a good diplomatist. After some hesitation he said, “Since the fall of queen Elancydyne the Cherokees have been under a chief chosen by themselves. He is a good man and the people like him. But he wants to retire from public life. All were devoted to Amercides and his queen. We want their daughter, our Eltrovadyne and your Banna to be queen of all the Cherokees. It is her birthright. It is our pleasure. Of course her consent must be first obtained. No force can be used in this matter.

“Brothers, I hope you have learned that I am not an enemy as you first thought. Lapsidali is the one who told us that our lost queen is here. We doubted her word. I have come and find that for once she told the truth. But she told it to make trouble between us. You have heard that the Cherokees are preparing to invade this part of the country again. That is absolutely false. The old squaw made the tale out of my appointment to

come here for a harmless purpose. She colors truth to suit herself as she does her baskets.

"Brothers and sisters, we scarcely dared hope to find our lost Eltrovadyne. Less did we expect to find her already a queen among subjects of her own race. And this complicates the matter. Allow me to return home and report to my people. I see your Banna is deeply grieved even at the thought of leaving you. I am willing to leave the matter to you and to her. I can not answer for the Cherokees until I see them. They may be able to offer some inducement that will cause you all to change your minds. Huanaco is done."

The scene that followed beggars description. Lost in astonishment at the strange incidents revealed, and rejoicing over the news that the Cherokee invasion was probably a myth, the Talasee council was hardly fitted for regular business. However after various private conferences it was found that all were practically of the same opinion and the following resolutions were passed:

"1st: That thanks of the Talasee council and its friends are hereby tendered Huanaco who claims to be a Cherokee on a peaceful mission to the Creeks, for his pacific talk to-night, and we assure him of our friendship on all proper occasions.

"2nd: That while we thank the Cherokees for proposing to make one of our members their reigning queen, we, by her full consent, most respectfully decline to accept the honor offered.

"3rd: That the guard is hereby instructed to release the said Huanaco from custody, and allow him to return to his people at such time as suits him.

"4th: That we thank our scouts for the faithful and efficient manner in which they performed their duty by arresting and bringing to headquarters a supposed spy.

"5th: That we regret the said Huanaco's mistake which led our scouts to wound him, but attach no blame to them. On the contrary they showed the highest order of skill and bravery as well as sound judgment in their actions.

"6th: That while we gladly receive the news that the rumor of a Cherokee invasion is false, we will not for one moment relax our vigilance to protect this colony and its friends.

"7th: That we think the thanks of the whole civilized world is due our friend Umausauga, for the kind manner in which he took care of the little child that he found in the woods, and for his faithfulness to her from that time to the present moment. And we further believe that as the anointing of our Savior's feet at Bethany has become a universal memorial of the woman who performed the gracious deed, that also the kindness shown by an untaught savage of the wilderness to a stranger, should be told for a memorial of him to all men.

"8th: That because of the unfaithfulness of Lapsidali, the basket maker, as shown by the betrayal of Umausauga's confidence, and by the circulation of false reports in regard to a Cherokee invasion, she is hereby declared to be a traitor of this Colony, to Umausauga and his people.

"Signed,

"Abednego Moore, Pres.

"Orpah Lahgoon, Sec."

Much apprehension of coming danger had been removed, and a free conversation followed. Still Banna's face was sad. She seemed to be whirling in a circle of unknown circumference. She was arrayed in her wonderful red dress over which her now constantly wavy hair hung in graceful tresses to her waist. Under the tutelage of Ruth and others, her manners, never coarse, had become graceful and easy. At her own request she was carried to Huanaco who manifested some courtliness and much embarrassment. The following is a free translation, in a condensed form, of the conversation between them:

"Huanaco, I am Banna whose name you say in Eltrovadyne. I must first tell you that if we had known you were not a spy, we would not have hurt you for all the world. We ask you to forgive us."

"Eltrovadyne, you and your friend are forgotten. Huanaco has a heart."

"We thank you. Now please tell us what Eltrovadyne means?"

"Glittering Star. Huanaco thinks you are one of them," replied the Indian as he pointed towards the stars.

"O Huanaco, my friends here tell me of a home beyond the stars, where all the truly good shall live forever in a home not made by hands, eternal in the heavens! I have learned to take a few steps in that direction. If for no other reason I should not want to leave my teachers. They can show me how to travel the pathway which leads to life eternal, where there is fullness of joy and pleasures evermore! They tell me of a Savior who came from beyond the stars—from a place they call Heaven, to seek and to save that which was lost! I want him to find Eltrovadyne. If I go to the Cherokees no one will point me out to him! My friends here do that. They call it prayer. They talk to the Savior in prayer. They sometimes call him Jesus and talk to him every day. They read or talk about him in a book they call the Bible. It is curious to think that a book can talk to you. I am beginning to learn how it is done. I already know the words. They call them letters like a, b, c. I can put a few of them together now and make long words—words like we use when talking. Then too, I am beginning to learn how to talk on paper, or on anything that will hold a mark. They call it writing. I can write my name now. I say B-a-n-n-a. I can not write Eltrovadyne. It contains too many words or letters. But now that I can speak the word I can soon learn how to make the letters talk it. They call that spelling. This is curious and I long to know more about it. Then, O Huanaco, the Cherokees must not want to take me away!"

In mute astonishment the Indian gazed upon her radiant face until he almost ceased to breathe. After a little while he turned his eyes away, and, as if talking to himself, muttered in a deep undertone, "It is right for Eltrovadyne to remain here! I wish Huanaco had never seen her! There is a dark-eyed maiden at Stonethrow who had all my heart. Glittering Star takes it away from her! Hush! Hush! Huanaco! Glittering Star is a pale-

face! That ends all! To-morrow Huanaco goes to Stonethrow! Back to his dark-eyed Thespe!"

"Talk to Eltrovadyne," said Banna, wishing to turn the current of the Indian's thoughts. "Please tell me what Elancydyne means?" "Shooting Star," answered the Cherokee slowly, and again pointing upward, continued, "When Elancydyne was a little girl a Cherokee brave took her from a sinking ship in time of a storm, and the waves brought them both to shore. Later she ran about from one camp-fire to another so fast, and was so very, very bright and beautiful, that she was called Elancydyne or Shooting Star. Our old men said her clothes showed that she was the child of an English nobleman. She was very white with features just like yours. O her eyes! O your eyes, Eltrovadyne! How can I leave; but hush, Huanaco! Thespe still speaks!"

"May Eltrovadyne ask a few more questions?" The Indian nodded his head, and sat with eyes cast down as if to avoid the heart-breaking battery that was turned upon him. "What does Amercides mean?" asked the girl tremulously. "Don't know," was the thoughtful reply. "When your father first came among the Cherokees he was known as Don Mar de Vedo, of the royal family of Spain. Huanaco don't remember all about it. He was then young. Something like CID was connected with his name. When he was made king his subjects were required to call him Amercides. So Cid was still a part of his name."

"Has Eltrovadyne any brothers and sisters among the Cherokees?" asked Banna anxiously. The Indian shook his head only, and the girl ventured to ask him one more question: "Do you know where my father and mother are buried, and if so will you show me the place sometime?" "Huanaco knows. He will show you," was the thoughtful reply.

The troubled girl covered her face with her hands, and weeping bitterly, she and Ruth Lahgoon bade the Cherokee farewell and disappeared.

CHAPTER VI.

A NUMBER OF NEW EMIGRANTS ARRIVE.

On the morning following the memorable meeting of the Talasee council in which Banna unexpectedly learned much of her early history, her saddle was identified by Huanaco as the same on which queen Elancydyne rode over the battlefields of Numerado, Radoata and Arharra. He said he distinctly remembered it as a gift from Amercides to his queen, and that the first journey made upon it was her ride from Shaultamoozaw (Black Creek church) to Yamtramahoochee (Hurricane Shoals) just before the battle of Numerado. Thus the parentage of the bright girl long known as Umausauga's daughter was established to the satisfaction of herself and her friends; and the declaration of Mrs. Moore that she did not have a drop of Indian blood in her was fully verified. Consequently her name was at once enrolled upon the records of Talasee council as Banna Mar de Vedo, the first name being retained because of its well-known significance.

By request Notha Neva accompanied Huanaco to Stonethrow, with secret instructions to learn all he could as to the intentions of the Cherokees and report accordingly. Though quite a number of new emigrants was constantly expected, the people did not want any further trouble, and therefore were anxious to know what effect Huanaco's report would have upon the authorities who sent him to hunt their lost queen. In due time the messenger returned and to the great relief of all the colonists made, in substance, the following report:

"Brothers, a big company of Cherokee warriors was at Stonethrow. Huanaco made them a talk. Told them that he had found their lost queen. That she was just like her mother. That she was as bright as the stars. That her dress hurt his eyes like the sun. Could talk English. Had quit all Indian life. Was living in a big fort with a colony of pale-faces. That she is wholly devoted to them. That they are wholly devoted to her. That the only way to get her was by force. He thought the safest way

was to let Eltrovadyne stay with the pale-faces. They call her Banna. That means princess. She is a princess among them as well as among us.

"Brothers, the Cherokees send you word that you may keep their lost queen in peace. That it is not their intention to engage in another war. That the old squaw Lapsidali told lies. That they intended to punish her for causing so much trouble.

"Brother, outside of council Notha Neva learned other things. The Cherokees are afraid of the men and guns inside your big fort. Huanaco told about them. They are afraid to have Eltrovadyne a queen, now. They think she would fight more for Creek than for Cherokee. Notha Neva is done."

The messenger received the hearty thanks of the colonists for services rendered, and with many presents which he valued very highly, he returned to his wigwam somewhere on the lower waters of Pocatigo (Sandy) creek. Since the rumors of a Cherokee invasion had reached the Creek Nation five bands or camps of their warriors under as many sub-chiefs had been stationed in various parts of the country, ready on short notice, to be massed under the famous Talitchlechee, who lived in the vicinity of the present town of Dacula in Gwinnett County. That old hero being informed by the colonists that the war cloud had passed away, at once ordered four of the camps to disband; but to hold themselves in readiness for action in case of necessity. The fifth camp, consisting of about thirty men, under the sullen sub-chief, Yrtyrmyrmysco, was located at Bohuron, now known as Oconee Heights in Clarke County. The leader of the Bohurons, as his followers were called, asked and received permission to remain in camp until it was known by better evidence than any white man could give that all danger was over. This slur together with the fact that none of the camps had been established near Fort Strong, nor on any part of Umausauga's claim, and also the emphasis placed upon the last part of Talitchlechee's order disbanding the four camps, gave the colonists the first hint that there was an element of hostility among some of the natives around them. Though they said nothing they "trusted in God and kept their powder dry."

Umausauga was a strong, brave man. He knew by instinct that "coming events cast their shadows before them." He seems to have had a bad opinion of the leader of the Bohurons from the beginning. He knew that the chief had been spurned as a viper by his darling Banna, and that it was natural for one of his race to seek revenge. Really he more than half believed that the negigole (renegade) remained in the country for that purpose.

For Umausauga to think was to do. As soon as the camp was established under the long-named chief, he induced Tata, his nephew at Snodon, to change his name to Nyxter, and join the Bohurons as a spy. Though not fully grown Tata was a strong, sharp young fellow, and little known outside of his secluded home circle. He was known to be fearless, faithful and true to his friends. His skill with the bow was unerring and his fleetness on foot was superior to that of the red deer.

A few days after the four camps disbanded it was reported that the Bohurons had gone south to join the Lower Creeks to which their leader really belonged. Heice Umausauga's term of division, negigole. Had he known a stronger term he certainly would have used it. Though often asked to live at the fort, he continued to stay in his wigwam at night and to roam the woods by day. He knew nothing of the sensation of fear, though, to use his own expression, he "walked with his eyes looking and slept with his ears hearing."

As if to prove this saying, he one night heard the preconcerted signal of Nyxter, the spy. They met at the appointed place where some startling revelations were made. The boy informed his uncle that the southward movement of the Bohurons was only a ruse; that half of the company was still in camp and would remain there as a blind. That the other half which had gone south would return in a short time and watch the woods by day and the fort by night for an opportunity to capture both Banna and Ruth Lahgoon and carry them away to the Lower Creeks; that Wokolog was a leading Bohuron and wanted revenge for the way Ruth received his advances at Calamit; that Yrtyrmyrmyrmysco was still determined to make Banna his wife, and that he

had sworn vengeance against Josiah Strong as the only cause of his rejection.

"I am on fire all over, and will see about that matter before the moon shines on my tracks," said the furious Indian as he hastened away to Fort Strong. Quickly reaching there he told the startling news, and Mr. Easley who was president of the council at that time, quietly asked: "What is the best thing for us to do?" "I want two arrows unlike any ever used in this part of the country. Will you help me make them?" was the equally quiet reply. "I think you need not make any. I have a small bundle of those that were used in King Phillip's war," said Joe Starr, as he went to get them. "These," he continued upon his return, "were given to me by my father. They are called King Phillip arrows, and I value them very highly. Still you are welcome to two or three if they suit you."

Umausauga took the bundle eagerly and critically examined the arrows one by one. The shafts were unusually long and made of a tough, fine-grained wood unknown to the Creek or to any of the colonists. The tips or heads were made of a very dark flint, and tapered to a long, keen point. The Indian's eyes sparkled with delight as he selected two and returned the others.

"Now," he said as he arose to go, "hide the others where they can not be seen by prying eyes," and thanking Joe for the favor, he disappeared in the reigning darkness.

The following day and night were uneventful, but during the evening of the second day seven or eight Bohurons were seen to enter the dense woods to the south of Alotha, and were supposed to be heading for the deep ravine which still distinguishes that locality. This proximity to the fort was rather ominous; but to be forewarned was to be forearmed, and everything was in order there. For the first time Umausauga and his brother, Etohautee of Snodon, remained at the fort all that night. About break of day the latter, who was patrolling the immediate vicinity with the stealthiness of a mousing cat, saw the enemy cross the river and go in the direction of the Okoloco Trail. A few hours later the white men, leaving the Indian brothers as a guard, left the fort on a tour of observation. When the little company reached the trail

the fresh tracks of fast runners going east were soon discovered. Presently another runner was seen coming at full speed; but as soon as he saw the white men he dashed into the woods. It was the work of a few minutes only for Mr. Lahgoon, who was mounted on Alborak, to overtake him. When brought back he refused to speak, but soon found it was easier to talk than to die. He said his chief had been killed and his men were scattered in every direction; that Wokolog, the next in command, was very sick and that he had been carried to the low country to be treated by a famous doctor down there.

The captive then led the way to his fallen chief who was found lying near Calamit with an arrow buried deep in his head. It was a King Phillip arrow, in all probability the first of its kind that ever cleared the air in that part of the country. And yet the white men knew that Umausauga had not sent it on its deathly mission. When they approached the dead leader three men were sitting near, apparently expecting the arrival of others. Not one of the natives spoke a word nor moved a muscle. When asked if they needed help one of the sullen warriors shook his head and pointed down the trail, as much as to say that help was expected from that direction.

A few days after the death of Yrtyrmyrmysco, two old men visited Adabor. They carried with them the spearless shaft of the King Phillip arrow. Having entered the head a little in front of the right ear, it had been sped with such force that when pulled away the spear remained in the bones of the skull. The object of the visit was to know if Umausauga had ever seen such an arrow used by either Upper Creek or Cherokee. He had never seen one used, and promptly answered in the negative; but suggested that such deadly missiles might be used by Lower Creeks who live on the coast.

"That," said one of the old men, "may be true. Yrtyrmyrmysco has enemies there. Some of them have followed him and sent this arrow almost through his head. What a true bowman the fellow is!" "Yes," said Umausauga to himself after the old men went away, "that fellow happened to be Tata Nyxter, as true a bowman as ever let an arrow fly! It is a

pity that he can not use the other now. But look out, Wokolog! It's not too late yet!"

Following the death of the leader of the Bohurons and the disappearance of his lieutenant, the Talasee colony slept soundly once more. Various improvements were inaugurated and rapidly carried to completion. Among these was a grist mill, the second of its kind built within the present limits of the county. It was known as the Richard Easley mill, and though the runners were of native granite, they ground good corn meal of which the only bread known to the country for several years was made in various ways, chiefly in "oven pones," johnny and ash cakes.

About this time the long expected company of emigrants arrived. They were led by William Clark, a man of great energy, and characterized by those who knew him as "brim full of common sense and running over with human kindness." The company consisted of one hundred and twenty-seven men, women and children. Thirty-nine remained at Talasee, twenty-seven went to Beadland, and the others to various points now in Walton and Gwinnett Counties.

Of the number that remained at Talasee there were twenty-one able bodied men as follows: William Clark, Herman Scupeen, James Tinsley, John McElroy, Robert Linton, John Clack, Ezra Lavender, Ezekiel Damron, Thomas Jett, James Varnum, Alton McElhannon, Alonzo Draper, Elkin Kinney, Ludwell Nichols, Homer Jackson, Alexander Bell, Oliver Betts, Thomas Mitchell, Joseph Cook, Russell Anglin and George Singleton. A majority of these were young men, all in the prime of life, and to use the words of one of their number, "increased the colony to twenty-eight hard-working, hard-fighting, rough and tumble fellows." Every man and every woman as well as all of the oldest children, knew exactly how to use the deadly rifle.

Nine only of the late emigrants had families. All the children were small except two, Helen Draper, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Alonzo and Orpah Draper, and Ocean Scupeen, the half-grown son of Herman and Annette Scupeen, and so named because he was born on the Atlantic ocean.

James Tinsley was a Methodist preacher of the John Wesley type, and a man of letters. William Clark was a lawyer from Wolf Island, near New Iverness in Liberty County, now Darien in McIntosh County. He was the man for whom Clarksboro the first county site of Jackson County was named, and not as some have said, for either Gen. Elijah Clarke, or his son, Governor John Clarke. George Singleton was a physician, and ancestor of Dr. A. L. Singleton of "the duello" memory. Thomas Jett was a carpenter and built the first jail at Jefferson. Thomas Mitchell was a teacher, and taught the first general school established by the colony in a small annex to Fort Strong. Ludwell Nichols was a blacksmith and some of his work remains in the country to this day.

The colony now felt sufficiently strong to separate into several different but contiguous communities. Clark, McElroy, Linton, Clack and Lavender settled less than a mile north of Fort Strong near the place which afterwards became Clarksboro; Damron, Varnum and Kinney went to Rodoata near Cold Spring; Bell and Betts settled at Alotha, and, at the earnest request of the Indian brothers, Umausauga and Etohautee, Draper, Jackson and Scupeen followed their friends to Beadland and settled at Snodon, leaving all the professional men, except Clark, at Fort Strong. The going of Draper, Jackson and Scupeen to Snodon was opposed at the fort; but it was a division of power seen only by the sagacious Indian brothers, which proved to be of great value to the whites throughout the country.

Notwithstanding the occasional mutterings of the natives, an era of prosperity now began in the colony which showed them plainly that the pale-faces had come to stay.

While this state of affairs was pleasing to the whites it was aggravating to the reds, especially when they learned of some things which the late emigrants had brought with them; all of prime necessity to pioneer life. Among them were an ample supply of arms and ammunition, horses, cattle, hogs and sheep. Among the cattle was a yoke of oxen—great animals with wide-spreading horns that beat against each other with ominous knocks as they walked side by side. From these the natives fled

in consternation; crying out as they ran, "Nodoroc! Nodoroc! go back to Nodoroc!" Perhaps these oxen, the horses, and the shining array of rifle guns, greatly hastened native hostility; for although the colonists did not know it at the time, it was afterwards found that the teaching of the Indian leaders was, in substance, "We must crush the pale-face before he becomes still stronger."

Of the horses last brought to the colony, the names of three are mentioned here: Hector, a fine animal belonging to Josiah Strong; Dart, owned by the boy, Ocean Scupeen; and Scat, the high-strung steed that went and came at the bidding of the equally high-strung girl, Miss Helen Draper!

During the period of quietude that followed the bursting of the Cherokee bubble, much of Mr. Strong's time was devoted to teaching a school composed of two pupils. Though so small, it was the first school taught in the country, even antedating that at Yamacutah. The curriculum was limited, but the work exceedingly pleasant to the master. He was teaching English to Banna Mar de Vedo, and Creek to Ruth Lahgoon. They were ready learners, and with their previous knowledge of these languages advanced rapidly. By and by, becoming weary of close confinement, a visit to Beadland was planned for an early day. The girls wanted to visit Helen Draper who, much to their regret, had recently left them.

Helen's features were not really beautiful like theirs; but in form and movement she was the peer of the most elegant, and her hair and her eyes were very pretty indeed, the former long and golden in color, the latter deep blue and laughing. Her manners were so free and easy and her voice so sweetly musical that without any effort on her part all loved and courted her society. Like them she was very bright; but unlike them she was somewhat given to fun and frolic. Like them she was brave to a fault; but unlike them she was not sufficiently cautious. Like them she was an accomplished horseback rider; but unlike them she was yet deficient in the ready use of the rifle while in the saddle.

For either man or woman to be "a dead shot at the bat of an eye" was regarded as the greatest accomplishment of the times. Such proficiency was by no means uncommon in those days, and under the training of her friends Helen Draper soon became equal to the best.

When all were ready Josiah Strong and Banna Mar de Vedo, Leon Shore and Ruth Lahgoon, armed capapie, left Talasee bound for Snodon the Dreary, as Helen had characterized the place in one of her letters. They went directly to Calamit where they remained several hours. Mr. Strong's first visit there, the mysteries which still hung over Beadland, Ruth's first discovery of Banna and Iro and their subsequent visit to the place, and the fate of Yrtyrmyrmysco in the immediate vicinity, were some of the subjects discussed.

From thence they went to the old town of Snodon where in a whirling sea of thought Josiah and Banna stood and gazed upon the spot where they first saw each other, and where at that moment was born a love that never wavered during the trying vicissitudes of their eventful lives.

It was near Nere Nara, the great rock pillar already described, and at the mention of which Umausauga had been seen to shed tears. Seated upon the steps within its arch they dwelt silently upon the past, "sadness, hope and gladness" passing, like a weaver's shuttle, back and forth, in and through their minds. None of the few natives who lived near were to be seen. Leon and Ruth had wandered away to the great flat rocks which lie to the south and were gathering flowers of the wild honeysuckles which grew in their crevices. They walked and talked until unexpectedly they reached a swamp hard by. There they discovered other flowers and jack-in-the-pulpit was among them. The solitary finger of one of these droll plants seemed to beckon to Leon and say, "Come and get me." As it grew upon the margin of the bog he obeyed the silent monitor, and being weary, as they supposed, the twain seated themselves upon a great boulder conveniently near.

In the meantime Mr. Strong and his companion became weary of silence and began to talk again, though in a tone quite different from their previous conversation.

“Do you know, dear one, for such I now venture to call you, how dear this place is to me?” asked Josiah of the blushing girl at his side. “And why, Mr. Strong, is such a place so dear to you?” she asked in trembling tones. “Because here I first saw you, the only woman whom I can always truly love.” “And she a poor, unknown savage who had never heard the name of God! O Mr. Strong, can you be in earnest?” “Yes, my own ‘Twinkling Star,’ in earnest, absolutely! Though you may have been comparatively unknown, you never were a savage. The best blood of Spain, pure Aryan blood, beats gladly in your heart; the rich red blood of the Cid Campaedor. Blood as proud, as noble and as brave as ever beat in human heart was his. And so is yours. Then too, the blood of your mother, the peerless Elancydyne, the ‘Shooting Star’ that blazed upon the red-stained plains of Numerado, Radoata and Arharra, with such dazzling splendor, also beats in your heart and runs through your veins. As we now know your mother was the daughter of an English nobleman, the same race to which I belong, and of which we are both surely proud. Then say not my Eltrovadyne, my Glittering Star, and dearer than all, my Banna the Beautiful, for my this name I first knew you, that you ever were a savage. And still more, as the daughter of undisputed royalty, your rights would place you on a throne to-day. So darling, you are not only of noble blood, but that of royalty as well. As such I salute you, and bid you all hail my beautiful, my only queen!”

In an honest endeavor to repeat a long history in a few words, and overcome with intense earnestness, the speaker paused for want of breath to proceed. He looked at the trembling girl who was crying as if broken-hearted. For the first time he took her hand in his, and placing the other on her shoulder continued:

“O, Banna, for a long time you must have known that I love you dearly. Because of the unsettled condition of the country and my earnest wish to tell you so at the very place where I first met you, I have not mentioned the subject until now. The time

has come at last. I can not afford to let it pass unheeded. Then with the full assurance of all my heart, will you here and now consent to become my wife?" Still trembling the girl remained silent and thoughtful for a little while. Then she deliberately took the polished mussel shell from her bosom and quietly showing him its contents said: "Here is my answer. Since I took this lock of your hair from here on the same day that a mean boy snatched it from your head and threw it away, I have carried it near my heart almost constantly. I would not exchange it for the brightest diadem that ever crowned a queen. If I think so much of a single lock I have no words to tell how much I should value all that clustered around it. So, as you are the only man I ever loved, I am free to say that I am willing to become your wife."

Mr. Strong eagerly grasped her hand with both of his, and gently, tenderly leaned his head upon her shoulder. She returned the pressure and softly placing her head upon his manly breast, they both audibly thanked God for the happy consummation of their fondest earthly hopes. Ah! ah!—the irony of fate! Two lovers, both of whose hearts were always readily responsive to all the fine feelings of human nature, whose acts were often close akin to the acts of an angel, and who never caused each other to feel either pain or sorrow, had plighted their troth over the sleeping dust of a victim of unrequited love!

A hard battle had been fought and won hard, not because one had ever seriously doubted the other, but because of the turbulent times in which they lived, and the many difficulties incident to pioneer life—a life vastly more trying than this or any succeeding generation can ever know.

At last the lovers remembered that there were other beings in the world to claim their attention; a lesson seldom forgot and never neglected. And now that the hitherto dreary old town of Snodon seemed to have taken on new life, they thought all the world akin. The curious rock pillar, the quaint old wigwams and the unfrequented paths around them, all decorated with festoons of spider webs spun with geometrical accuracy, and spread in

rich profusion upon myriads of wild flowers that swayed back and forth in the golden sunshine, instead of seeming desolate as heretofore, were now arrayed in gorgeous robes of blue, violet and gold. This transformation made them long to tell their truant companions how happy they were.

Lost in their own thoughts, Leon and Ruth were loth to leave the vine-clad boulder upon which they sat. They had ceased to notice the festoons of sweet-scented honeysuckles that, moved by the evening breeze, were playing hide and seek all around them. Leon Shore was twirling a long, slender jack-in-the-pulpit between his fingers, and calling Ruth's attention to it said:

"Sentimentalists say that jack-in-the-pulpit is an emblem of Hymen's Altar. And now, my dear Ruth, you know that a long time ago you promised to be my wife sometime. The matter has, for good reasons I confess, been delayed. I think the anxious 'sometime' has come at last. I now offer you this flower, this Hymen's-Altar-leader, and if you are willing for me to lead you to such an altar at an early day, take it and make me supremely happy, and in turn I will do all that mortal man can do to make you happy also."

The blushing girl took the flower and kissed it. There amidst the deep silence of the wilderness where the feathery honeysuckles reached out their tendrils towards the stable rocks, and jack-in-the-pulpit nodded his approval from the swamp, they sealed their vows.

They too had forgotten to note the flight of time, and hastened to join their companions at Nere Nara.

When the parties met the situation was at once comprehended by all. Congratulations went from one to the other in quick succession, and together all rejoiced in very gladness.

Alonzo Draper's "little house in the woods" was soon reached. It stood near what is now known as "the black gum hollow" in the northern suburbs of Winder. Herman Scupeen, Homer Jackson and a few other families lived near, Scupeen being the first settler of what is sometimes called the Morris old place, and Jackson built the "Wright cabin" which disappeared many years ago.

To use the words of one present, "the girls were in a blaze of glory that night and did not go to sleep at all, and the men stopped talking only long enough to sometimes sally forth and shoot some wild animals." However the howl of the wolf, the scream of the panther, and the sniff of the prowling black bear were noticed only when unpleasantly near.

Among those who came to offer their compliments to the visitors from Talasee was Ocean Scupeen. He was a bold, mischievous boy, but never mean. He was as true a hero as ever trod the soil of any country. He was handsome withal and had a good elementary education. His devotion to Helen Draper was equaled only by his heroism. Except that bright, vivacious girl, he acknowledged no leader willingly. They were nearly of the same age, and had hunted wild game and played together from early childhood. Both were at home on horseback, and the wilder the horse the better they were pleased. When on foot both were unerring shots, but had never practiced loading and firing when in the saddle and on the run. To see Ruth and Banna perform these feats with such consummate skill, "set them," to use Ocean's own words, "all on fire to do so, too."

The visitors began their homeward journey on the evening of the following day. They were accompanied by their friend Helen, who rode her high-spirited but well-trained horse already known by the name of Scat. Tata also was with them on foot, and it was amazing to witness the ease with which he kept in advance of the horses, even when at a full trot. Wanting to reward the boy for ridding the country of their arch enemy in such a masterly way, and at the same time secure the services of a highly valuable friend, the colonists had arranged for him to become one of their number. No better trade was ever made.

In due time that party arrived at Talasee, and no one received them with a more hearty welcome than Pyth and Damon, though it required several days for Tata to gain their confidence. To Banna Mar de Vedo the world in which she grew to womanhood seemed to have changed into a new one. And in many respects it had.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VISIT TO YAMACUTAH AND RETURN.

Trained by Banna and Ruth, Helen Draper soon learned "to drive the cross" on horseback; but it was another thing to load the rifle and drive the cross when the horse was at full speed. Yet in the course of a few days the skill of her trainers and her own unyielding disposition "to do or die" enabled her to occasionally succeed in both loading and shooting. Having done so for a few times, she threw her bonnet high in the air and shouted:

"Hurrah for success! There is nothing like making an effort, long and strong if need be, to achieve success. My darlings, how about that?"

"It's all true," replied Ruth. "I think, however, that Scat is too frisky for such work, especially to begin with."

"She can practice on Iro," said Banna as she led the white horse forward. When the necessary movements are learned by actually performing them, Helen will ask Mr. Frisky no odds."

"Hurrah for success!" exclaimed the girl as she again threw up her bonnet, and bouncing upon Iro's black as a sparrow to the top rail of a fence, she continued, "Please give me my gun, bullet pouch and powder horn. Hurrah for success and the scamp of a boy I left behind me!"

So saying she gave Iro the necessary signal, and at high speed he dashed into the woods. Aiming at a large tree the bullet "barked" a smaller one near by and the horse went on. Now came the tug of war; her gun was empty. After many ineffectual efforts she finally succeeded in loading when Iro was at a full run. Having thus practiced for a part of several days, her teachers informed her that it was only necessary for her to practice awhile on her own horse and then she "would be fully competent to meet an enemy on the wing." This so greatly pleased her that she rode to the front door of Mr. Lahgoon's dwelling where a number of the colonists had assembled, and shouted:

“Hurrah for success, Helen Draper, Iro, Scat, my darling girls, and every one else that lives here and at home, especially my mother who is the dearest, best and sweetest woman in all the world.”

The “darling girls” were present, and leading Helen into the house, they crowned her with a wreath of wild flowers which they had prepared for the occasion. Having securely fastened the wreath upon her brow, they threw up their hands and said laughingly, “Hurrah for success and Helen Draper, our own victorious queen!”

A lively, good natured tussle followed, which soon turned into a real break-down dance. Most of those present quickly joined in the giddy whirl, and round and round, back and forth went the uproarious revelers in what they called “a Georgia gallop,” until the strongest became exhausted. Such was life in the olden time when life was real, when life was earnest, and effeminacy and mistrust were almost unknown.

As it was impossible to obtain a marriage license in that part of the country, after the dance was over a party was formed to visit Yamacutah or Tumbling Shoals where lived a minister who was authorized to issue such papers. It consisted of Josiah Strong and Banna Mar de Vedo, Leon Shore and Ruth Lahgoon, Abel Trent and Helen Draper, to which, Joseph Starr, the former messenger to that place, was added as guide and always welcome companion, especially in time of danger.

Abe Trent, as already known, had long ardently loved Ruth Lahgoon, but proved himself to be too much of a gentleman to bear ill will to the man who had supplanted him. Speaking of the matter he said: “I attach no blame to any one. If I loved Ruth Lahgoon it was because I had never seen Helen Draper.”

No wonder then that Abe was anxious to accompany his friends, especially as he too was always a welcome companion as well as a friend who never failed to respond to the call of duty.

Well mounted, well armed, and carrying their dogs and hunting horns with them, the party reached their destination in due time. They rejoiced to meet that noble band of pioneers who had preceded them, and whose fame had reached far beyond the lim-

its of their travels. They received that royal welcome which such men as Jordan Clark, Jacob Bankston, John Harris, Dale Clover, Dr. Henry Therrauld, Jared Cunningham, James Montgomery and Hiram Bingham can only give. A salute of fourteen guns, two each, for their guests, was fired, and in response double that number was given by the visitors. All this was followed by the united shouts of both parties which raised such a din that, as usual, the dogs howled and the wild animals in the neighborhood ran to their hiding places. Dinner, consisting of "hog and hominy" and many of the meats known to the native forests and streams—meats boiled, stewed, baked and broiled after the toothsome style of Mrs. Clover's cooking. Then too there were butter and milk and cheese made after the old Virginia fashion, and rich, porous "johnny cakes," and "batter cakes" made of unbolted rye flour, good to the taste.

Instead of sitting around in idleness and waiting for their hostess to serve them, the three Talasee girls went to work as they did at home. Rolling up their sleeves and tucking up their dresses, they cooked, washed dishes, carried water and swept the houses and yards around them. Then shouldering their rifles they roamed through the woods and showed the admiring citizens that they could "bring down a buck at full tilt," or "chip a squirrel" from the top of the loftiest tree when riding at full speed.

"Can it be," thoughtfully observed the quaint John Harris when speaking of these girls one day, "can it be that such flowers will ever fade, such eyes ever grow dim, and such nerves ever become unsteady?"

"Yes, yes, but they will bloom again in Heaven; for I find that all three of them are devoted Christians," replied Dr. Therrauld who happened to hear the remark so seriously made.

And that was the turning point in the life of the wonderful John Harris who, though never a bad man, was never seriously inclined until he began to consider the mutations of time as brought to his attention by the foregoing episode.

The men spent their time in conversation, hunting, fishing, running, jumping, and in a critical examination of the mysterious

circle* and its appendages which then existed at that place. Thus four days passed away like the shadows of an hour before the Talasee party could get their own consent to leave such congenial friends as the Yamacutahans proved themselves to be. But early on the morning of the fifth day after their arrival they tore themselves away and began their homeward journey.

The parting of the girls with the lovely and accomplished Mrs. Clover and her little daughter Flora was touching, even to the lion-hearted men who stood about them.

Josiah Strong and Leon Shore carried their long-coveted marriage licenses with them. They had been issued by Dr. Therrauld, the same that afterwards gave a license authorizing the marriage of William T. Brantly to Idalone LeCain at the Dunson log-rolling. He and the two famous singers of that age, Jared Cunningham and James Montgomery, accompanied the party to Talasee.

Abe Trent said he wanted a license too, but did not know whether to apply for one or not. When asked why, he said:

"I can not bring Miss Helen around to the sticking point. She seems to think pretty well of me; but then she apparently thinks the same of everybody else. Somehow she refuses to make any distinction. 'Spect that harum-scarum Ocean Scu—or whatever his name is, has something to do with it. That's just my luck at any rate."

However, Abe did not relax in his attentions to Miss Helen. She continued to be kind, gentle and sometimes affectionate even to loveliness. Her individuality was very marked, and frequently hard to understand.

One of the peculiarities of the visit was that the dogs of the two colonies refused to be friendly, and on several occasions open hostilities arose between them. This continued until the returning party reached some point not far from where Jefferson now is. There the Talasee dogs, led by Pyth and Damon, brought a huge black bear with two half-grown cubs to bay. A battle royal followed which seemed to be going in favor of the dogs until another still larger bear came to the rescue of, perhaps, his

*The reader will find a full description of the "Circle" in Yamacutah in this work.—Ed.

family. Then for once Pyth and Damon had to stand back. Upon this the Yamacutah dogs evidently thought that foul play had been used, and dashing forward, with bristles erect, the battle was renewed and soon ended in favor of the dogs. Though several rifles were ready for instant use if necessary for the safety of the furious assailants, not a shot was fired. The curious feature of the case was that on all future occasions these dogs, when thrown together, were not only friendly, but fought for each other and played together like so many puppies. Will those who profess to believe the dog destitute of reasoning power explain this wayside incident?

Early in the afternoon the Talasee party reached the crest of the hill that overlooked Fort Strong a little beyond the branch which still goes rippling by. Their arrival had been anticipated. That moving Tata, like a disembodied spirit floating through the silent air, reported them homeward bound more than two hours before they were seen on the hill. Consequently their friends were prepared to give them a gracious reception.

Look! Yonder on the outskirts of the still increasing company as the people emerge from the adjacent houses, stands Richard Easley, Abednego Moore, Edward Belknap and Phelan Lahgoon. They are dressed in the same old blood-stained garments they wore on the battle fields of Brandywine and Saratoga. See! The bullet and sabre scars cross upon their hands and faces. They stand at dress parade. In front of Ed Belknap there is an old drum, beaten and bruised by hard service. His fingers clutch the drum sticks, and the spirit of war glitters in his eyes. At his side stands Phelan Lahgoon with a fife in his hand. All eager to peal forth its shrill notes once more, his lips pucker and his fingers move from note to note silently. On the left is Richard Easley, a tall, angular man of iron nerve and immense physical power. He carries a heavy rifle, and at his side hangs a tattered and torn haversack and a dingy wooden canteen. In front stands the tall and elegant form of Abednego Moore. He holds the same battle-scarred flag that his brother-in-law, Josiah Strong, carried at the siege of Augusta. All eager to move, Mr. Moore waves the flag back and forth and begins to

mark time. The soldiers, all of whom had seen hard service, make one step forward, the drum roars, the fife screams, and the old flag flutters in the brisk evening breeze. Tramp! tramp! tramp! go the men to the thrilling tune of Yankee Doodle.* They turn to meet the approaching party from Yamaeutah. The concourse of all the people present fall into line. Men pull off their hats, and women flutter their handkerchiefs around their heads. The marching throng begins to shout. Old Tom, the bell in the fort, sends forth its sonorous peals. The keen, quick, discordant blasts of five or six tin trumpets, about seven feet long, unite with the bell, drum and fife, to swell the loud acclaim. The men shout and the women sing the grand old song,

“We all come forth to meet you with the glad refrain—
You are coming back to mother—coming home again.”

Look! The columns meet between the branch and the fort. The returning party has thrown itself into single file. The heroic Dr. Henry Therrauld is in front. In copious torrents tears are streaming from his eyes. The scene is too much for him, strong as he is. It carried him back to the trying times when he too, like Easley, Moore, Strong, Belknap, Shore, Trent and Lahgoon, so valiantly fought for God and their native land.

The columns unite and march to the front of the fort. The general uproar ceases, congratulations go around and all engage in a general conversation.

Umausauga is sitting on a stump, arms folded across his breast, and as immovable as a marble statue. In an open space near by him Tata Nyxter, the scout, is dancing the ramoja, or green corn dance. It strains the eyes to follow his movements. Sometimes he seems to be a shadow flitting through the air, or becoming rigid, forms himself into a hoop and bowls over the ground like a running wheel. See! he now assumes the form of a bow, and, in perfect time, dances with both hands and feet until he reaches

*This old air, “Yankee Doodle,” was known in England in the time of Cromwell, and was sung in our New England colonies before the Revolution.—Ed.

a tall tree, up which he scampers much like a scared cat. Reaching the branches he looks down with a comical expression playing over his face, as much as to say, "You can't do that."

A hearty laugh greets the comical looks and grotesque actions of the boy, and again the drum, fife, bell and bugles create a wild concourse of sounds which cease only when dinner is called.

Though no special preparations had been made, it was substantially like that served at Yamacutah, and like that was greatly enjoyed by all present. Yet not one drop of intoxicating liquor was seen at either place. Once more, such was life in old times when selfishness had small share in shaping the affairs of men.

It was Friday evening. That same afternoon it was arranged by common consent, "That next Sabbath at 4 o'clock P. M. May the 4th, 1794, Johnson Josiah Strong and Miss Banna Mar de Vedo are to be married inside the altar in front of the preaching stand; that Umausauga give his adopted daughter away, and that Rev. Henry Therrauld of Yamacutah, perform the marriage ceremony. And furthermore, that Leon Shore and Miss Ruth Lahgoon be also married at the same time and place; that Phelan Lahgoon give his daughter away and that Rev. James Tinsley of Talasee perform the marriage ceremony. And further, that the contracting parties shall kneel while their vows are being made; that the brides shall wear plain home-spun and home-woven dresses, and be of the same style and finish precisely; that Abel Trent and Miss Helen Draper shall be the special attendants upon both parties, and that the day shall be devoted to religious services entirely."

The foregoing account of the remarkable events which were to be celebrated at a future time is given in the exact words of the original record. It was written by a secretary with whom we have not met before, Mrs. Clara Linton, probably wife of Robert Linton. Evidently she did not use the common goose quill pen, but one made of a reed that grew on the river bank. Anyway, the writing was in an elegant, bold round hand, "plain as print."

If even a small proportion of the important events that took place during the settlement of this country had been as carefully recorded as those of Talasee an interesting history of the people

might be written. As it is few of their names are known, and their deeds have passed away with the smoke of their camp fires.

It was Sunday. Two days had come and gone since the jubilee. Things holy and divine were to take the place of worldly gladness. A large arbor had been erected with improvised seats for the accommodation of the people; and it had been announced that at 10:30 A. M. Dr. Therrauld, the great and good man from Yamahcutah would preach. Every citizen of the country both white and red, had a special invitation to attend the meeting.

It is a typical May morning. No where is a cloud to be seen between the green earth below and the clear blue sky above. Save the plaintive undertone that murmurs through the tree tops, silence reigns at Talasee. The woodman's axe, the crack of the rifle, the barking of dogs, the hunter's horn, and the rattle of the little mill at the shoals are all hushed now. Surely God is pouring down a shower of blessings from the wide-open windows of heaven.

Aye, verily! And there is not room enough in Talasee to contain it silently. Listen! some one is singing, and O such a sweet song! It is the full rich voice of Mrs. Letty Moore. She is sitting outside, near her cabin door, singing Watt's Sabbath Hymn—"Welcome sweet day of rest." Soon other voices unite with hers, and on and on to other hymns and other cabins the music spreads until the hills and valleys around become vocal with songs of praise and adoration.

Hark! the singing ceases! Old Tom announces from the fort that preaching hour is near. Soon the people begin to gather at the arbor. Most of the white people of the country, some from as far as Snodon and vicinity, were present. Umausauga, Etohautee, Tata, Notha Neva and a few other Creeks are there also. The preacher, being a man of imposing personality, was looked upon with something like awe, and his presence was not only an inspiration to the good, but commanded the respect and attention of even rude strangers. His text was from John 3:16, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting

ing life." It was a powerful discourse for any time or any place, and though its chief purpose was to show Banna the plan of salvation, it produced much other good fruit.

After preaching, an opportunity was given to join the church, and the first to give her hand was Banna Mar de Vedo, and the last was Umausauga. All of her close companions were already members of the church and they had allowed no favorable opportunity to pass without giving her religious instruction. Rev. Mr. Tinsley had read the New Testament through in her immediate presence, always stopping to explain such parts as he thought necessary and to answer such questions as she asked him. He was an able expositor, and his labors were amply rewarded. Then, too, the sermon to which she had just listened, though the first she ever heard, threw a flood of light upon the Christian's pathway that enabled her to understand some of her duties as a traveler therein better than she ever understood them before.

It was 2:40 in the afternoon. Again Old Tom in half dolorous tones announced evening services. Several more natives were present than in the forenoon. They had doubtless come to witness what they called "the passing away" of one whom they had long thought a member of their own race, but somehow superior to them. The candidates were among the last to arrive. The girls were dressed as already indicated; and if one was a "Glittering Star," the other was certainly a close twin sister. They were radiantly beautiful. The most unique figure present was Umausauga. For the first time he had been induced to wear tight pantaloons and a swallow-tailed coat. Though not a bad looking man nor wanting in hard sense, circumstances had placed him in an awkward position that day. He did not know just what nor just how to do. He doubtless felt queer in his new suit. Much to the amazement of those inclined to smile, he was constantly fumbling with his long coat tail as if something serious was the matter with it. Seemingly however, he neither saw nor heard anything.

Rev. Mr. Tinsley preached the evening sermon from Isa 27; 2, 3. "Sing ye unto her, a vineyard of red wine. I the Lord do

keep it; I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." This, like the morning address, was well received, and being chiefly directed to the new members did much to establish them in the "new life" firmly.

When preaching was concluded Old Tom announced that 4 o'clock was fast approaching. The ministers were seated inside the improvised altar, the candidates were conducted to the front, Umausauga and Mr. Lahgoon gave the brides away, and the marriage ceremonies proceeded with deep solemnity. The kneeling of the candidates was very impressive.

And yet the scene was not over. Umausauga, who sat in his usual statuesque form during the ceremony, suddenly stood up, and tugging at his coat tail, asked permission to make a little talk. When told to proceed, he once more gave his coat a sudden pull as if he wanted it to cover more of his body, and taking one step forward, made in substance the following talk:

"Brothers; the white man asked me for the child I found in the woods. I gave her to him. He is a good man. She is good, too, very good. It wounds my heart deeply to part with her; deeper than any of you know. I still love her dearly. She is now the pet of many strong friends. Still she has not changed. She is the same as before she met these strong friends; the same to me. O Banna, do not go far away! Come to see me sometimes. Come to see me at Adabor—anywhere!"

Here the speaker broke down and Banna hastened to wipe the blinding tears from his eyes. It was a pathetic scene. After awhile he became calm and motioning her to be seated near him, he gave his coat another pull and continued:

"Brothers, some of you want to know why Banna's hair changes. The waves are taken out of it by an ointment. Only a few of us know how to make it. I wanted the waves out of it so that others would not think her a pale-face. The Indian always has straight hair. Some of you were sharp. You found that the waves come back when she was in your presence for awhile. I have been asked to explain why this is so. I can not do it any more than I can explain why the leaves of some plants close when we touch them."

Again the speaker paused for a short time and stood in anxious thought. Then suddenly thrusting his hand into his coat pocket he slowly drew out a long necklace of glittering pearls and sparkling diamonds. It then dawned upon the audience that it was not for want of better manners that he pulled at his coat; but that he had been feeling to see if his treasure were still there, for it was very costly and very beautiful. He held it extended in his hands until all had looked at it with wondering eyes, and then turning to Banna he continued:

“My lost daughter—I must still call you by that endearing name—this was your mother’s necklace. Your father gave it to her when he was made King of the Cherokees. As you know, he was killed at the battle of Numerado. Your mother quickly took his place. After mounting her white horse, Adar, she pulled off her necklace. She left it in the care of your nurse. It was stolen from her. Huanaco afterwards learned where the jewels were hidden. Soon after he left here he told Daxator your history. He was the chief who succeeded your mother. He ordered Huanaco to take some men with him and bring both necklace and thief to headquarters. The order was soon executed. Daxator took possession of the treasure and punished the thief severely. Only a few days ago he sent the necklace to me. He instructs me to give it to you. So now, my darling daughter,” he said, as he raised the precious gift above her head, “I place this representative of royalty around your neck in the name of the Cherokee people. I have performed my mission. Umausauga is done.”

When the speaker took his seat Banna fell fainting towards the floor; but she did not fall far. Mr. Strong reached her so quickly that she fell in his arms. The next moment Ruth, Mrs. Ruth Shore, was bathing Mrs. Banna Mar de Vedo Strong’s face with cold water that Tata had just brought from the spring.

When some minutes of anxious solicitude had passed away, the sufferer opened her eyes, and finding herself in the arms of her husband, she threw hers around his neck saying:

“Such a sudden and unexpected memento of my unknown parents, unnerved me completely. I have long been anxious for

something closely connected with their memory, that I could constantly carry with me. This precious jewel—precious not because it is costly and beautiful; but because it was the gift of my father to my mother, so gratifies my long-cherished wish, that I was overcome by the sad memories of the past and the welcome joys of the present and fainted away. Please excuse my weakness.”

“There is nothing to excuse, darling; but many things for which I and all our friends are profoundly thankful,” replied Mr. Strong, while he was yet chasing the natural bloom back into her lovely cheeks with a hand so faithful, gentle and true, that it never afterwards touched her otherwise.

As if to pour a flood of thrilling gladness into every heart and make the place seem to be a foretaste of Heaven itself. Messrs. Therrauld, Cunningham and Montgomery began to sing in powerful, yet sweet and musical bass and tenor, the choice hymn of the ages—

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name,
Let angels prostrate fall—
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.”

Before the last stanza was reached a shout was heard in the camps of Israel. Another and another song followed with similar effects until the surrounding forest seemed vocal with praises to God. Taken altogether one of the most interesting and pleasing features of the day was the song-service of that eventful evening. Indeed the singing closed only at the instance of Old Tom in the fort when he gave notice that the baptismal hour was near.

The congregation adjourned to the Shoals, and there, just a few feet above the rock on which she and her heart-friend, Ruth Lagoon, sat and speculated upon the drifting fish that passed by them, Banna the Beautiful was baptized by Rev. Henry Therrauld, than whom a better man never lived. To her a pleasing feature of the occasion was that Umausauga whom she had called father nearly all her life, was at the same time baptized at her side by Rev. James Tinsley, himself a great and good man. It was by the Indian’s request that they went under the water at

the same instant, arose from it together, and, arm in arm, were led to dry land. Perhaps this is the only instance of the kind on record.

In this pleasing way the first two marriages at Talasee were consummated. If ever a cloud lingered over their homes even for one moment it was never known.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DRAPER AND MODIN FAMILIES AT SNODON—THE JUG—THE
CIRCLE—ABE TRENT—ANIMALS—TROUBLE BREWING IN 1794—
THE WOG—THE WATCHERS—HAITAUHUGA—A DISCOVERY—A
CONSPIRACY—THE SIGNAL—THE KIDNAPPER—TO TALASEE—
OCEAN—THE DANCE—NODOROC.

When in 1793 Alzono Draper, Herman Scuppen and Homer Jackson moved from Talasee to Snodon, the lovely extended plain was densely covered with a luxuriant growth of black and sweet-gums over which reached many tall pines and huge poplars. Lon Draper, as he was usually called, was a small man, but muscular, active and brave. His wife, Mary Draper, though not unusually handsome, was pleasing and attractive in her manners and of most excellent character. Like most other pioneer women she was "a dead shot," and brave even to a fault. Their daughter, Helen Draper, is already known. It may be added here, however, that because of her quick action she was sometimes called "POWDER." Her best thoughts came like a flash, and her efforts to execute them as suddenly. These features added to her other qualities, made this young child of the forest a girl of wonderful force.

Only the three white families mentioned lived at Snodon in 1793; but ten or twelve others had previously settled in Bead-land, the nearest being some half mile distant. For some curious reason which required a long time to explain, only a few natives lived within the boundaries of the purchased territory. Only one small family lived in the immediate vicinity of the whites, and all the members proved to be welcome neighbors. It consisted of husband, wife and daughter. The man's name was Modin, one of the few Bible names mentioned in the history of the red race. He was of medium size, well formed, good-looking, of a friendly, sociable disposition, and distinguished as a fast runner. His wife, or squaw as he called her, was a native of the lower Creek tribe and well known by the pleasing name of Nyrulyn. All the

white men who saw her said she was beautiful. Her complexion was fair even for a Creek; but this was no uncommon distinction. Her hair was a curiosity. Fine as silk, jet black, and without a kink, it swept the ground when walking. To prevent this she rolled it into balls, being careful to make a large one on top, and gradually taper others to her ears. There were two rows, the lower one not being rolled to the scalp hung, pendant, over her shoulders. Whether pretty or not the style was certainly unique, and to imitate it would probably bother a modern hair dresser. Below the row of hanging balls was a good face with mild, persuasive features, large black eyes, well-rounded cheeks and a slightly dimpled chin, all making her look like a woman superior to her station in life.

Mera, the only daughter of Modin and Nyrulyn, and the girl that Banna had so favorably recommended to Ruth Lahgoon, was nearly grown, her exact age being unknown. She was sometimes called "Blue Bird," because, unlike most of her race, her eyes were of a clear, liquid blue, and her voice of a bird-like melody. Otherwise she was much like her mother; but her melting blue eyes and retiring modesty gave her such a superior appearance that if she had been placed among girls of any race few would have been called more beautiful than Mera, the Blue Bird.

But the personal appearance of this child of the wilderness was not the only feature that distinguished her from other girls of her race. Her intellectual endowments were of a high order, her powers of imitation without any known limit, her fleetness on foot equal to that of her father, and her skill with the bow as true and unerring as that of Tata Nyxter, except at long range. Modin and his interesting little family lived near the Dr. Saunders residence in Winder, and were neighbors of Lon Draper who built his first substantial log cabin on ground that is still called the Black Gum Hollow, which he selected as a strategic point. Around his house, and thirty yards from it, he left a circle of timber fifty feet wide from which he cut nothing except a few unsightly shrubs. Outside this wooded belt he cleared a circular field three hundred yards wide and on which he left nothing

growing. Thus the largest field in Beadland was cleared and first cultivated in 1794.

Mr. Draper called the circular field "THE JUG," the timbered belt "ITS NECK," and his house "THE STOPPER." So the place went by the name of "The Jug" for many years, leaving it to a future generation to add the word "TAVERN."

It may be stated that there were no drunkards in Beadland or in the Talasee Colony at this time, and that jugs were used generally as "jars" are now. It is further explained that Mr. Draper's reason for clearing a circular field was threefold: First, to enable a watchman in the circle of woods to readily see an approaching enemy; second, it was several years before bears, panthers and wolves would enter any large open space; and third, a circle mystifies any animal, and if long traveled in a narrow circuit, any living thing. The jug is a circle, and both before and since Mr. Draper's day has mystified, not animals, but men—men by hundreds and by thousands.

For a few months the Draper family lived quietly at their new home. The Scupeens and Jacksons, besides the Modin family lived near. Helen and Mera had become close friends and were almost constant companions. Though in some respects unlike Banna and Ruth, they were as devoted to each other and as true to their friends as the lovely heroins of Talasee could be, and, as was often proven, the love and friendship of the two pairs were as strong as love of life itself. Then, too, Abe Trent, the always welcome Abe—welcome anywhere that true men were needed and respected—often visited there.

On moonlight nights he and Helen sometimes walked around the outer edge of the cleared field in search of a place to cross it without exposing themselves. They seldom went around more than twice before they seemingly became disgusted at a place that had no end and returned to their native woods where they often joined in a chorus of such dismal howls that the watchers instinctively grasped their rifles more tightly.

Hitherto the mass of the natives had been friendly with the white settlers generally; but in the spring of 1794 it was noticed that parties of red men passed up and down the Okoloco trail

more frequently than at any previous time. The maxim that "When an Indian wants to fool you he goes both ways," gave the whites a hint that mischief was brewing. Talitchlechee himself passed several times, and on one occasion stopped and asked some questions. Abe Trent happened to be present, and being familiar with the old warrior's language, they engaged in the following conversation:

"Bows and arrows—what sort shoot pale-faces?"

"We have none—don't want any," answered Abe, pointing to a crow that was sitting on a tall tree some distance away. "See that crow fall," he continued, and with the crack of his rifle the bird fell to the ground. "That," still continued Abe, "shows the sort of arrows we shoot."

The old man was evidently puzzled, and after a long pause asked, as if in doubt of the propriety of his questions:

"Pale-faces come how many more?"

"Don't know—can not count them."

"Pale-faces here now how many?"

"So many that I can not count them either—so many that we have to leave most of them in a big hole and take them out as we need them."

The old leader looked surprised as well as a little incredulous; but after apparently considering the matter, he shook his head violently, and said as if to himself: "Nodoroc! Nodoroc!" and passed on hurriedly.

If Abe Trent had puzzled the wiley old chief, he was in turn puzzled himself. Though fluent in the use of Greek words, he did not know the meaning of Nodoroc. Somehow the short, jerky way the Indian pronounced the word gave it an ominous sound, and he resolved to apply to Umausauga, the best authority he could think of, for an explanation.

A short time after the chief's visit the country was thrown into confusion by the always dreaded visit of the "WOG." Though his appearance seemed to be familiar to some of the natives in the surrounding country, none of the white people had ever seen him.

It was a few hours in the night. The half moon hung low, and barely gave light enough to reveal the outlines of an object; just enough to make shadows that swayed back and forth in the passing breeze seem ghostly. As usual there were sentinels in the timbered circle; for now that the friendship of the natives was doubted, the white people, though few in number, managed to know almost everything that was carried on in the country. Looking to the four points of the compass stood the Draper family and Abe Trent, all heavily armed, Helen's position facing to the east. At her feet, curled up nearly into a ball, was Lion, a huge Egyptian dog as fierce and almost as powerful as a mad tiger. Suddenly the dog unrolled himself. "TOO HOO" broke the reigning silence. It was Helen's signal to the other sentinels that something unusual was on hand. Lion's growl always meant something.

The girl stood looking and listening. Lion was at her side, bristles erect and occasionally giving a low growl; lower than before. Like an apparition emerging from the ground Abe Trent appeared on the other side. She realized that she stood between two powerful friends. Just then her father and mother came near, and Mrs. Draper, pointing across the field whispered, "LOOK." Lion increased his growls, and all plainly saw a wolf enter the field for a short distance, look around, and then hastily retreat. Another and another did the same way until a dozen or more appeared and looked across the field as if in doubt as to what they should do. While thus looking, they suddenly scampered away and disappeared in the woods.

While wondering at the unusual actions of the wolves, a dark object that appeared to be carrying a white flag, emerged from the woods and stopped at the outer rim of the field. It was then seen that the white flag was waved from side to side like one motioning to another to get out of the way. This continued for several minutes when at last the dark object moved forward still flourishing its white banner. When little more than half across the field a whizzing sound was heard as the flag went back and forth like a boy cracking his hickory bark whip. Even Lion became uneasy, and turned his growls into low whines. This was

significant to all. While seeing that their guns were in order Mr. Draper hurriedly whispered—

“The good Lord! It’s that infernal wog!” As bad as Lion had seemed to be scared, his courage returned and it required all of the family’s efforts to keep him from meeting the still advancing monster. Mr. Draper’s rifle carried an ounce ball, and though he had heard that it was best to let the creature alone, and that its hide was impervious to a bullet, he felt sure in the light of past experience, that he could, to use his own words, “send a leaden messenger clean through any part of its body, or plug one of its fiery eyes out either.” He was, however, persuaded to wait for further developments, and the party retired to the house, barred the doors, and stood by their guns, axes and knives, awaiting the gage of battle, if need be.

The near approach of the animal was plainly indicated by the whiz of his tail, and when he reached the door he made a noise similar to the long-continued hissing of a goose. Having done this several times, he began his serenade around the house and finding a small opening between the logs, he poked his forked tongue through it as if trying to impale some one between its slimy prongs. Lion saw this and rushed to grap the tongue, but Mr. Draper succeeded in stopping him just in the nick of time. Having thus twice gone around the house, he gave a short shout similar to one made by a wild hog in the woods, and going west, slowly disappeared. Awhile after the animal left, a light tap was heard at the door. It was Mera who said that her father had seen the wog going away, and that she had come to see if her friends were safe, and to offer such assistance as she might be able to give. When asked why she was not afraid to be out at such a time, the noble girl modestly replied that she could outrun anything that carried along one side at a time. Though evidently willing to return alone, Abe Trent would not allow her to do so, and shouldering his rifle he accompanied her home “with as much pleasure,” he said, “as I ever felt in my life.”

It appeared that the Draper family was the only one visited by the monster at Snodon, and that after leaving there he was not heard of until he reached Haitauthuga, a small settlement

of wigwams that stood on the plain now covered by the fine oak grove east of the residence of Rev. H. N. Rainey at Mulberry. There lived Siloquot, a head man among the Creeks, and a sort of politician. He was one of the signers of the treaty made at Shoulderbone in 1786, and a man of some consequence. When the unscrupulous wog reached his wigwam there were two Lower Creek dignitaries present, perhaps on official business, and as he began to blow and hiss like a monster goose, they ran to the woods as only scared Indians can run, leaving their host to his fate. But Siloquot found safety in the top of a tall tree where the beast, having hoofs instead of claws, could not follow him.

The spring season was now far advanced and Abe Trent's stay at Snodon where he was helping Mr. Draper do some heavy work was drawing to a close. Still he had not advanced one step in his love affair with Helen. They went hunting on horseback by day, and sometimes walked around the wood circle watching for Indians at night, but she would not talk about anything except "hunting" and "watching." Still she was the same lovely, kind and attentive girl that she was at first. Not one word would she say about loving anybody.

"Why," passionately exclaimed Abe, one night, when on watch "do you refuse to let me tell how much I love you when you know that I am anxious to do so?"

"Dear me, Mr. Trent," she said, stooping low to look under the hanging branches of a tree, "look at that dark spot on the far side of the field. I have been watching it for some time, and it seems to be coming slowly but constantly nearer."

"Yes," was the snappish reply, "you can talk about anything but the one dearest to me, and if—"

"Just look! It comes nearer and nearer," she said, punctuating the remark with the click of her rifle.

"Let it come; but before it gets here tell me whether you love me or not. It may be your last chance."

"O Mr. Trent! It's an Indian crawling on the ground! Look at him! He's 'humming it' back to the woods. What does he mean, you reckon?"

“What do you mean by—” Just then a well-known “TOO-HOO-HOO” came from a long distance to the left. It was the signal of Ocean Scupeen warning the family that an enemy was lurking in the woods. Abe ceased to press his suit further, and he and Helen listened. The signal was not repeated. If it had been they would have known that the danger was to be met at once. While still listening Mr. and Mrs. Draper appeared, bringing Mera and Lion with them. The girl, wholly unexpected at the time, was greatly agitated, and threw herself into Helen’s wide open arms, saying in broken language:

“O Helen, I have seen such an awful time this evening! About sundown I went to the big rocks to grind corn. I heard one man tell another that the pale-face girl who lived in the circle must be carried away to-night, and that she would be returned only when all the pale-faces left the country. They did not see me and I hastened away to tell you. I soon met Ocean Scupeen, and we decided that it would be best for him to warn you by a danger signal and for me to come at once and tell you what the danger is. There are watchers all around here and that is the reason why I did not come sooner, and why, I suppose, Ocean is so far away. Did you hear his signal?”

“Yes, darling,” softly said Helen, clasping her faithful friend still closer in her arms.

Utter silence prevailed for awhile. Abe or Draper was constantly walking around the belt and looking across the field. The object of the crawling Indian as discovered by Helen had been revealed. It was uncertain as to how soon a similar effort might be made by an increased number. When Abe was about half way around his beat, he heard a low growl, and looking saw Lion standing near with one foot off the ground and with bristles erect. “TOO-HOO!” bravely escaped his lips and he was soon joined by his companions. It was quite dark and nothing unusual was in sight. Yet the dog continued to growl and to show a great desire to rush forward. Mera had in the meantime crawled a little way into the field and discovered four men in a stooping posture a little more than half way across it. Doubtless their presence had caused Lion’s growls, and now that they were so

near they heard him and ran back to the woods on feet and hands like so many animals. An hour or more of silence followed. Even the dog lay quietly at Helen's feet. That was almost a sure sign that no enemy was near.

By and by the long-drawn hooting of an owl was heard, but nearer than before. Was that hoot made by an owl? No, owls do not dwell on their syllables. Was it made by an Indian? No; Indians say "TU-HU." Then it was made by Ocean Scupeen. Yes, listen "TO-HU-O-O."

"That means the Indians are gone from this immediate vicinity, at least for the present," said one.

"What shall we do?" asked another.

"Wait and see," answered the others.

Soon Ocean himself joined the sentinels and reported that he had learned enough to satisfy him that no further attempt to capture Helen would be made that night; but that they would try some other plan in the future when the dog was out of the way.

"So, Helen," concluded the faithful boy, "hereafter look to the welfare of both yourself and your dog. I am indebted to Eto-hautee for most of this information, and he will keep us informed of the movements of the enemy as well as he can. That means very much, for we all know both his fidelity and his consummate ability. I can say the same for the Modin family; but in no case use one of their names in connection with this matter except to a known friend." Such were the faithful services rendered and the sage advice given by a mere boy. Nor will his shadow grow less.

Sure enough, nothing more of the foiled kidnappers was heard that night. Believing that any further attempt to interfere with the liberties of Helen Draper would result in open war, and expecting other emigrants to arrive at an early day, it was thought good policy for her to go to Fort Strong on the following morning and, with her dog, remain there until such time as circumstances would justify her return.

Accordingly, Helen, accompanied by Abe Trent and Ocean Scupeen, rode towards Talasee at the appointed time. Ocean was

a bold and fearless rider, and when on "DART," his well-trained horse, his handsome face and elegant form all combined to give him a fine appearance. Abe, knowing that this dashing youngster and Helen were close friends, was a little jealous; still he admired the boy for his well-known bravery as well as for his kind, unselfish heart.

There was great joy at Talasee when the trio arrived from Snodon. Ruth, Banna and Helen talked and talked until Abe became nervous and suggested that—

"Mr. Strong and myself be excused for the evening, and that our mutual friend, Mr. Scuppeen, be allowed to remain, and if possible, prevent the ladies from talking themselves to death."

Without saying a word, Helen wrote something on a slip of paper and gave it to Abe. It read as follows:

"Please let the boys, Master Josiah Strong and Master Abel Trent, pass up and down the river until midnight, and as much longer as they please.

Signed,

"THEIR GUARDIANS."

Several of the neighboring families were present, and led by Mr. Strong, every man selected a "pardner" at random, and all, old and young, large and small, whirled off into the mazes of a giddy dance which turned out to be what they afterwards called, "The Regular Georgia Breakdown." Ocean, who was a sort of musician, snatched a fiddle from the table and stood in the corner and began to play. Tata Nyxter, who was looking in at the door, grabbed one of the long tin bugles that hung on the wall and began to blow it. Round and round, back and forth went the dancers; some with the "double shuffle," some cut the "pigeon wing," and some "jumped jim crow."

"Squeak! Squack! Squeak!" went the rough, discordant notes of the fiddle; "toot-ta-tah-toot," went the blasts of the bugle, and some who were nearly exhausted kept better time by puffing and blowing than they did with their feet.

It was a sure-enough breakdown, and though no rule was followed nor time observed by either dancers or musicians, they

shyly congratulated each other for their elegant performances. Once more, such was life in old times!

Though playfully requested, Abe Trent had a real motive for wanting to be absent that evening. He was anxious for an interview with Umausauga in regard to the meaning of the strange word, NODOROC; and feeling sure that his friend had more influence over the Indian than any one else, he desired to transfer the interview to Mr. Strong. The friendship between the two was strong indeed. They addressed each other as "father" and "son," and because of these cordial relations Mr. Strong did not hesitate to comply with his friend's request to conduct the interview. Accordingly after the dance was over Josiah and Abe shouldered their rifles and crossing the river at the shoals, the former remained there to fish, apparently, and the latter proceeded on his mission. He found Umausauga smoking a corn-cob pipe of which he had become very fond, and seemed to be in excellent humor. "Father," asked Mr. Strong, after using some preliminaries, "would it be wrong for you to tell me what Nodoroc means?"

The Indian appeared to be surprised and a little disconcerted; but after thinking a little, asked:

"That what for you want to know?"

Mr. Strong proceeded to tell him the suspicious way in which Talitchlechee had used the word by evidently connecting it with Beadland, and then added:

"Father, when you went around the land with us you showed so many signs of uneasiness that we have never been able to understand. Only a very few natives live on it, and the appearance of Snodon shows that it is in a forsaken country. They seldom pass through it, and seem to be actually afraid of the place. And now, as you well know, that the presence of the white man in this part of the country is beginning to give some dissatisfaction, and inasmuch as you and your brother, Etohautee, together with his son, Tata, are already classed with the white people, we must know everything that is going on around us. We have full con-

fidence in the three mentioned, and in the Modin family also, and when any of you want help come to us for it at once. Now, father, what do you have to say?"

"Yes," said the Indian after a long and thoughtful pause, "Talitchlechee fool. He knows Nodoroc nothing has to do with white man. Nodoroc in Beadland is, Umausauga to sell it wanted. White man 'fraid of it not. Indian is—scare him to death. Few have seen it ever. 'Fraid to go. To sell it that is why. Devil there lives. It hell is—Great Spirit not there."

"Please," said Mr. Strong mildly, "talk like Banna and I have taught you to speak, and tell me why you use the words devil and hell when speaking of Nodoroc?"

"Oh, Yes, Yes! I forgot! I'll leave off the old Umausauga and come back to the new man that you and Banna and the grace of God made out of the old one and tell you all important movements of the enemy as they occur, and, of the secret which Indians believe lies hidden in Nodoroc. It is kept a secret only because of the mystery connected with the horrid place.

"As I have already said, Nodoroc is hell, and the wog that passed through Snodon not long ago, is the devil and makes his headquarters there, where no one who gets in ever gets out."

"The Great Scott!" exclaimed Strong excitedly. "I am all anxiety to see the place, and instead of being sorry that it is in Beadland I am glad of it. And now that I know Nodoroc belongs to me and my friends, we will go and see the place very soon. I am sure that all will be glad for you to go with us, show us the way to go, and give us such information as we may need. Will you kindly do so?"

"Yes! Yes! Now that I am not an Indian because I have placed myself on the side of the white man and of the white man's God, and for these reasons have felt myself at liberty to give away a secret in regard to his place of torment, I therefore consent to go. Will Banna go with us?"

"Certainly."

“Then see that she does not go near the horrid, boiling, bubbling smoking place. It burns! It burns!”

No man was ever more mystified than Josiah Strong was by Umausauga's description of Nodoroc. He could not even venture to dispute the Indian's word; yet almost every feature described as so unlike anything he had ever heard of before, that he was lost in wonder and amazement.

CHAPTER IX.

VISIT TO NODOROC—COLUMN OF SMOKE—AT NODOROC—THE BOILING MUD—THE TRIANGULAR HOUSE—THE NOON BREEZE—UMAUSAUGA'S NARRATIVE—THE LIVING VICTIM—THE SHOWER OF ARROWS—THE CONSPIRACY—ITS VICTIMS.

"It burns! It burns!" To the party of men and women, who, led by Umausauga, left Fort Strong on the following morning, these words as used on the previous day by their leader, were a profound mystery. The anxious company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Strong, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Shore, Helen Draper, Abel Trent, and Edward Belknap. This, with the dogs, left a comparatively strong force at Talasee, which was always well guarded night and day. They went by the way of Calamit, and there they left the Trail and turning to the right, rode through the dense forest to some point on the high plain upon which Chapel church now stands. There they halted, and looking to the north the leader pointed out a long, slender column of smoke which seemed to pierce the region of the clouds. The sun shone brightly and there was not a passing zephyr to break the reigning stillness, while slowly, silently, solemnly, the curling, twisting, airy wreaths of intensely black smoke, marked the exact location of the mysterious Nodoroc, the Indian's place of torment. Doubtless it was the first view of an Anglo-Saxon eye, and very impressive. Said Mr. Strong in an effort to describe the scene:

"I am utterly unable to describe the scene or to express in words the feelings it produces. When I take into consideration the associations connected with it and with the other more awful one described in the word of God I am so overcome with the comparison suggested that I can think only of St. John's words in Revelation—'And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever.'"

The sky above, the air and the woods around, and the faces of the company, all seemed to be shrouded in a funeral pall. The solemn spell was not broken when the leader again pointed to

the column of smoke and all moved forward. Having gone a short distance they entered a valley in which all the animals in the country seemed to have collected.

Having never seen men and women on horseback before, and perhaps thinking the horses and their riders were one and the same, they scampered off in every direction as if never before so badly scared. Turning slightly from the little valley to the west, the party passed over a narrow plain and descended a gentle slope until they could see the column of smoke forming on the surface of what appeared be a lake of bluish water. Going a little nearer it was found that not a sprig of vegetation of any kind grew near it and that the timber growing in the vicinity was badly dwarfed. A closer inspection revealed the astonishing fact that the lake was not water, but a body of from three to five acres of smoking, bubbling, bluish mud of about the consistency of molasses, and whose surface ranged from two to three feet below the surrounding solid land. The mud near the banks was slightly in motion, but its action gradually increased towards the center until about half an acre had the appearance of a moderately boiling pot of water. The movement of the smoke which arose from the bubbles was sluggish, and uniting in funnel-shaped form a few feet above the surface, formed the imposing column seen from the distant plain. It was perhaps five feet in diameter at the base, and tapering at the height of at least one-fourth of a mile, spread out like the branches of a tree. Now and then a flickering, bluish blaze, like a flame from a smouldering fire, played for a moment over various parts of the boiling area. This made the smoke more dense than when there was no flame, and the boiling was less violent. It was said by those who had witnessed this uncommon phenomenon on a dark night, that it produced such horrid feelings as to cause some people to faint and made others so sick that they had to be led away. These emotions were probably produced by the unpleasant stench that arose from the lake when the flames were not flickering over it. The fire fed on the ascending gas that was thrown up by the bubbles and thus destroyed the offensive odor.

There, amid the dismal solitudes of a primeval forest, where the white man never trod before, unknown races of people, antedating the red man, may have stood and wondered over the mysteries of Nodoroc just as did the pioneer company from Talasee; for the column of smoke, the lake of boiling mud, and the flames of fire that played over it must have been indescribably grand and awfully suggestive. Who knows that the place did not mark one of the last vestiges of primeval time when "the earth was without form, and void, and darkness moved on the face of the deep."

It was evident that work of which even the red man knew nothing had been carried on at this curious place during the long gone ages of the past. At the western end of the hot mud lake, and fifty steps from its margin, there was a triangular stone house whose sides were equal, twelve feet long and eight feet high. The stones of which it was built were roughly dressed, but well enough for them to fit closely and remain in place steadily. They were of various dimensions, the largest being heavy enough, perhaps, to require two men to carry them. In the west wall, facing the lake, there was an opening nearly five feet high and thirty-two inches wide, the sides of which were better dressed than any other part of the structure. The stone immediately above this opening or door jutted out from the wall a little more than two feet as if intended for an awning; but a close inspection showed that it had been used for some sort of ceremonial purposes. The upper side and that part of the wall facing it plainly indicated the long-continued action of fire, showing like the more elaborate and artistic altars at Yamacutah or Tumbling Shoals the observance of such sacrificial rites as are attributed to the prehistoric races of this country.

The floor of this equilateral triangle was of the same material as the walls, and in the west corner was a solid, hewn stone altar having three steps, on each of which were the same signs of fire as shown on the projecting stone over the door. Both were probably used in conjunction for the same purpose. In 1837

Gov. George R. Gilmer purchased this altar,* and in the spring of 1900, it was still where Mr. Gilmer placed it in the front yard of his residence in Lexington, Georgia.

The indications were that the triangle had been covered, but no evidence of the material used has survived the rush of the sweeping years that have come and gone since it first began to decay.

The walls were covered with a greenish gray moss which must have been the growth of ages. Seemingly one layer, or the growth of a long series of years, had died, and another had grown upon that, and another and another, until the whole bed was, in some places, from six to eight inches deep. A few badly dwarfed oak and chestnut bushes were growing in the moss, and their roots had forced themselves between the stones.

All present were of a cheerful disposition, but now as they realized that Umausauga's declaration, "It burns! It burns," was really true; that a dry piece of timber thrown into the boiling mud was instantly burned into ashes; that a heavy rain which had just fallen evaporated as fast as it fell; and that the only effect was to increase the volume of smoke, the entire party became silent and thoughtful. Even Helen Draper failed to shout, "Hurrah for success," and settled down to serious meditation. When at last aroused she turned to Mrs. Shore and said, "My dear Ruth, I am about ready to believe that we have fallen into the hands of Aladdin and his lamp and that we have been transported to the shores of the Dead Sea. Have you seen any apples of Sodom growing about here?" "No, child, no," answered Ruth, with a faint smile, "but talking about apples makes me hungry. What do you all say?"

It was nearly noon, and having brought an ample supply of provisions with them, all joined in a hearty dinner at some distance from the lake. "What is that?" asked Ruth as she munched a piece of broiled fish and sniffed the air. "The old wog is getting his breath," replied Josiah Strong, "as he always does

*Quite a number of the stones are still in the yard; but many have been carried away by curio seekers. Dr. W. H. Reynolds occupies the old home at present, 1914.—Ed.

just at noon. Father Umausauga warned me of this, but I had forgotton to mention it."

A brisk breeze had set in from the southwest, the leaves fluttered, the tree-tops waved back and forth, the column of smoke dissolved, and in whirling eddies went chasing each other over the ground and through the air, and the stench from the lake became almost intolerable. The breeze continued for a short time only, just long enough, the Indians believed, for the monster that inhabited it to get a good breath. It was afterwards found that this strange phenomenon occurred at time of full moon only. When the wind had subsided Umausauga, by request, gave the following account of Nodoroc, repeating a few things that he had formerly mentioned to Mr. Strong:

"To the mind of the Creek Indian Nodoroc means about the same as hell does to the white man, and Wog corresponds to devil, or Satan. For the meaning and application of these names I am indebted to my darling Banna, and I have full faith in all that she says. I was myself once so much afraid of the wog-devil that I sold the land on which he mostly traveled, and only a few of my race will live on it. The Creeks believe that all bad spirits are sent here and when their bodies die and sometimes they die here and the wog smooths over the hole they make when entering the mud by sweeping his ugly tail from side to tide.

"When one of you told Talitchlechee that you kept men in a hole and took them out as you needed them, he doubtless thought that Nodoroc was meant; and I am of the opinion that that thought of the old chief had as much to do in calming down his fiery spirit as the mortal dread that he and all his warriors have of your keen cracking rifles.

"A long time ago the place was hotter than it is now. Even when I was a boy you could sometimes see solid sheets of flame shooting over the surface like lightning in a southern storm-cloud; and the boiling mud would pop and crack like a burning canebrake. All this made people, and its present condition still makes some people believe, that the wog was mad because enough bad spirits were not sent to him. This belief caused innocent victims to be thrown into the horrid place to satisfy revengeful

and overbearing natures and to keep the wog from visiting them at night.

"But all the victims that have suffered here were not innocent. Many years ago a woman who lived at Jasacathor killed and ate one of her own children. A hunting party made the discovery and reported the matter to Urocasca, the Head Man at the time. Finding the report to be true he ordered her to be thrown head foremost into the hottest part of Nodoroc. The old wog was said to turn over when she struck the mud, and sweeping his tail back and forth over the hole she made, the wretch, though often heard, was never seen again.

"Many dark nights she has run over these hills squalling and screaming like a demon while a troop of children followed close behind her shouting and clapping their hands as if greatly enjoying her misery. Her name was Fenceruga, and since that time it has only been used to scare children.

"All prisoners taken in war and those who are condemned to death for crime are thrown into Nodoroc by men called Honoras. At the battle of Radoata the Ceeks captured nine prisoners. They were brought here and thrown into the boiling mud. It was a difficult matter to find a man who was willing to be an Honora, and though not one myself, I saw the prisoners thrown in just where there was a blue blaze of fire playing around them. They did not seem to care for anything until the flames touched them. Then all gave the Cherokee scream of lament. Owocowah! Owocowah! I did not care for it then, but O it seems so terrible, terrible now.

"I never had a wife though once I dearly loved a beautiful girl, and I love her memory still. She was as dear to me as life itself. Yes! Yes! she was much dearer than my life. Her name was Nere Nara. She lived at Snodon where Modin now lives. She was Nyrylyn's sister; with soft and lovely eyes like those of the red deer. Like the full round moon in all its glory, her face with dimpled chin was no akin to earth and seemed to rise and set with the morning and the evening stars. Glad and musical was her laugh as the water ripples over the rocks at Talasee, and her cheeks were as lovely as dewdrops in the morning sunshine.

As Nyrulyn's hair is long and glossy so was Nere Nara's, though a little, just a little, wavy—not so much so as Banna's is now. She was as fleet on foot as Mera, and as bright as Mera, too. But Nere Nara is gone, now—gone to live beyond the stars in the Happy Hunting Grounds of her fathers—gone to the white man's Heaven where, Ouska! Chouska! Loak (Glory to God!) I will meet her again sometime—meet my lost Nere Nara beyond the stars! Ouska! Chouska! Loak!

“I was to carry my lost loved one to Adabor, the wigwam on the hill, at time of the next round moon, but Watleskew, a Choctaw warrior came to Snodon and fell in love with Sunrise—Nere Nara means Sunrise. He talked love to her for a long time. She would not talk love to him. That made him mad. He buried his tomahawk in her head. She died on the very spot where Banna gave herself away to Mr. Strong. Her murderer fled towards the north. I had the wings of a bird to run, and the eye of an eagle to follow her tracks. I ran in front, Etohauttee and Notha Neva, her brother whom you know, kept my tracks hot with their own feet. We came up with him at Thomocoggin, [Jefferson]. Three tomahawks were instantly buried in his carrion body, two in his head and one in his heart, which I, with my own hand, tore from his breast and gave to a hungry wolf that was prowling around the place. We brought the carrion body here. We ought to have brought him alive; but the cries of vengeance called for haste and they were met with haste. With Modin to help us we threw the carrion far into the boiling, smoking lake just where dull, bluish flames were reaching out, as if for other victims, like lightning in the angry storm cloud. I gloried in the deed then. I feel differently about it now. That was the only dead body ever thrown into Nodoroc. Other criminals that died away from here, if buried at all, lie on the surrounding hill. Look, you can see many graves. It is the Home of Accursed.

“We buried Nere Nara just where she died. There my heart is buried with her. There, too, I want my body to be buried at her side. Will any of my white friends who may live longer than I do promise to bury me there?”

The speaker paused and looked upon those around him imploringly. Instantly all present pledged themselves to comply with his request, and to procure the assistance of every white man and woman in the country if necessary. A faint smile played over his features, he chased the thickly falling tears from his eyes and buried his face in the palms of his ponderous hands. As on former occasions, Banna went and sat at his side. She tenderly chased his massive brow with her hands, and leaning her head upon his shoulder, wept like a stricken child.

By and by he looked up and said: "Excuse me! This is not my weakness, but my strength—my strength to bear all things for Nere Nara. When she came into my life the sunshine turned into gold, the moonbeams into silver, and the stars into pearls of the ocean, the great blue ocean above, where God unfurls his banner and bids us march on to victory beneath it, Ouska! Chouska! Loah!

"But," continued the Indian after a long pause, "when Sunrise was taken away all the glories of earth turned black as the smoke of Nodoroc. I could not see the blooming flowers, hear the singing birds or laughing water. As I thought on these things my blood began to boil as boil the central fires of the white man's hell and of the red man's together. I swore vengeance against the whole Choctaw tribe. I organized a war party of more than two hundred followers. When almost ready to start on my mission of vengeance the wog began to appear occasionally.

"Some of you have seen him with his thrashing tail, his great red eyes, his grinning lips and forked tongue. At first he scared some of the natives to death, and it was reported all over the country that he snatched dead bodies out of their graves and ate them. This made me uneasy about the precious body of my lost Sunrise who had so suddenly and unexpectedly set in gloom to rise no more. To protect her from the abominable creature I built the great rock pillar which you all well know as Nere Nara over her grave at Snodon.

"Its foundation is deep in the ground to prevent the beast from scratching under, and its top is high so as to enable men who watched the grave to protect themselves. Every night for many

moons I sat on top of that dreary pile of rocks to watch for the coming of the monster. But it was a work of love, and therefore pleasant. Some of my friends were always on watch with me, and one of us was always wide-awake. One time only the dreadful thing came in sight; but after scaring Hoochlehoopah, who lived where Modin now lives, away from the country, passed on without doing any other mischief.

“By and by, when the lovely form of Nere Nara had returned to what Banna calls her mother earth, the watch was discontinued; but though the place is black and dreary, I still continue to go there frequently. Sometimes Banna went with me, and sometimes she went alone. It was on one of these lonely visits that she found the lock of hair that grew on Mr. Strong’s head.

“Vengeance against the Choctaws still ran swiftly in every drop of my blood; but another bright light, almost too bright for earth, came bounding into my life. I found a little daughter on the battlefield of Arharra. I carried her home and nursed her with my own hands. All too soon she grew to be a lovely woman—more lovely to me than the rising sun—more brilliant to me than the evening star, and has, in turn, nursed me with her own hands. The Great Spirit has placed her in a happy home. There the glorious light of the white man’s heaven fell upon her, and there the blood of a crucified Redeemer made her who was always white, still whiter than snow. I once believed all these things about Nodoroc. I do not believe them now. Banna talked [prayed] to the true God for me. Vengeance is all gone now. I leave that to the God she serves—to her God and to my God. Ouska! Chouska! Loah! Soul answers soul that Banna Mar de Vedo Strong is right, and God is true. Umausauga is done!”

The foregoing is a free translation of Umausauga’s narrative.

No speaker ever had a more attentive audience, nor was any ever more sincere in his final conclusions. Having finished his narrative he slowly walked far up the hill, and facing to the east, reclined upon the ground. Lighting his favorite corn-cob pipe he began to smoke and apparently fell into a deep meditation. His companions were walking about in various directions thinking of the horrid scenes connected with the place. Perhaps the fate

of Fenceruga and Wetleskaw was most vivid in their minds; but if such instances were only a small part of what one man knew of Nodoroc, what would be the sum total of all the horrors witnessed at that dreadful place?

While the scattered company was silently thinking over the strange customs of savage life and trying to compare it with the light of a Gospel day. Umausauga arose to his feet quickly, and placing his hand over his mouth to denote silence, hastily joined his companions near the triangle.

"Silence! silence!" he said as he seated himself near Mr. and Mrs. Strong. "There is no danger if you don't interfere, and keep a still tongue."

As a matter of habit more than otherwise, every rifle in the company "clicked" at the word danger, and Mr. Strong asked anxiously: "What have you discovered, father?" "The Honoras are coming," was the answer, as the Indian pointed across the lake to the south and continued: "They have gotten some poor wretch for the old wog. I saw them stop and tie his hands together. There are six Honoras, and I judge from fifteen to twenty warriors. It is not likely that the latter will come any nearer if—"

While the Indian was speaking six large men, dressed in skins and decorated with feathers came in view from the direction indicated. They were leading a medium-sized man whose steps were bold and firm, and looking straight before him, seemed to advance without a tremor. Arriving at the bank the Honoras took hold of him, three on each side, and swinging him back and forth several times, threw him head foremost into the hot caldron of slimy mud. The body quickly disappeared below the surface, but nothing was seen of the wog or of its trowel-like tail by the silent and almost breathless spectators.

With a slow and measured tread, in single file and stooping posture, the Honoras joined their comrades in the distance, and going south, soon disappeared.

Rendered almost speechless by the dreadful sight just witnessed, the little party was standing in wonder over "man's inhumanity to man" when the silence was broken by the whiz-

zing of a shower of arrows through the tree tops over their heads, and some that struck solid timber fell to the ground near their feet.

"What's that?" asked several at the same time. "I never heard of such a thing before," answered the Indian. "But as they know," he continued thoughtfully, "that white people are here, they shot the arrows to notify you that if you follow them they will shoot again."

"Shoot again indeed!" hissed Abe Trent, through his grinding teeth. "If Josiah and Leon will go with me, we'll quickly show 'em who has the next shot."

The next moment Abe was on his horse and ready for a furious pursuit; but better counsel prevailed; and though thoroughly mad, Abe complied with the wishes of his friends, a common thing for him to do. Helen Draper had not said a word, but was on her horse almost as soon as Abe himself, and with one hand raised to give the necessary signal to send him off at full speed wherever she directed, for by this time Scat was about as well trained as Alborak and Iro.

Having sent out scouts and satisfied themselves that the Indians were gone, Umausauga told the party that he had another message to deliver, and then they would all return home. Every one was at close attention with the first word he spoke.

"Friends, children," he began, "of course I do not know of all the horrors that have been witnessed here. Even those of which I do know something, I have told you a few only. There is one more to which I wish to direct your attention because it relates to Banna, and I have never even told her of it. She was too young to understand it at the time, and I have thought it best not to tell her until now. Though a half Upper Creek, I am not a native of this part of the country. I was born and grew to manhood at Wetumpka [Columbus, Ga.], on the Chattahoochee river. My father, Okokobee, was a ruling chief over the Ufallayak division of the Creek race. My mother, Elota, was a Muscogee woman whose father was also a ruling chief. I am their oldest son, and my sister, Eltomura, is next. When I was about grown my father died. Through the influence of the Muscogees, Nena-

themelahola was put in my father's place which he filled only a short time. Though entitled to the succession I did not want it, mainly because such a course would have involved my mother's safety. So to shorten the matter I and a young brother, Etohautee, whom you know, came to Snodon where he still lives; but after the passing of several moons I went to Adabor to prepare a home for my lovely Nere Nara.

"Now it is a law of the Creek Nation that when the oldest son of a chief fails to fill the vacancy occasioned by his father's death, that his oldest child shall fill the place, or be put to death, and thus stop the line of inheritance in an unfaithful family.

"Time passed on and by some means unknown to me, Nena-themelahola heard that I had a little daughter, and that my friends intended to put her in his place with the title of queen, and make me a Head Man to lead their warriors in battle and perform such other duties as warriors only are expected to do. This made the chief uneasy, and to get the child out of his way he sent emissaries here to murder her.

"While their plans were being matured Etohautee happened to be in that country, and learning of them, he with nine chosen friends, hastened to give me warning. Again my blood was boiling hot. Just think of it! Murder Banna! Murder my princess whom you all call 'THE BEAUTIFUL!'—whom I call 'THE GOOD!' Dear child! to what danger has she not been exposed?

"Left a little child on the dreary battlefield to perish with hunger and be devoured by wild beasts, left where dead men, growling bears, screaming panthers and howling wolves were her only companions! Next threatened with death if she, a mere child, should not be made a queen, and with death to prevent her from being one. And next, doomed to be carried as a slave to the dismal death-swamps of the south because she refused to become a servant of a villain here. Yes, darling Banna, my tongue can not express the danger to which you have been exposed; but thank God, O thou Great Everywhere, that you are now in the hands of friends who are strong enough and willing enough to protect you from all such dangers.

“Etohautee and our nine friends, together with others who live here remained near me and the little girl until all danger was over. We were careful to keep her well concealed and strongly guarded. We ranged the country over both night and day until one evening about dark four men were seen stealing through the woods near Calamit, while the little girl, then about five years old, was sleeping in the opening beneath the arch of Nere Nara with three men on each side and one sentinel lying flat on top of the pillar. Peacefully, soundly, the child slept there that night; but she dreamed not of the time when she gave herself away at that very place with a promise to become the wife of a stranger of whom she had never heard. This increased our vigilance if possible, for we had learned that all four of the men were very sharp and well calculated to carry on the murderous business in which they were engaged. One of them whom we supposed to be the leader, had the same rare faculty that Etohautee has of going to and from a place while you are watching it without being seen.

“They do this by sliding on the ground just like a snake, and to discover one you must watch for a snake. This is not only a rare faculty, but to him who uses it, is the most advantageous acquirement known to the Indian race. Where one or more is known at all, he is called ‘a sythyr’ or crawler. Etohautee and his son, Tata, are the only sythrys in this part of the country, though all of them are very careful to keep this gift a profound secret, which enables them to be still more useful to themselves and their friends. You may now understand how Tata and his father can appear before you at night as if they had come out of the ground at your feet, and be thankful that they are your friends. Perhaps I should not have told you of these sythyrs; but I have done so as a friend, and you will not give me away.

“It is something of a wonder that the crawler leader did not give us more trouble, and doubtless would have done so if we had not had a crawler ourselves.

“One dark, moonless night when I and most of my men were at or near Adabor it so happened that the sythyrs of both parties passed near each other. Fortunately the stranger did not discover

my brother who, after waiting a little, turned and followed him to the large rock a few steps above the shoals. There he was soon joined by three others, and there, after a hard struggle to take them alive, all four were captured and securely bound. They proved to be the men who were sent to murder my darling little Banna. That was enough! Just at sunrise on the following morning the four men were hurled, full length, into the boiling mud of Nodoroc."

The speaker paused for breath to give more force to the vehement words that began to snap from his quivering lips. Pointing his long, bony finger towards the smoke he continued fiercely:

"See! See! Yonder, where the blue blazes are chasing each other for a moment, then instantly disappear and come again and again in quick succession, is where we threw them. And Umausauga was avenged in part. Nenathemelahola was my mother's brother—a full Muscogee. Hence the influence of that tribe to place him in authority; but it did not do him much good. A few moons after his four emissaries disappeared, he also failed to report, and Banna was beyond his reach. In a council of head men called for the purpose, I transferred all my claims of Eltomura. I am to act as her head man in time of war. Since Banna is now in other hands than mine, I hold myself in readiness to fly to her assistance when necessary. Again Umausauga is done."

The day was now far spent, and two and two in solemn procession, the party hastened to Talasee. Pages of unwritten history had been read that day, and the illustrations were so vivid that every feature was deeply engraven on the minds of all. A ghostly night followed and through its darkness restless sleep and fitful dreams alternate while now and then flickering blazes of fire played hide and seek over the walls.

Note: For the benefit of the young reader, the Editor wishes to direct the attention to the great change in old Umausauga in the few years that he has been associated with the white people. When they found him on the banks of the river at Talasee, he firmly believed that Nodoroc was really hell; and that the "Wog" was the Evil One. But now he sees it in a different light. He is getting away from superstition and waking to the marvelous light of the Son of God. "Ouska! Chouska! Loah!"

As the foregoing description of the Red Man's place of torment is the only leading feature of this narrative whose history can be continued, we venture to leave early life long enough to give an outline account of the curious place up to the present time.

That Nodoroc was a mud volcano like those which still exist in various parts of the world, particularly in British Burma, there is no doubt in the minds of those who are familiar with its history of little more than one hundred years ago, and with the history of similar volcanoes which still contain boiling mud from which issue fumes of fire and black smoke.

The writer knows nothing of the legends connected with the place. He gives them as they were given to him.

Even to this day Nodoroc is a curiosity. It is situated three and one-half miles east of Winder on the plantation of John L. Harris, a substantial citizen of that progressive city. We have heard something of its history for nearly two generations before the country was first settled by the whites; have seen its condition when visited by highly intelligent parties in 1794, and will now give a brief outline of its history from the visit of Umausauga and his party to the present day.

For many years after but little attention was given the volcano. In fact, the Indians kept away from Beadland, except when on their war expeditions; and the whites were too busy with clearing the forest and fighting the red man to trouble with such things.

This place became, apparently, nothing but a gloomy swamp. Those that saw the smoke rising from the hot mud thought it only fog. Years passed; and after the white man began to come into Beadland from different counties of Georgia; and from other states, even, settlements were made at different places.

Mr. John Gossett lived nearest the mudhole, as it was called. He cleared a large field that almost surrounded Nodoroc. One morning when he and his good wife were in the field they noticed an unusual amount of fog (or what they supposed was fog) hanging over the swamp. As the sun rose higher in the heavens they noticed that it did not dispel the supposed mist. But on the other hand the "fog" grew denser, until about 9 o'clock Mrs. Gossett saw a great volume of smoke burst forth from the swamp.

She called her husband, who was plowing, to look. Both heard a loud rumbling noise, somewhat like that of distant thunder. Mr. Gossett's horse was frightened and tried to run, so loud was the noise. All at once, the whole surface of the mud hole seemed to rise up into the air. The elements seemed to be filled with hot mud.

It appeared to rise so high and the air was so full of the small particles that it darkened the sun for a few moments. Then came the hot stuff back to the earth, falling all around Gossett and his wife, some striking them bespattering their clothing but doing them no damage, as the little particles of mud were too small.

After this eruption old Nodoroc seemed to settle down several feet and to cool off. In a few years it was perfectly cold and was known the country round as one of the worst of "cow mires."

Then the seeds of vegetation began to find their way to the rich mud. A stunted growth was covering the whole surface, though it was quite dangerous to venture on to it. A number of years later it was estimated that more cattle had been lost in the swamp during that period than was ever in the settlement at any one time. This led to the necessity of fencing the swamp which was continued until the coming of the stock law.

Finally, old Nodoroc became the property of John L. Harris, who, always calm and calculating, determined to turn the old time horror into practical use. Accordingly, by dint of much hard work, skill, and a determination to succeed, he drained it sufficiently well to allow cultivation with the hoe. It produced first-class corn which Mr. Harris was careful to carry to solid ground in baskets. In the summer of the second year after the swamp was drained, the writer walked through the growing corn when it was from ten to twelve feet high, and the tops shook to the tread of his feet as far as the corn could be seen.

The ditches were "planked" on the sides with stays between, to keep the soft mud in place, and it was curious to see pure, clear water running along them, as in comparatively recent times no water at all was running there.

Mr. Harris continued to work his newly drained swamp with the hoe for several crops, but of recent years has been cultivating

it with horse and plow, and always with highly satisfactory results.

Bones and horns of animals, doubtless those that last disappeared, was ploughed up occasionally.

The whole area, consisting of about five acres, is now in a high state of cultivation, but the surface has been gradually sinking since it was first drained.

What other, if any, metamorphosis takes place in the ancient Nodoroc is unknown; but it is reasonable to conclude that its subterranean fires were extinguished by the eruption witnessed by Mr. and Mrs. John Gossett.

Note: Old "Nodoroc" is still owned by Mr. John L. Harris. The Editor visited the place both in 1913 and 1914. The soil is a blue-black in color, very porous and is about four to five feet deep, that is the hard sand pan that has formed is that depth below the surface. In looking down at the "bottom," from the surrounding hills, which are not high, it has the appearance of five acres of land covered with coal dust. Nodoroc is about one-half mile east of Chapel Church and one-fourth mile south of the S. A. L. R. R. on the head waters of Barber's Creek.—Ed.

CHAPTER X.

TROUBLE AT SNODON AND THE ARRIVAL OF MORE EMIGRANTS.

Early one morning some days after the return from Nodoroc to Talasee, Ocean Scupeen arrived at Fort Strong, with a written message from his mother, stating that Mera was dangerously ill, and that the suffering girl wanted to see Helen Draper before she died.

Dr. Singleton was at once summoned, and in a short time Miss Draper, though warned of the danger of being kidnapped, was on her way home with a well-appointed escort in three divisions: First went the invaluable scout, Tata Nyxter, some distance in advance; second, Helen Draper, Ocean Scupeen and Dr. Singleton; third, and some distance in the rear, which was always the point of Indian attack, went Abe Trent, Joe Lavender and Ed Damron, a formidable trio, if any fighting were to be done.

Though a few strange natives were passed at Calamit, the party, being well mounted and heavily armed, reached the Charmed Circle in due time without being molested.

Without delay Helen and Dr. Singleton visited the humble home of Mera, whom they found dangerously sick with fever, and unconscious. In piteous tones she often exclaimed in wild delirium: "O Helen! Helen! Where is my darling Helen? Will she—will Helen never come?"

Helen kissed her burning cheeks and bathed them with her freely flowing tears, while Dr. Singleton sat anxiously at her side counting her pulse and looking into her great, wide-open black eyes over which the chilly film of death seemed to be gathering. At last Dr. Singleton, giving Helen a furtive glance and shaking his head, said: "There is little hope; but we must do something. Warm water, please, quick as possible!"

It was a singular process, and one which a modern physician would probably discard; but when the patient's feet had been bathed and vigorously rubbed in warm water, and an occasional application of cold water had been gently applied to her brow and

the back of her neck for fully two hours, she became quiet, breathed easier, and her eyes began to close very slowly. In the meantime, medicine had been administered, but under such difficulties that little was really taken.

"If," said the doctor, "her eyes are closed by morning and she is still breathing regularly as now, the crisis will be passed. Close attention, however, is the price of life. Here, with full written directions, are the necessary medicines. If needed during the night, Miss Draper will notify me by the whippoorwill call twice repeated."

It was then after sundown, and the doctor, shouldering his trusty rifle, joined the men who were stationed at some distance around the house at regular intervals.

The guard was composed of Abe Trent, Joe Lavender, Ed Damron, Ocean Scupeen, Alonzo Draper, Herman Scupeen, Hoochleohoopah, Tata Nyxter and Dr. Singleton. The nurses, inside were Nyrulyn, the sick girl's mother, Mrs. Mary Draper, Helen Draper, and Mrs. Annette Scupeen. These and other particulars are given to show the difference between then and now, and also the unselfish devotion of the pioneer settlers of the country to their friends.

Though the nurses were fully aware of the heroic character of the guard around them; and though they had confidence in their own ability to defend themselves, and in Lion, a host in himself, that was lying at the feet of his young mistress, they were restless and uneasy, because somehow all were impressed with the belief that another effort would be made during the night to capture their darling Helen and hold her as hostage until the whites left the country. While none doubted the result for a moment, still their anxiety increased with passing hours.

The wigwam was covered with several layers of poplar bark at the apex of which was an opening large enough to admit the body of an ordinary Indian. The temporary covering of the opening being removed, Nyrulyn and Helen placed themselves near it alternately, and constantly listened for any disturbance made on the outside.

It was far into the night. Nyrulyn, who was a good reader of the stars, said it was past midnight. Mera, who had been resting comparatively well, became restless with the turning hour, and again talked in wild delirium, but not so violently as before. She continued to call for Helen, alluded to Ocean Scupeen in some unknown connection and challenged Tata Nyxter for a foot race. A soothing portion being given, she became quiet, by and by, partially closed her eyes and seemed to sleep at short intervals peacefully. From the doctor's standpoint this was taken as a good omen, and the nurses looked at each other and smiled gladly.

It wants some two hours to daybreak. Helen Draper ventures, for a moment, to raise her head above the house top. A faint gleam of light opens the eastern horizon, the last quarter moon is rising. Silence reigns supreme. But, hark! To-hoo-to-hoo-hoo-o! breaks upon the still night air! What can it mean? It is not the hooting of an owl. That last "oo-o" is never given by the solemn night bird.

"It is Tata Nyxter's danger signal," whispers Helen who is now on duty. "But," she continued, "the hooting seems strangely distant. What can the danger be? No gun has been fired. That is strange. With ten such men as I know are around us, and with four such women as are present, with Lion to lead the charge, I fear nothing that is likely to come against us. Comrades, see that your guns and sabres are ready, and when necessary follow me and Lion!"

The heroine's address was received with the waving of handkerchiefs, and Nyrulyn, seizing her well-tried bow and arrows, stood at the door, as much as to say—"No, dear Helen, you are too precious to my darling Mera to receive the first shock of battle. Her mother will do that." Again the sick girl is moaning and rolling on her lowly bed of pain, and Helen, crying like a stricken child mutters:

"Poor Mera, you can not answer signals as you have so bravely done on former occasions, nor can your now restless feet carry, as a bird on the wing, a message to your friends as they once did!"

All are intently listening for the report of fire arms, when suddenly, "to-hoo-o-o," long drawn out, reaches the wide-open ears of the anxious nurses.

"That means the danger is over," exclaimed Helen joyfully, and placing her weapons by Lion, she began to chase Mera's brow gently saying, "Poor Mera! darling Mera, Banna is constantly praying for your recovery and I have faith to believe you'll soon get well."

Thus the anxious nurses kept up their night-long vigil until break of day when Dr. Singleton returned to the wigwam. Seeing that his patient's eyes were closed he extended his open hands and said: "Thank God! With Miss Draper for a nurse the danger is over. While her hands sometimes seemed to be moved by iron nerves. I notice that their touch upon the burning fevered brow is as soft and gentle as the whisper of an angel."

"You are right, doctor, but," whispered Mrs. Scupeen, "why was the danger signal given last night?"

Silently going outside the wigwam, Dr. Singleton gave the following account of the disturbance of the night:

"At an early hour the faithful Tata Nyxter was sent out to reconnoiter the surrounding country. While watching the main pathway that leads near the rock pillar, he saw three Indians enter the archway and seat themselves as if to rest. They were soon joined by another man who, contrary to all Indian usage, walked in a stooping posture. So sharp was the boy's observation that he recognized the three men who first came as the same that had formerly made an effort to kidnap Miss Helen. The fourth was a stranger, and evidently a leader in some conspiracy. Silently, 'worming' himself near the pillar, the boy learned that the stoop-shouldered man had located Miss Draper, and reported that only one man was with her, that the sick girl's father was away from home, and just at moon up all four should rush into the wigwam together, and bear the girl away before any one could come to her relief.

"The boy at once brought us the news and gave the warning signal that you heard. Then we made the discovery that the boy was a ventriloquist. Though he stood near it was difficult for

me to believe that hooting was not made by an owl on some lofty tree-top beyond the rocks to the south of Nere Nara.

"Every man constituted himself a vigilant watchman and as the upper horn of the moon rose above the horizon, four men, in single file, were seen creeping on all fours along the path that leads from the south. It was a small matter to capture them, and they are now in close custody. Immediately the hooting boy went to the rear and gave the second signal. The captives turned and listened in the direction where the hooting seemed to be, and the bent-shouldered man said angrily: 'Osh sempa uto tach ebrus'—the horrid owl is laughing at us!

"It is a little singular that the Creek language has no profane word; otherwise the crooked Indian would have used it, for he was desperately mad. When Abe Trent began to disarm him, the fellow jerked his tomahawk back; whereupon Abe hurled him to the ground with such force that we thought him dead for a while. A break was expected; but the 'click' of several guns soon restored order. Nothing on earth seems so dreadful to an Indian as the sharp crack of the white man's rifle. He can not understand it."

Nyrulyn, who had remained by her sick daughter, motioned Helen Draper to come in, and Dr. Singleton followed. They found Mera awake and her mind partially restored; but physically so weak that she could not raise her head to greet the friend whom she loved so well. The meeting was a happy one, and Helen's presence doubtless had much to do with the sick girl's recovery.

When confronted in daylight, the prisoners, as usual, assumed a haughty attitude and refused to make any explanation whatever of their purposes; but when Abe Trent, in a spirit of mischief, pointed to the east and whispered "Nodoroc" in their ears, they changed their demeanor, and offered allegiance to the whites as the price of their liberty.

With the concurrence of the Talasee Colony they were released on the following day.

Through Etohautee, it was found that the stoop-shouldered Indian was the ring leader of the plot to capture Helen Draper

and hold her as a hostage until the white settlers left the country, and that his report concerning Miss Draper's defenseless condition was not based on what he knew himself, but on information given by another Indian who wished to play him a trick. He turned out to be Siloquot of Haitauthuga, and that he was not stoop-shouldered; but for some reason had assumed this position as a sort of disguise. His companions were Elitoboy, Camastooka and Novuarka who lived in the vicinity of Fort Yargo.

About this time the long-expected train of emigrants arrived. It consisted of eleven men, nine women and seven children—twenty-seven in all. It was led by Robert Alston, father of Alexis Alston* of Pea Ridge. The Talasee Colony having relinquished all claim to Beadland, the newcomers settled in various parts of that territory. Mr. Alston and three other families remained at Snodon. He built a double log cabin near Nere Nara, the rock pillar. Having been told something of the history of that curious mausoleum, one of the first acts of his wife, Mrs. Thurza Alston was to drape the pillar with festoons of wild flowers. This is equivalent to writing a long chapter in the history of a good woman. When Umausauga heard of this token of respect for his lost Nere Nara and had learned its significance from Banna and Marzee Marcum, he went the same night to Snodon and prostrated himself at Mrs. Alston's feet. So much of the sentiment of a christianized heathen. At the same time the Alstons and their adherents gained a powerful friend by one simple but beautiful deed.

In the meantime Mera continued to improve slowly. Sleeping a little now and then while in her seat, Helen Draper remained at her side almost constantly for ten long days and as many weary nights. Every movement was carefully noted and every need of the sick girl was lovingly supplied by the faithful nurse for three weeks, when she was carried in the willing arms of Ocean Scupeen to Helen's own home for further attention.

During this period it was curious to notice that when Helen was absent Lion took her place by Mera, and allowed no stranger to

*Read first chapter of "Cell No. 21" in this work.—Ed.

come near. To gratify his desire to serve the girl, he carried dinner to her in a little basket, nor did he permit any one else to take it from him. On one occasion when Mera and Lion only were in the house, a long gaunt wolf trotted to the door and began to sniff the inside air. Quick as thought the dog jumped upon the intruder, and a battle royal followed. His wolfship was no mean antagonist; but when the family reached the house, his throat was torn wide open and the dog was sitting near Mera as if nothing unusual had happened.

To meet such emergencies as this, which were by no means uncommon, fire arms and a deadly knife were always within easy reach.

Though still feeble, the girl, even without her powerful ally, the dog, was well prepared and certainly knew how to defend herself.

Since the capture of the conspirators and the arrival of Mr. Alston and his companions it was thought that no further effort would be made on Helen Draper's liberty; but the vigilance of herself and friends was not abated for an hour. The cunning and fleet-footed Tata Nyxter, and the bold, dashing Ocean Scuppeen, ranged the country in all directions; while the dreaded trio, Abe Trent, Joe Lavender and Ed Damron were within easy reach.

The surveillance continued until Mera was strong enough to be taken to Fort Strong, where in the sunshine of her still faithful nurse as well as in that of other devoted friends there, she soon fully recovered her health. To no one was this more pleasing than to Dr. Singleton who, next to Helen, had been Mera's most faithful attendant. He was a young man of fine personal appearance and pleasing manners.

At any time Mera was a pretty girl; but now that she was arrayed in an elegant dress, made by the deft fingers of Letty Moore, and her magnificent supply of jet black hair had been dressed by the expert hands of Marzee Marcum, she was still more beautiful.

If, when the doctor thought his patient near death his attentions were very close, it was plain enough that now she was in

blooming health, they were still closer and even more necessary for his own happiness than before. So the people began to talk and say——

“Dr. Singleton loves the dreamy-eyed Indian girl.”

The remainder of the Blue Bird's stay at Fort Strong was devoted to daily rifle practice and to horseback riding under the efficient guidance of Helen Draper. At the end of four weeks she was almost equal to her teacher except in loading while on the run. When Mera returned home she was accompanied by Dr. Singleton and Rev. James Tinsley.

The purpose of the former was not professional, but a matter of love and the mission of the latter was to confer with Nyrulyn about the education of her interesting daughter, it being customary for mothers to dispose of their daughters and fathers of their sons. Both doctor and preacher were agreeably surprised to find the mother almost as interesting and handsome as the daughter. The truth was, both she and her ill-fated sister Nere Nara, had been brought up in Savannah, where, being favorites in the family of Edward Telfair, afterwards Governor of Georgia, they learned to speak English with tolerable facility.

They were said to be the lineal descendants of Lachlan McGillivray, a native of Scotland, and the granddaughter of Schey; mother of the famous Gen. Alexander McGillivray,* and spoken of by the historians of the time as the daughter of a full-blooded Creek woman of high rank in her nation, and of Capt. Marchance of the French army, and that at the time of her marriage she was “a maiden of sixteen, cheerful in countenance, bewitching in looks, and graceful in form.”

Such was Schey, the grandmother of Nyrulyn and great-grandmother of Mera.

So, after all, it turns out that “the pretty Blue Bird Indian girl,” as she was commonly called, was of Scotch-French-Indian descent, belonged to a family “of high rank in her nation,” and was really a member of the Lower Creek Nation.

*White's “Historical Collection of Georgia,” P. 154.—Ed.

It was long after this before Dr. George Singleton knew anything of Mera's ancestors. He loved her for herself as Josiah Strong had loved Banna the Beautiful, and who by common consent was known, after her marriage, as "Banna the Good."

Finding Nyrulyn so far superior in intelligence and manners to anything anticipated, Mr. Tinsley suggested that both mother and daughter go through a course of instruction at Fort Strong in the early future. This proposition brought Hoochleohoopah, a powerful but well-disposed man, into the consultation. He opposed the measure at first, but finally consented for both his wife and daughter to accept the preacher's proposition after he returned from an extended hunt for which he was then preparing.

Being highly elated with his success, Mr. Tinsley extended his hand and bade farewell to the family; but when Dr. Singleton offered his hand Nyrulyn refused to take it until she had paid him for services rendered to her sick child. The doctor informed her that Miss Draper had offered to pay him, but that he would not under any circumstances receive pay for what he had done for her sick daughter. This seemed to puzzle the woman and after thinking awhile she asked:

"Have you wife?"

"No; but I want one," answered the doctor blushing to the crown of his head.

"You have no pay, then you take present from Nyrulyn."

"Yes, with all my heart."

Turning, she went to an obscure corner of the wigwam and returned with a small bundle wrapped in a piece of beautifully woven grass cloth, and placing it in an elegant Lapsidalian basket, said:

"Here, take this. Doctor no use for it. When you wife get, to her give it in Nyrulyn's name. A belt it is of mine and Mera's hair; it is made of Nyrulyn's hair, the two-strand pieces are made; of Mera's hair are made the three-strand pieces. The beads the flowers made, were to me given by Banna the Beautiful. Let her it open when you home get. The Great Spirit the doctor bless for his goodness to Mera."

So saying she extended her hand. It was cordially taken, and after a fervent God bless you, the two surprised men rode away silently but thoughtfully.

"Say, Mr. Tinsley, I am the biggest fool that ever rode the Okoloco trail," said Dr. Singleton when well on his homeward journey.

"Why do you think so?" asked Tinsley.

"Because I had such a splendid opportunity to ask for Mera," answered the doctor peering into his pretty basket. "Then why did you fail to do so?"

"I did not know that the Blue Bird was willing to be caught. What a fool I was not to ask her to be my wife as we rode along here this morning. I never spoke a word of love to the girl in my life. I'll never have such an opportunity again with either herself or mother."

"You may easily make one; but I have noticed that you are shy in the presence of ladies and think you would feel more at home while cutting off a man's leg or pulling three or four of his molars than in the presence of the girl you love. Remember, 'Faint heart never won fair ladie!' "

"Perhaps you are right; but by all the moons of Jupiter, I'll never let another good opportunity pass without knowing the best or the worst of the whole matter," answered the doctor seriously as he again peeped into his basket.

Reaching home, Dr. Singleton, after inviting all present to go with him, hastened to his rough pine-pole office, where in a husky voice, he asked Banna to unwrap the package for him.

When open she held up a belt of such exquisite workmanship that all were lost in admiration of its beauty. It was nearly four inches wide, and made of alternate plaits of two or three strands of jet black hair twined together with consummate skill. Over the whole was wrought in white, red and blue bead-work, flowers in almost exact imitation of ox-eye daisies and dainty little forget-me-nots. The center was designated by a half drawn bow with an arrow lying at sharp angles across the bar. The fasten-

ings at the ends were of bone, and in workmanship were in keeping with the belt itself.

When all were through looking at the elegant gift, its owner kissed it, and while replacing it in the basket remarked thoughtfully: "Such an artist would adorn the finest gallery in Europe."

CHAPTER XI.

THE COLD WINTER AND A VISIT BY GOVERNOR MATTHEWS—THE ORGANIZATION FOR MUTUAL PROTECTION.

It was now January 1795. Except the efforts made to kidnap one of their best-loved citizens, the Talasee Colony and the inhabitants of Beadland had been free from any immediate danger, and were eminently prosperous and well contented.

They knew that the Lower Creeks were giving the citizens of Bryan, Liberty, McIntosh, and other adjacent counties serious trouble; but as the whites under Col. Josiah Tatnall, uncle of our Josiah Strong, and for whom he was named, were constantly victorious, they had little fear that the disturbance would reach so far into the wilderness as Talasee and Snodon. Nevertheless they whetted their knives, picked their flints, kept their powder dry, and Tata Nyxter and Ocean Scupeen patrolled the country day and night. Anything that escaped the eyes of those two boys was hard to see, indeed. The people knew that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

The winter was intensely cold—colder, the oldest natives said, than they had ever known before. The ground had been covered with alternate layers of frozen rain and snow for six weeks with no prospect of an early change. Animals and birds became ravenously hungry. Panthers and wolves, troublesome at any time, were more dangerous than ever before. Hundreds of them were shot in the yards around the cabins during the day, and at night they were kept at a respectful distance by roaring fires in the chimneys and by burning pine knots outside the houses. Sometimes even these precautions did not effect their purpose.

One night a gang of wolves being made ravenous by smelling the blood of a deer that Mr. Draper had dressed **that day, broke** over, to them, the mysterious circle, and rushing between the fires, besieged the house itself.

Most of them were shot through port holes made for the purpose; but two bolder than the others, attacked the door. One of

them tore away enough of the shutter with his strong teeth to admit its head, and while struggling to get its body through the opening Lion tore its throat open—his favorite way of dealing with an enemy.

The living wolves outside soon began to devour the dead ones, and when they came to the one fast in the door shutter they pulled it away and still another poked his head through the opening. Helen, whose rifle had just been discharged, split its head open with an axe. That, eventually, ended the battle as the wolves still living being gorged with the slain, retired from the field.

The cracking of bones, the lapping of blood, and the fierce growls of the monsters outside all intermingled with the sharp crack of those rifles inside and one at an unknown place, created a horrid din that words can not describe.

It was afterwards found that the firing of the unknown rifle came from the spreading branches of a tree whither Ocean Scuppen, seeing the danger to which his friends were exposed, had, at the risk of his life, climbed to help defend those he loved. At a time of great need the boy did heroic service that dreadful night.

As the body of the large wolf whose head Helen cut open was not eaten, he was supposed to be the leader of the pack, which also helps to explain the sudden termination of the attack. Had he gotten through the door others would have made desperate efforts to follow.

Such hunting droves of half-starved wolves became so common that work and travel were almost suspended and the people were compelled to give exclusive attention to their destruction. The natives throughout the country suffered more than the whites because their means of defense were not so good. Soon after the attack on the Draper home an Indian, accompanied by his squaw who was carrying her papoose, as native children were called, were followed by several wolves to Snodon. As dark came on the animals became bolder and pressed the natives so closely they were compelled to climb a tree to save themselves.

The weather was so cold that the mother's numb fingers refused to obey her will, and the child fell to the ground where it was instantly devoured. When relief reached them sometime afterwards, they were so nearly frozen they could not walk.

In 1837, when Snodon was well known as Jug Tavern, a scrubby blackjack was pointed out by an old native called Jolly Jumper, as the tree from which the Indian child fell. It stood on the north side of Hog Mountain road opposite the present residence of Mr. Wiley Bush of Winder.

From the time of the first settlement of the country to sometime about the thirties of the last century, Beech creek, because of the dense canebrakes which grew upon its margins, was called the panther's stronghold. Hence its name, Taurulaboole, which means "screaming panther." The excessively cold winter drove these animals from the canebrakes to the hills where they became dangerous.

Early one morning Loyd Upson, a little boy whose father, Jabin Upson, was a newcomer living near Mr. Draper, was seized by a panther and carried to the woods. Helen Draper, hearing the cries of the boy, took her father's heavy rifle and in her usual headlong way, hastily pursued the animal. When within from thirty to forty yards of it she gave a loud scream. The brute, doubtless thinking that another panther was following, turned to investigate the matter. As it turned an ounce ball entered its body a little behind the right shoulder and passing through imbedded itself in an oak tree which stood a few yards distant. Leaping high the animal gave a dying scream which released the boy and they fell together on the ground.

The boy scrambled away on his hands and one leg, the other being so badly torn that he could not use it. Such was Helen Draper, the touch of whose hand had been characterized as being "as soft and gentle as the whisper of an angel." And so it was when gentleness was required.

"Mother," said the boy, after he had been carried home, "she wrapped her apron around my leg while the smoke was slowly coming out of the muzzle of her gun."

The boy's wound finally healed, but he was a cripple for life. His mother afterwards made him "a-round-about" coat of the panther's skin, and one of his greatest joys was to wear it in Helen's presence and rest his head upon her knee, while she patted his red, plump cheek with her "soft and gentle hand."

In 1813, when Capt. Carnes was in Jefferson, beating for volunteers to meet the British on the Atlantic coast, Loyd Upson, then a good-looking young man, was the first to offer his services.

Being rejected because of his lameness, he took a battered bullet from his pocket, and turning it with his fingers said thoughtfully: "Perhaps it is for the best. I intended to remould this bullet and kill some redcoat with it. When Nancy Jane [meaning his rifle] speaks, she always means death. As it once saved my life it seems, after all, wrong for me to kill another with it."

The disappointed young man returned the bullet to his pocket and limped away with tears in his eyes. Two years later he was accepted as a volunteer and did valiant service in the battle of New Orleans. On the 8th of January 1815, when the battle was raging all along the lines, Gen. Jackson noticed a soldier several steps in rear of his command. He was loading and shooting as deliberately as if at a country shooting match. He wore a broad-brimmed wool hat, and every time he took aim he turned up the front part of the brim, and a man fell. When this had been repeated several times, Jackson, overcome with admiration, approached the soldier and asked: "My brave boy, what are you doing here by yourself?"

"Well, you see, General" was the answer, "I am lame and can not keep up with the boys. So I am out here fighting on my own hook." "What is your name and where from?"

"Loyd Upson of Georgia, sir, and it's Nancy Jane that is speaking to the fellows over yonder."

"Tell her to speak on," said Jackson as he himself plunged into the fight.

The foregoing incidents are given, not as all of the kind that occurred in the country; but to illustrate the prevailing conditions under which the pioneers of Beadland labored. Helen

Draper and Loyd Upson were typical of the men and women among whom the former lived, and the latter grew to manhood.

Several more weeks passed after the dangerous animals had been mainly subdued by the rifle and starvation before the intense cold abated. Those which withstood the vigor of the winter best, were deer, rabbits and squirrels. This was of great benefit to the people, for though lean, they were eatable. Deer subsisted largely on moss which was found near the roots of large trees, on decaying timber and on rocks. It was said to be interesting to see them cutting ice from rocks with their sharp hoofs. Rabbits (hares) or Molly Cotton Tails, as the people called them, lived on bark, chiefly of the sassafras, laurel and alder. Squirrels dined on hickory nuts, chestnuts and acorns which they had wisely stored away during the previous autumn—a custom which they still pursue. Tell who can how a squirrel finds the proper place to dig a hole through the snow to unearth a nut which he had buried there months before.

Of all the small pests to which the people were subjected, the ground rat was the most troublesome. These little stubby-tailed rodents were very numerous, and being driven into houses in search of something to eat, made them almost uninhabitable. They even gnawed on the feet and noses of people when asleep. One which Ocean Scuppen said “had a sweet tooth in its head,” took a snip from Helen Draper’s lip, and the boy was wicked enough to say that he did not “blame the rat, but commended it for its good taste.”

So many birds starved and froze to death that the great number then existing was never afterwards attained, some species becoming almost extinct, and a few entirely so. Turkeys and partridges, the most valuable of all, were too lean for table use, and boys sometimes killed them with sticks. A drove consisting of ten or twelve turkeys became so gentle that Helen and Mera fed and sheltered them through the winter. When warm weather came they refused to leave their kind friends and followed the girls like a shadow, and this was the beginning of domestic turkey raising in northeast Georgia.

During the coming summer, when Gov. George Matthews was making a tour of the country with a view to the organization of the then much-talked new County of Jackson, he stopped at Snodon for dinner and dined upon one of Helen and Mera's tamed turkeys because others were thought to be too poor to set before a governor.

It was so toothsome that his Excellency asked the girls to sell him a pair. They did not want to sell their pets; but being such an august purchaser, they finally consented to let him have a pair for fifteen shillings (English coin)—a very good price.

Having divided the shillings equally, Mera looked curiously at the first money she ever possessed, and really not knowing its value, at once gave it to the still suffering Loyd Upson who, as she said by way of justifying her action "was not able to help himself."

From whence came such a sentiment from a young girl of the wilderness? Her association, though brief, with Banna, Marzee and Helen, had, perhaps unconsciously implanted it in her naturally noble heart.

When the governor was ready to leave he turned to Mera, and doubtless because of her beauty and elegant figure, looked at her a long time. The girl blushed and he broke the silence by saying: "You are certainly a beautiful girl and I intend to send you a handsome sweetheart. As I am traveling on horseback I can not carry the turkeys with me; but I will send for them before long. Mino will come for them, perhaps next week. He is a very handsome young brave and has an excellent character. He is as fleet as the wind and as quick as an arrow. Should you and Mino love each other, and I think you should because you are very much alike, the Governor of Georgia will come all the way here to perform the marriage ceremony."

At the mention of "marriage ceremony" Mera suddenly ran to Helen and threw both arms around her neck, "No, sir, Mr. Governor, I'll never leave such a friend as this for any one," answered back the girl, patting Helen on the shoulder, and sealing her vow with a kiss.

"You'll think better of that when you see Mino," answered the Governor, as he rode away.

Governor Matthews* then lived at the Goose Pond on Broad river in Oglethorpe County which had been recently organized.

The anxiously awaited "next week" came, and the handsome young brave came with it, as provided by the Governor. Handsome he was, sure enough, and sure enough he and Mera were so much alike that they would have passed anywhere as twin brother and sister. It was amusing to see them looking at each other. Mino evidently fell in love at first sight, and on the second day of his visit he resolved to ask Mera to become his wife and go with him to the silently flowing water of Salwigee (Broad) river, from whence he came. But the girl was shy and provokingly distant, always retreating to Helen like a child to its mother when among strangers. Neither Miss Draper nor her friends were willing to part with their pet without a struggle. Still her lover was so handsome and pleasant in his manners, talked English even better than Mera herself, and showed so many traits of civilization, that Helen wanted her to treat him at least with respect.

At last when the young brave had almost despaired of bringing the girl to terms of either acceptance or rejection, he sat down and leaned against a tree that grew in the Charmed Circle to brood over his condition. While sitting there Hoochlechoopah, Mera's father chanced to pass near. The young brave looked up, the man stopped, and their eyes met. Having looked at each other for a short time, the passing Indian turned suddenly and without speaking a word, retraced his steps hastily.

The young brave was astonished, and thinking the big stranger meant some harm, was at a loss to know what course to pursue, finally deciding that as the turkeys had to be carried to Gov. Matthews, it would be best for him to leave the country, at least for the present and return at some future time. Arising to carry out his resolutions, he naturally looked in the direction

*For a complete record of the settlements on Broad River, in what is now Oglethorpe and Elbert Counties, see Gov. Gilmer's "Early Settlers of Upper Georgia."—Ed.

taken by the retreating stranger. To his astonishment he saw the same man who was closely followed by a woman, approaching at a brisk run. Though a little flustered he returned to his seat and awaited the result calmly. "Look and see, Nyrulyn," said the man, as he came near. "I think," he continued with some excitement, "that the man sitting by the tree is your long-lost brother!"

Nyrulyn went nearer, intently gazed into the eyes of the stranger, and going still nearer, turned up a sort of cap which he wore and passed her hand over his forehead slowly. Then she took one step backward, stood trembling for a moment, advanced, and, throwing her arms around the bewildered man, exclaimed exultingly:

"O my long lost brother, little Adra Axter. I am your sister Nyrulyn. I know you because you are so much like our mother, and by the three-cornered scar on your forehead. I have described it many times over when trying to find you. At last! At last! Thank the Great Spirit! At last! At last!"

The emotions experienced that evening were strange indeed. The newly found brother at once realized that his love for Mera must take a different direction to that for which he had so ardently hoped for a few hours before; while she was utterly astonished to find that her relations to the handsome boy were to be about the same as if he were her brother, and that she must call him uncle. Nyrulyn was so greatly elated that she sent for her only other brother, Notha Neva, who, it will be remembered, lived on the lower waters of Sandy Creek. Tata Nyxter was the messenger, to whom that distance seemed as nothing.

Mino, whose real name was Adra Axter, was stolen from his parents when nearly three years old by a roving band of Cherokees, who, not knowing his name, called him Mino. They kept him a slave until nearly grown and sometimes used him very roughly. Finally, his proud spirit rebelled, and finding an opportunity to escape, he made good use of it. Though followed, his wonderful fleetness enabled him to escape his pursuers. While wandering over the country aimlessly, he fortunately fell into the

hands of Gov. Matthews, who, appreciating his good qualities, treated him so kindly that the boy refused to leave him.

Adra Axter remembered nothing of his home life and from early boyhood had thought himself an orphan Cherokee, born to slavery and hardship.

Tata Nyxter accompanied by his former friend, Notha Neva, soon returned to Snodon. The meeting of the brothers was very affecting, and though the resemblance was not so great as that of Nyrulyn and her daughter, they would have passed for brothers anywhere.

Although the sending of Tata Nyxter after Notha Neva was itself of no historical importance, still "thereby hangs a tale."

A short distance above the mouth of Sandy Creek there was a small lagoon or shallow lake, surrounded by a dense growth of cane, briars and other small swamp growth. On its north side was a slightly elevated plot of dry land on which stood a little hut made of poles and covered with canes and clay mortar. As a Bohuron Tata Nyxter was well acquainted with the ground, knew the purposes of the hut and the exact location of the only path that led to it. When passing on his way to Notha Neva's home in the almost interminable wilderness which lay a short distance east of the creek, he noticed that the path had been traveled recently. At first he thought it only a common occurrence and passed on. But knowing that the path led to the "Secret Council Chamber" of the Bohurons, the further he went the more he became convinced that in all probability something unusual was on hand. Hastening on he told his host of the discovery made, and was informed that strangers had been recently seen going towards the swamp beyond the creek on several different occasions.

Even against the advice of his friends, he resolved to investigate the matter that very night. He knew that if the strangers were Bohuron leaders, they would sleep in the hut until about midnight, and broil their meat and talk over their plans before daylight. Resolving that if discovered he would claim the rights of the clan himself (for the use he had made of the King Philip's arrow was still unknown to any besides the few who knew

the secret even before the deed was done), the boy reached the path leading to the hut awhile before midnight.

Judging that the coast was clear, he crawled upon his hands and knees near the hut and concealed himself in a cluster of scrubby laurel that grew near the lake and between it and the hut, wisely thinking that no one would be likely to come or go in that direction.

By and by some one was heard snoring in the hut and the spy knew it was inhabited. He thought it the loudest snoring he had ever heard, and presently another, evidently annoyed at the discordant sound said snappishly: "Huh! Huh! Huh! Up wake! you the country alarm!"

A long-drawn yawn was heard, and the snoring ceased. A long talk followed of which the spy barely heard enough to convince him that his suspicions were well founded. Soon, however, a light appeared in the hut, and the boy knew that meant broiling meat, and maybe, roasting an ash cake. Silently stealing near, he looked through a small opening in the wall and saw two men sitting near the fire broiling bear meat. The odor was delightful, yet he dared do nothing but look and listen.

One of the men was Wokolog, a well-known Bohuron leader, who, of all Indians, Tata Nyxter and his father most hated. The other was a stranger dressed in skin decorated with bear and eagle claws. On his head was a sort of skullcap from which protruded quite an array of fine feathers (Ostrich), of a kind the spy had never seen before. This indicated that the stranger was from a distance. Really he was a fine-looking fellow of medium size, whose features, form, dress and movements strongly reminded one of Yrtyrmyrmyrmyseo.

Few words were spoken while the meat was cooking; but soon as it was taken off the coals the men engaged in conversation.

From all that was said the stealthy listener learned that the stranger's name was Bonoaguartah, brother of the slain Bohuron chief, and that his presence in the country was to reorganize that clan and avenge the death of his brother. That as the curious arrow that killed the chief must have been furnished or used by some pale-face, any white man or woman, not even excepting the

royal blooded Banna, or any Indian friendly to the whites, should be the object of their vengeance, and that they would be ready to start upon the war path at half of this moon.

As the new moon went down a little after dark that night, "at half of this moon" meant about thirteen days hence. As was afterwards learned nearly two weeks were allowed so as to give recruits expected from the low country time to arrive.

Having gained this startling information, Tata looked at the stars, and finding that daybreak was near, hastened away as he had come. Soon he and Notha Neva was on a brisk run for Snodon, which accounts for their early arrival there.

Arrangements were at once made to inform all the citizens of Beadland and of the Talasee, Fort Yargo, Thomocoggan, Yamacutah and Groaning Rock colonies of the impending danger. The bearer of the news to each place carried a written message of which the following is a copy:

"Georgia, Franklin Co.

"Snodon, Aug. 8th, 1795.

"To the Colonies of Yamacutah.

"Dear Friends:

"Danger threatens. We have lots of dry powder. If necessary come help us burn it. Bearer will give particulars. Hurrah for success.

Devotedly,

"Helen Draper."

As the time for Mino's departure was at hand, he took affectionate leave of his relatives and their friends saying: "If danger comes Mino will be with you. He too knows how to use the cracking rifle as well as the twanging bow."

Accompanied by Notha Neva, each carrying a turkey, the brothers left Snodon with some sadness. As messengers of the people of Beadland, they went by the way of Thomocoggan, Yamacutah and Groaning Rock.

The colonists being already well provided with arms and ammunition, the next thing deemed necessary was an effective organization. They could, all told, muster a force of 98 fighting white men, and about half that number of women, many of them,

perhaps all, being as heroic in case of necessity as Helen Draper herself. Besides all of them, including Nyrulyn and Mera, were dead shots, and as effective at the port hole and sometimes in the open field as any man.

After an absence of a few days which Umausauga had spent among his personal friends, he returned with 17 loyal followers, which, when added to the proscribed Indians, Umausauga, Eto-hautee, Tata Nyxter, Hoochlechoopah and Notha Neva made a fighting contingent of 22 friendly natives, making a total of 120 available men. Besides, if the fight continued to be a local one as was supposed, they expected valuable aid from their sister colonies.

About ten days before the expected outbreak an organization was effected which proved to be satisfactory to all.

Johnson Josiah Strong was elected Commander-in-Chief, and the white men, being divided into 1st, 2nd, and 3rd companies, Joe Lavender, Ed Damron and Abe Trent were their commanders, with the rank of Captain. Ocean Scupeen was quickly selected patrolling scout.

Umausauga was placed over the natives with Tata Nyxter patrolling scout. To complete the organization Helen Draper was elected viva voce to lead the women, with rank of Captain.

To show the spirit of that girl more fully it may be said that after her election she stepped in front and said, "All commanders-in-chief have aides. I therefore appoint Banna Mar de Vedo Strong, Marzee Marcum, and Mera Hoochlechoopah my aides-de-camp. Comrades, take due notice thereof and govern yourselves accordingly, though I don't know just what that means. Hurrah for success."

"Hurrah for success," shouted all the men, and each one felt that a true Joan of Arc was among them. So far as doing anything the girl commander thought little of her shout, and less of her appointments at the time, but "Hurrah for success," became the battle cry of the colonists, and her aid did as much to achieve "success" as any other three soldiers in the field.

Note: This closes the record of the Talasee Colony, just as the "Old General" left it. Evidently, he intended following the progress of this

colony "on and on and on" in their successful efforts to build homes and settle, with the help of the other colonies scattered over the county, this the garden spot of Georgia. But the grim reaper, death, cut short his labors.

With all due respect to the other settlers of the county, it must be seen, from records in our court-house, that this colony was the most influential of any in the county at that time.

As the different parts of the county were settled and the people began to get on their feet, so to speak, the Talasee section began to give way, and to swing backward for a while. Such is life. The pendulum will go from one extreme to another. To-day all sections of the county are about evenly represented in governmental affairs.

But, after all is said, the history of the Talasee people is the history of Yamacutah; and the history of Groaning Rock is, virtually that of Snodon and on through the list. Thomocoggan was as great as Stonethrow, (just over the line in Hall County, now) and Yamtrahoochee was as great as any in the list. So none of them can say "I did it" but "We did it by each other's help."—Ed.

YAMACUTAH.*

FIRST SETTLERS AT TUMBLING SHOALS AND RELATED INCIDENTS.

How true is the word of God: "One generation passes away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever. There is no remembrance of things that are to come with those that shall come after."

We want to tell you some things that happened when the twang of the Indian's bowstring was heard in almost every forest, but that was not much worse than the crack of the pistol as heard in modern times. Then the rattlesnake was coiled in almost every path, the scream of the panther was heard on almost every hill, and the howl of the wolf echoed through almost every valley; but these threatenings were not one whit worse than some of the dangers that menace modern society.

Your forefathers dreamed of unrestricted liberty in the boundless forest and in the national councils as well. The modern dream is largely of ambition, and the accumulation of riches, of homage to fashion, ease and elegance, the emoluments of office and of the loudest cry calling for extraordinary privileges to a favored few.

But after all, your social gatherings like those of to-day, your intelligence and refinement, your schools and colleges, your churches and Sunday-schools, your asylums and hospitals, your home and foreign mission boards, your Bible and publishing houses, your railroads, automobiles, telegraphs, telephones, sewing machines, farming tools, cotton factories and rolling mills, are all infinitely superior to anything known one hundred years ago.

A century! That is a long, long time. Very few of the human race live that many years. While I do not believe that the Bible fixes the limit of human life at the age of three score and ten, as David is supposed to do in the 90th Psalm, it is a well-attested fact that the majority of the race die young. While we know

*"Yamacutah" was prepared for the Centennial Celebration held in Jefferson, Ga., 1906.—Ed.

comparatively little of the age reached by those who lived in this county one hundred years ago, it is safe to say that none of them are living now. They all sleep in the arms of our common mother earth, and how still they lie!

They toiled hard, and met and overcame many dangers. Their hopes and aspirations were as strong as yours, but along different lines. They wrote little, but said much. As far as the record goes, and as far as legitimate conclusions can be drawn from it, a great majority of them were good, substantial people. They were as true to themselves, to their families, their neighbors, their country and their God as any who lived in that age of the world. They were pioneers: the settlers of a frontier country. Their heroic struggles to overcome the unbroken wilderness inhabited by wild beasts and wilder men are worthy of all praise. Of course they made mistakes. With the light of the present generation before them they would have done better. But with all their disadvantages, they built better than they knew. With their primitive axe and scooter plow and rifle gun they laid a glorious foundation upon which the present generation has erected a monument of which no citizen need be ashamed.

The comfortable dwellings in which good cheer and a God-given hospitality reign supreme, and the well cultivated farms, made picturesque by plows that cut the ground like a thing of life, and with harrows, rakes and weeders that smooth it over like a fancy flower-bed, all—all tell us that the people are prosperous and happy. May joy and contentment always be the pleasing compensations of such a noble people.

I have spent more than three-fourths of a long lifetime in close relations with the boys and girls of Jackson County. For thirty years I passed more than half my time with her noble band of school teachers.

The inspiration received from her children and the uplifting influences of her teachers have been of more benefit to me than all other earthly things combined.

It has been said by one of the most profound thinkers of the age, that, "To be less than twenty years old, and live in the beginning of the 20th century, is a greater fortune than has ever

been offered to the world before." Boys and girls of this great country, do you realize that?

Look well to your laurels, and live up to your great opportunities. No other generation ever had such favorable and far reaching ones. Your opportunities are already made—made for you. In no other age of the world have such great efforts been made for the education of the young as have been made for you. Your ancestors had no such opportunities. Roman-like they had to make a way or find one, and they generally had to make it. And now to give you some idea of primitive life in this country, we will go back to the first permanent settlement made by white people within the present limits of Jackson County.

Perhaps there are comparatively few people now living in the county who know that there is such a place in it as the "TUMBLING SHOALS." For more than a generation no road, public or private, has led within sight of them; and like most other things pertaining to the early settlement of this country by the Anglo-Saxon race, their history has never been written. They are about one mile below the well-known Hurricane Shoals, on North Oconee river, where the water goes whirling around one end of a solid rock dam built by the hand of nature, and then ripples over a series of minature falls in such a way as to seem that one wave rolls or tumbles over another. Hence the name, which comes from the Cherokee word, YAMACUTAH, signifying to tumble.

In 1784 Jordan Clark and Jacob Bankston,* two enterprising and adventurous young men, came from Virginia to Wilkes County, Georgia. There they met with a roving band of Choctaw Indians who told them of a strange old camping-ground which they called Yamacutah. They said it was located on the banks of Etoho (Oconee) river, some two days' journey towards the setting sun; that the Great Spirit once lived there; and that since his disappearance Indians sometimes went to the place to walk the paths which God once trod, and then hastened away, as He had done, without leaving a trail to show which way they went.

*See White's "Historical Collections of Georgia."—Ed.

Having their curiosity aroused, Clark and Bankston at once resolved to go and see if the Choctaws had told them the truth. Late on the afternoon of April 22, 1784, they reached a series of small shoals, which they immediately recognized as Yamacutah. While the stream was small and the shoals modest, they were curious, and their surroundings were sublime and awe-inspiring far beyond anything known to the present inhabitants.

Trees of fabulous dimensions interlocked their ponderous branches, and the acorns and chestnuts of the previous year literally covered the ground. The glaring eyes and startling bound of the red deer, the wild chattering of a multitude of birds, and the warning signal of the rattlesnake, told the newcomers that such beings had seldom, if ever, been there before.

Distant some twenty yards, a great black bear was perched in the fork of a tree. As he moved his forepaws with the evident intention of descending, a ball from Clark's deadly rifle crashed through his head. Curious to say, as was afterwards learned, that bear's life was the first ever known to be taken at or near Yamacutah. After a "delightful supper of broiled bear ham," as the adventurers described it, they slept by turns, through most of the night, and with the rising sun began a careful examination of their surroundings.

About seventy-five yards from the west end of the natural rock dam they discovered a curious upright statue a little over four feet high. It was made of a soft talcose rock, 13 inches square at the bottom; but the top, from the shoulders up, was a fair representation of the human figure. The shoulders were rudimentary, but the head was well formed. The neck was unduly long and slender. The chin and forehead were retreating. The eyes were finely executed, and looked anxiously to the east. It stood at the center of an earth mound (17) seventeen feet in circumference and six feet high. Around it were many other mysteries which will never be fully explained. Only a few of them may be mentioned now.

Four paths, doubtless the ones the Choctaws mentioned, led, with mathematical precision, from the base of the mound to the cardinal points of the compass. Though it seemed that no other

part of the forest had been trodden by human feet, these paths were as smooth and clean as a parlor floor. The scrubby cane, which seemed to have been planted by design along their margins, was as neatly trimmed as if the work had been done by a professional gardener. And here, amid those gloomy solitudes the natives believed that our God, their Great Spirit, had walked as a man walks along his homeward pathway.

The statue was found to be the center of an exact circle about one hundred and fifty yards in diameter. Its boundary was plainly marked by holes in the ground three feet apart. The holes to which the paths ran in a straight line from the center were much larger than the intervening ones; and before them, inside the circle, were what seemed to be stone altars of varying dimensions. At the end of the path running to the north was a single triangular stone; at the east were five square stones and four steps; at the west, four stones and three steps; at the south, three stones and two steps. Upon the upper surface of all the stones except that at the north the effect of fire was plainly visible and doubtless had been used for sacrificial purposes.

All the paths terminated at the altars except the one running to the east. At this the trail parted, and, uniting beyond it, continued a short distance and then, much like an ascending column of smoke, disappeared, gradually. The account given by the Choctaws was verified. On the smooth surfaces of the stones were deeply cut both three and five-pointed half moons, whose horns turned in different ways.

A good representation of the rising sun and other curious characters were deeply cut on the eastern altar.

Outside the circle were many ash heaps, beaten hard by the heavy hand of time, and over some of them were growing gigantic oaks and towering pines, as if to mark the grave of the dead past.

Having studied these and other features of the vicinity, the adventurers went back to their starting point with a determination to return and make a permanent settlement at Yamacutah.

For an unknown period of time the immediate territory on both sides of the river and for about one mile below, and to the Hur-

ricane Shoals above, was neutral ground, claimed by neither Creek nor Cherokee, the lords of the adjoining territory.

For reasons already given it was considered Holy Ground: the Indians' Palestine. If on the war path, they went around it; if enemies met there they became friends as long as they remained there; by mutual consent of all the tribes the life of neither beast or bird, nor any living thing, should ever perish there. It was ever to be a place of refuge and never to have upon it the stain of blood. The killing of the bear by Clark was the first breach of law in the Holy Ground, and led, a few years later to open hostilities between the red and white men who lived in this part of the country.

On the 20th day of the following June Clark and Bankston returned to Yamacutah and began the first permanent settlement of white people within the present limits of Jackson County. They were accompanied by John Harris, a nephew of Nancy Hart, of revolutionary fame, and who became extensively known as Black Harris. He was a skillful workman in both wood and iron, and of almost unlimited resources in strategy and cunning.

A small cabin, which at once became dwelling-house and workshop, was soon completed. Here such articles were made as seemed necessary to their simple wants. I now have a cupboard which was made by John Harris in that shop in 1785. It was made of boards split from a huge pine tree that grew upon an ash heap near the eastern altar. Though one hundred and twenty-one years old, it is still solid in all its points, and no modern mechanic can excel the workmanship.

This ancient "dresser,"* as the maker called it, together with a curious cluster of pine cones* that grew upon the tree of which it was made; an acorn* which fell from an oak that reached its ponderous branches far over the talcose statue; and some other things, I keep as mementoes of the shadowy past. When in want of curious mental food, or a desire to leap at a single bound from the present back to the long-gone past, I look at these relics of a former age, and with the old Saxon poet who, after his failure to

*These relics are still in the homes of the Author's children.—Ed.

penetrate the future, cried out: "ROLL BACK! ROLL BACK! Oh, wheels of time, roll back! and let me realize something of the difference between then and now."

The following year, 1785, was a memorable one. In May there came a cold wave which killed many large trees. The bird family was almost exterminated, and a large eagle, accidentally feeling the warmth of the cabin, became domesticated and remained a pet for several months, when it left wearing a bell which John Harris had fastened around its neck with his name and date engraved upon it. In 1790 this romantic bird was killed in the vicinity of Augusta. Even so large and hardy animals as wolves and panthers were found dead in the forest, and many fish were frozen in solid ice.

But the most remarkable phenomenon of that, or perhaps of any other year since the crucifixion of the Son of God was the Dark Day on November 24th. It has never been explained, and the splendid illumination of the 20th century casts no light upon the cause of the darkness. Though the sun was visible all day long, and appeared to be much larger than usual, it omitted no light except such as may be seen while passing through a dense fog at night. The whole of animated nature on the Western Hemisphere was astonished on that day, and all who had ever heard of the final judgment listened in anxious expectation of hearing the long-drawn blasts of Gabriel's trumpet to wake the sleeping dead.

But only that which took place at Yamacutah concerns us now, and the tenth of that can not be told here. Even such strong and heroic men as Clark, Bankston and Harris were anxious, talked in whispers, and sat by their cabin all day. Various animals passed by in utter confusion, and several opossums and raccoons crouched near them, and though they sat with rifles across their knees, not a gun was fired the whole long day.

During the day many Indians came, and seating themselves around the mystic circle, gazed steadfastly towards the central figure. This they continued all day, and perhaps all night; for when next morning they saw the sun rise bright and golden as ever, they arose as one man, went inside the circle, and solemnly walking along the path to a step as regular as the beating of a

healthy heart, they disappeared beyond the eastern altar as already indicated.

This was the last time this curious performance ever took place at the Tumbling Shoals, or anywhere else so far as I ever heard. What did it mean? Was there any more in it than a mere heathen ceremony?

In the early part of 1787 the little settlement was increased by the arrival of an important family consisting of Dale Clover, Mrs. Mary Clover, and their two children, Flora, a daughter four years old, and Egbert, a little boy just beginning to walk. They came directly from Virginia by request of Clark and Bankston, who were near relatives of the Clover family.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Clover were educated and refined. The latter was very beautiful, and her little daughter even more so. Clark, Bankston, Harris and Clover were revolutionary soldiers, were Free and Accepted Masons, members of the Baptist church, and after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, shook hands with George Washington for the last time. Who is not proud to live in a county first trod by such men?

The population of Tumbling Shoals and vicinity had been increased to 42 men, women and children. Among them were Jared Cunningham, James Montgomery and Dr. Henry Therrauld. Cunningham settled at Hurricane Shoals, and one of our districts was named after his son, John.

Just here one of the strangest romances known to real life might be unearthed by the professional writer. Montgomery afterwards moved to where Cabin Creek church now stands, and building the first cabin there both the creek and church built near it took that name.

Dr. Therrauld was an extraordinary man and his life would fill a volume of thrilling interest. He administered the first professional dose of medicine ever taken by a citizen of Jefferson. The patient was Mrs. Thomas Jett. He helped to build the first Baptist church organized in the county, and preached the first sermon delivered there. The church was called "Etoho," but was changed to Oconee, and stood some two miles east of the present Oconee church.

Several good, substantial dwelling-houses, a strong fort, a small grist mill, a successful iron furnace and a school house had been built at Yamtrahoochee (Hurricane Shoals). The first school in the county was taught here by our same Dr. Therrauld, with a maximum number of ten pupils.

Iron ore for the foundry was digged from the mines near the present city of Commerce, and from near Dry Pond, where many tons were taken and carried to be smelted at the Shoals.

Fragments of pots, ovens and skillets were thick around the old site until 1840, when the great Harrison flood, as the big rain was called, swept away almost every vestige of its former life. Then work had to start anew. The old furnace was kept in operation as late as the sixties, during the civil war.

Trouble with the Indians had been brewing for some time and open hostilities began in 1801, with varying results until the gage of battle was decided in favor of the white people, but at the fearful cost of Dr. Therrauld's life—a loss as great as Jackson County ever felt. In these conflicts Clark, Bankston, Harris, Clover, Cunningham, Montgomery and Therrauld always composed the front rank.

Only a few incidents may be given. One afternoon when most of the men were at work in a corn field, with their rifles hanging down their backs in deer-skin pouches made for the purpose, little Egbert Clover, who had left the fort unobserved, was violently seized by a painted Indian warrior. His mother who was an expert with the rifle ran out at the only door, and just as she saw her little boy's brains dashed out against a large rock, she fired and the Indian fell dead.

John Harris made a razor strop of skin taken from that Indian's back, and many razors were afterwards sharpened on it. This is a grim feature of the times; but remember what Sherman said about war.

Only a short time after this sad event, Flora Clover, sister of little Egbert, and Susan Bingham, the 13-year-old daughter of Hiram Bingham, mysteriously disappeared from home. For six long, painful weeks, every possible effort was made to discover them; but without avail. When all hope was well-nigh gone, a

man of gigantic proportions was seen approaching the fort with a white handkerchief streaming from the muzzle of a long rifle, and another covering the lower part of his face. Finding that he was seen, he deliberately placed the paper under a flat rock and went away as he had come, with a bold, lordly step. The paper, written in elegant style, read as follows:

“A little after dark to-night, leave the key in the lower door of the furnace, and about 12 you may find Flora and Susan inside. Place an invisible guard. ALISCO.”

The anxiety of the evening was great beyond description. The instructions given were strictly followed. About 1 o'clock that night, the huge form of a giant leading two girls approached the door, the great key made by John Harris turned in the lock, the girls were gently lifted inside, the door silently closed, and the giant disappeared in the deep shade of the trees. A few minutes more and Flora Clover and Susan Bingham were in their father's arms. There was joy at Yamacutah that night.

In the meantime, other settlements had been made in the territory. At Stonethrow, now Gillsville, were 43 settlers; at Groaning Rock 47; at Talasee, afterwards Clarksboro, were 51; at Thomocoggan and vicinity 63; Yamacutah 42, and at places settled by families, 104, making the population of the county at the time of its organization 350 white people.

In 1795, the year before Jackson County was organized, there died near where Berea church is, a man by the name of Patrick Shaddon, the grandfather of Mrs. John Jacobus Flourney* of local celebrity.

A part of Shaddon's estate was a well-grown ox that ran through the woods as wild as a buck. Somehow, this ox, or Shaddon's steer, as he was called, became public property. Though he ran like a race horse and jumped over fences like a deer, he was finally captured and broken to harness by a famous Indian whose

*John Jacobus Flourney was a deaf mute and was a man of means. He knew the handicap under which the “deaf and dumb” have to live. He, therefore, set to work for state aid for the unfortunates that had not the money to attend schools in the North. He was largely instrumental in establishing the school for special instruction at Cave Spring.—Ed.

name was Anaxicorn. The strange feature about the matter was that while in harness and at work he was entirely gentle and docile; but as soon as turned loose he ran away at full speed as wild as he ever was, and as difficult to capture. It became a custom that whoever caught the Shaddon steer was at liberty to work him one week, but must then turn him loose.

On one occasion he was chased by men on horseback as far as the vicinity of Jefferson. William T. Brantly, a young man then living at Thomocoggan, and who could throw a lasso as well as a Mexican ranchero, joined in the chase and soon captured the prize with his unerring rope. As soon as the ox found that his foreleg was hampered he submitted without a struggle. He was his captor's property for six days, and the first plowing ever done in Jefferson territory was during the next day when Mr. Brantly plowed the public square with the Shaddon steer.

About this time most of the citizens living within the original boundary of Jackson, but then known as Franklin County, assembled at Thomocoggan to consider various public measures. This was the first step taken towards organizing a new county, but they failed to agree upon any other name than a general one, "THE WHITE MAN'S CONFEDERACY." It retained this distinctive title for many years after the county was organized.

Also, about this time, the "Confederacy," in common with other parts of the world, was visited by the "JERKS," a queer disease, if a disease at all, and in this part of the country was called, "The Move-a-Diddles." People sitting or standing quietly at work were seen to jump suddenly, sometimes as far as five or six feet at a single bound, while every muscle in them would jerk and twist in fearful contortions for some ten or fifteen minutes. Then the whole body became rigid and was incapable of motion for about the same length of time. This was followed by a dull stupor that sometimes continued for several hours, and, as a good old lady of the times said, made her feel "like she had the jim-jams." As I do not know how the jim-jams feel, I can not give any further description.

In those days there lived near Jefferson, two brothers, George and Thomas Groves, and their wives were sisters. There were

two children in each family, both girls being about 17 or 18 years old, and the boys about half grown. They were all unusually bright and intelligent, and the girls unusually beautiful. One day Matthew, the son of Thomas Groves, suddenly became sick when his mother was absent. Having lain as if asleep for a few minutes, he opened his eyes and told his sister Lucy that he was dying, and that his cousin, Nellie, the daughter of George Groves, was dying also. He then closed his eyes and said:

“Put my Bible under my head,
My prayer book under my feet—
If mother comes before I wake,
Tell her I am asleep.”

With the last word the boy died as a candle is blown out.

It was soon found that Nellie Groves had expired in about the same way. They were buried in one grave, each with Bible and prayer book as directed by Matthew's last words.

All alone their dust sleeps somewhere not far from the residence of Mr. George Smith, the place where Nellie's father lived.

For a long time Lucy Groves was silent and moody. She in some mysterious way became both Nellie and Lucy Groves. She often went to her Uncle George's house and did work just as Nellie had planned it before her death. A finger ring and some other articles that could not be found by the family were produced by Lucy upon a moment's notice. Even the secrets between Nellie and the young man to whom she was engaged to be married, were well known to Lucy in every particular. Some said they ought to marry and they did marry, though Lucy said she never loved him till after Nellie's death.

Other instances of this kind have been known in the history of the human race; but it is a psychological phenomenon that, so far as I know, is not understood.

The first county site of Jackson was at Clarksboro about one mile north from Talasee Shoals; but the cutting off of Clarke made it necessary to move our capital nearer the center of the county, and a committee composed of George Wilson,* James

*Geo. Wilson and Jas. Pittman were very prominent Inferior Court Judges of this county.—Ed.

Pittman and Josiah Easley selected the place, not because it was surrounded by a broad, extended plain; but because it was, and still is, as near the center of the county as they could determine; because that four bubbling springs poured forth as many fountains of pure, crystal, life-giving water; and because it washed its face every time it rained. They named the place Jefferson,* after Thomas Jefferson of Virginia.

When Xerxes marshaled his vast army on the banks of the Hellespont, he wept because of all that great multitude not one man would be living 100 years hence. And well might Xerxes weep! He had visited only the tomb of Adam; and not one ray of light came from its dark, mysterious depths. We have visited the tomb of Jesus—the open, not closed sepulchre of a crucified Redeemer, and it is radiant with light and glory—have almost heard the angelic anthem that rolled over the plains of Bethlehem, “Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace; good will towards men.”

Oh, Jefferson! Jefferson! Standing almost alone among the red hills of Georgia where no great thoroughfare, teeming with busy life and great purposes ever passes by, what have you done? Surrounded on every side by working, pushing, wide-awake rivals, where lightnings flash from hill to hill, and thunders roar along their winding valleys, what have you done? Listen not in echo, for the answer.

Jefferson is known and honored all over the civilized world, and in many heathen countries. Menelik, the heathen king of

*It is a very difficult matter to determine just when Jefferson was made the seat of county affairs. In 1799 the courts were held in Kirkpatrick's house, but does not say where this gentleman's house was. In 1802 the court met in the court-house. But where? In 1804 they were using a court-house, according to the records. But where? The records show that the court was held in the court-house at Jefferson in 1805. The Acts of the General Assembly state that a committee was appointed to select a place for the court-house, and at the next session that act would be repealed and another committee appointed.

It is almost certain, however, that Jefferson was considered the county site as early as 1803, and in the year 1806 an Act was approved “Making Jefferson the permanent place for the court-house and for holding the courts.”—Ed.

far-away and benighted Abyssinia, has openly expressed a wish to see Jefferson.

Most of the potentates of Europe, and all the learned physicians and scientists of the world have desired to visit Jefferson, and many have written about it. In Bristol, England, there is published a medical journal called "The Jeffersonian," not for Jefferson, the politician; but for our Jefferson, the mitigator of pain and suffering.

And why is all this renown? The answer has been heard around the globe, and I will repeat it here.

It is because that here Dr. Crawford W. Long discovered the anaesthetic properties of sulphuric ether! And Jefferson was immortal! Go to the blood-red battlefields of America, Europe, Africa and Asia, look at the great hecatomb of amputated limbs of wounded soldiers, and the surgeons will tell you that all of this was done without pain.

Go to the hospital where every breeze is laden with the groans of the suffering, and ask the nurses who flit from couch to couch like angels of mercy, who is the greatest and best loved doctor there and, as if by one voice, will come the answer—CRAWFORD LONG OF JEFFERSON!

Those of us who have heard his gentle step in the sick room, seen his beaming smile, and almost effeminate features, and know the sterling worth of his character as a high-toned, Christian gentleman, love to join in with the loud acclaim—All honor to Dr. Crawford W. Long and to Jefferson, from whence he first started on his glorious mission of mercy.

And other great and good men have lived there. High on the roll of honor is the well-known name of "WILLIAM DUNCAN MARTIN." Tennyson has well said that, "To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die."

This is figuratively true, and William D. Martin still lives. Again the poet says—

"Howe'er it be it seems to me,
The noble are the truly good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

This is also true, and William D. Martin wears a crown to-day, and it is set with many glittering diamonds whose brilliancy will never grow less. His crown is Martin Institute. The jewels which sparkle in it are the great number who have entered its doors as pupils. They represent almost every phase of noble life known to human endeavor. To many lands they have carried glad tidings from Jefferson.

Peace to the ashes of those who sleep, and long and happy life to those who live.

When William D. Martin founded and endowed the school named for him, he, too, "Built better than he knew."

THE OLD-TIME LOGROLLING AND SOME OF ITS RELATED INCIDENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOG IS ROLLED.

For many years after the first settlement of Jackson County, the logrolling (logpiling) was the most popular public occasion known to the times. The vast forests which reached to an unknown distance in every direction contained a great number of large trees which had to be cut into convenient lengths and piled for the purpose of burning. This was the "logrolling." It was a big occasion, and in the way of good cheer and a spontaneous flow of friendship and neighborly love, extraordinary preparations were made for it. Though not in the flash of modern advancement, the people were happy, loyal to themselves, to each other, to their country, and to their God.

It was not deemed necessary to give any one a special invitation to a logrolling. The day was appointed, notice given, and that was all. The whole family, men, women and children, were glad to go, and glad to stay all day, frequently all night. And all were welcome. Their happiness was at high tide.

However, this was not all that pertained to the old-time logrolling. A quilting was nearly always simultaneous with it. While the men were rolling logs in the field, their mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts were making bed quilts in the house, and the children were playing in the creek or wading through the swamp.

Nor indeed was this all. At night the dance was always provided for. It was not known by the flippant name of "frolic," or softened down to the easy word "party." It was a dance, and the dancers danced.

The logrolling which I have selected to illustrate pioneer life in this county became known as the "Dunson Logrolling," and I have chosen it because it represents one, and only one feature

of human endeavor, which I believe has never been witnessed anywhere else in the world.

This may sound like somebody has been riding on a high horse. Wait, let's see.

William Dunson was of German descent, and one of the early settlers of the county. As we are to learn of him further on, it is only necessary to state here that he pitched his tent on Little Sandy Creek, about two miles southeast of Groaning Rock, and that he became a strong, progressive and honorable farmer.

A short time after this, Gendelph LeCain came from Virginia, and settled near Mr. Dunson. His wife, Mrs. Florette LeCain, was a magnificent woman, in the prime of life. Large, unusually tall, no sculptor ever dreamed of a more graceful figure. Educated and refined, her manners were dignified, but pleasant and agreeable. She claimed to be a graduate of a celebrated cooking school in Paris, and of the many who enjoyed the hospitality of her table, not one ever doubted her claim.

Idalone, pronounced Id-ah-lone was their only daughter, and though quite young at the time of her arrival, she soon became a Hebe in beauty and a Sampson in physical strength. At the time of the Dunson logrolling she was said to be 18 years old, and more powerfully and elegantly developed than her mother. She was very beautiful. Her features were regular and her form classical. She had been educated by her parents, was a lover of books, and often studied them far into the night. She cooked, knit stockings, carded and spun wool, wove cloth, cut and made clothes, fed cattle, and jumped the calf-rope when on her way to the cowpen. Her step was graceful and seemed to be as firm as the hills over which she so often roamed.

Thus Idalone LeCain stood, waiting for her mother, on the hill which overlooked the "new ground" where Mr. Dunson had arranged to have his annual logrolling that day. It was a bright April morning, when the singing of birds and the chirping of crickets seemed to proclaim joy and gladness for all. But for once the young girl was sad. She could see that some of the log-rollers had already arrived; great, broad-shouldered men of fabulous strength and heroic endurance. Though it was some re-

lief to know that her father was among them, her sadness increased with each recurring thought. She felt that the day might shape her destiny for all time to come; for odd as it seems, Idalone LeCain was to be one of the logrollers that day. She, and other girls, too, had often attended these gatherings; and one day a gallant young fellow playfully bantered her to become his "toting mate." She accepted the challenge, and with one hand carried her part of the log, and defiantly patted the log with the other. This was a revelation, and continued from time to time, until Mr. Dunson, having discovered her amazing strength, pitted her against any young man that could be brought on the field. This continued for two seasons, and though several of the most powerful men in the surrounding country accepted the challenge, none of them were able to bring out her strength.

Finally she playfully remarked that she would marry any clever, good-looking young man who, "could make her walk unsteady while carrying a log." She made this offer because all the young men with whom she was acquainted already knew better than to put her to such a test. Still she thought that some stranger might appear, and it was this that made her feel sad. As already seen, she was waiting for her mother on the hill which overlooked the logrolling ground. She did not have to wait long, and arm in arm, mother and daughter approached the men who were waiting for all "hands" to arrive.

"Great Jupiter," exclaimed an old man, Thomas Perry, who was present, not to roll logs, but to carry the demijohn and water for those who did. He was sitting on a stump with his mouth wide open, as some one asked:

"What is the matter, Uncle Tom?"

"Gehwillicans! such a sight!" was the only answer given, as the old man turned his eyes from the approaching "beauties," as they were often called.

Idalone was not mistaken in her apprehension. William T. Brantly of Jefferson, the same that had caught and plowed the Shaddon steer, had not seen the wonderful girl, but had often heard of her. Learning of the Dunson logrolling, and that the famous beauty might be there as a champion, he at once decided

to attend "the show," as he termed it; not, however, with the intention of entering any contest. He was among the first arrivals and was sitting on a log when mother and daughter appeared. It was a case of love at first sight. This was no usual occurrence. He afterwards said, "I at once felt stronger, and could have jumped ten feet further than ever before." He was a powerfully made man, tall, broad-shouldered, well-formed, athletic, and "good-looking." Some thought that for once the champion girl was overmatched. Most admitted that there was some danger. "Not a bit of it to our girl," said Mr. Dunson, defiantly.

A cheer followed this expression, and the necessary preparations began. A poplar log, three feet and two inches in diameter at the small end, and fifteen feet long, was selected by mutual consent, for the great trial, and it was to be carried to a large flat rock ten yards distant. Such a log, green and solid, was very heavy, and to "tote" it usually required about as many men as could walk on both sides.

The team and sets selected were as follows:

1. Miss Idalone LeCain, William Thadeus Brantly.
2. William Dunson, Geo. Wilson.
3. James Nash, Robert Wilson.
4. Drury Gee, Dr. Henry Therrauld.
5. Notty Gore, Gendelph LeCain.

This list presents a formidable array of physical power, and is given here as a slight memorial of the substantial worth of those who composed it. Wish it could be greater! Seems like the mute eloquence of their dust can almost be heard moaning amid the few tree-tops left of those primeval forests through which they once so gladly roamed. A deep thinker has asked, "What matters it if the individual dies, since the race continues?" It is some consolation to know that descendants of some of "the famous ten" still live in the county.

Rev. James Rogers, a young minister of the gospel, was chosen umpire. When they heard that the interesting, but dreaded, contest was actually to come off, all the ladies who attended the quilting rushed to witness the scene. When they saw

the manly form and stately bearing of Brantly, they trembled for the result; they did not want their favorite girl to leave them. Her mother wept like a stricken child. The girl herself appeared to be composed and self-reliant. This had always been one of her sustaining powers.

"All ready!" called out the umpire. The sets advanced to take their places as indicated by the list, the first being in front at the heavy end of the log.

As Idalone went forward she drew her right sleeve above her elbow, lest her left hand should become entangled in it. And such an arm! It was noticed that when Blantly saw the great muscles below the elbow, like layers of knotted ropes twisted together, he turned pale, and compressed his lips. When at their places, he looked over the log and thought the prize worthy of the best effort of his life. And he made it. Idalone only blushed.

"Log up, and steady yourselves!" came the command.

Slowly the great log arose from its bed. All stood upright—firm—without a tremor.

"Forward."

With measured tread the designated rock was reached and the ponderous log placed upon it.

"Not so much as one unsteady step was made by anybody! It is a victory for all, but for no individual!" proclaimed the umpire gladly.

Then such a great shout went up that the echo came reverberating over the hills and met and clashed in the valleys. The squirrels came from their hiding places in the surrounding forests, ran along the limbs of the trees, suddenly stopped, gave their pretty tails a few spasmodic jerks, and began to bark. Doves of wild turkeys roving the woods hard by stopped scratching among the fallen leaves, raised their great red-wattled heads high in the air, listened, then spread their tails, and with their ominous "quit, quit," went further into the forest. They nor the squirrels had ever heard such an alarm before.

Then Uncle Tom Perry carried the old Dutch demijohn around, and most, but not all, took a "dram." "Oh, horrors!" the modern reader may exclaim; and well he might if such a thing

was done in these days. But, then, as a rule, people did not get drunk. No boy or young man was ever seen drunk, and women did not drink at all. We may notice that the shouting began before the dram was taken, nor was it repeated afterwards.

When the shouting ceased, Idalone was leaning against the log. Her fine eyes sparkled like opals in the sunlight. Brantly came and stood by her. He was evidently embarrassed, and in deep meditation. When about to speak, Mr. Rogers came to the rescue, saying:

"Miss LeCain, you are still unconquered, and in my opinion are likely to remain so. Mr. Brantly is at least your equal; for I saw that you both made desperate efforts to gain the mastery. Neither wavered for a moment. You are therefore equal so far as this contest is concerned, and I can make no decision. Therefore, I shall shift my responsibility as umpire, to you."

Turning to Brantly, he continued: "Mr. Brantly, please take position on the opposite side of the log."

Without knowing what was intended, he leaped over at a single bound. The umpire continued:

"Now, Miss LeCain, there is nothing between you, as I believe, but the log. If you are both willing to remove this barrier, shake hands over it."

Without hesitation Brantly offered his hand. Idalone was taken by surprise; her face turned pale; she had not time to think. After some hesitation, she turned her great blue eyes toward her father and mother, who were standing near. Tears were chasing each other down the cheeks of both. They too, hesitated; but finally nodded their heads; they could not speak. Covering her eyes with her left hand, and resting her head on what she afterwards called "the dear old poplar log," she extended her right hand toward Brantly. He quickly grasped it, and before any one had time to think, he had leaped back over the log and there was nothing between them.

Though more than half in love with Idalone LeCain himself, Mr. Rogers, holding his hat upon a level with his shoulders, said:

"I know these two young people are worthy of each other, and believing that the hand of God is in the matter, I take the respon-

sibility of saying that if there are any present who object to their marriage, say so here and now, or else forever hereafter hold their peace."

"Amen," roared the coarse voice of William Dunson. The speaker waited for opposition, but as none was offered, he continued:

"Victory without a battle. Then as our good Dr. Therrauld is an ordained minister of the gospel, and is duly authorized to issue and return marriage licenses, he will prepare the papers and perform the marriage ceremony. I claim the privilege of giving the bride away, and after the marriage the bride and bridegroom will return with the ladies present to Mr. Dunson's residence, where we all feel they will enjoy themselves as becomes this interesting occasion."

"Amen and amen!" again roared Mr. Dunson.

All the young girls present at once formed into two parties; one, led by Miss Kathleen Strother, a fine Dutch girl, swept and garnished a large circle with "brushbrooms." The other, led by Miss Eunice Emory, gathered rabbit pinks, snowdrops, ox-eye daisies, forget-me-nots, lady's slippers and anemones, and scattered them in rich profusion all over the "Wedding Circle," as these two leaders named it. I have heard it said that old-time people had no sentiment. In whose parlor have you seen a higher order of sentiment than was shown by the Misses Strother and Emory?

All things were ready. Save the barking of a squirrel in the distant forest, and the drumming of a yellow hammer on a dead tree near by, all was hushed in silence until Dr. Therrauld arose and said:

"Let us pray."

And such a prayer! In speaking of it afterwards, Mr. Rogers said: "It seemed like all heaven and all earth were listening to it." At the conclusion, Idalone was presented to William as "the precious gift of her father and mother." He led her to the charming flower circle, and then and there they were made one by the man of God. They ever afterwards lived as one—it was a happy

union. Many hearty congratulations followed, and the last one was somewhat remarkable.

The big Indian, Anaxicorn, though not a resident, was sometimes seen in that community. Having watched the proceedings closely, he took a small package from his belt, and holding it in one hand, fell upon his knees before the bride and offered his congratulations in his own language. The following is a full translation of all he said:

“Indian want you much joy. Take this—make man moccasins with. I wanted you make moccasins for me wear.”

He presented the small package to the bride and walked away. He was never again seen in the community. No one had ever thought that he, too, was in love with Miss LeCain, and even wanted her to make his shoes. He, however, acted generously about the matter, for the little package contained several bone needles of different sizes and two small balls of sinews taken from the legs of the red deer, then so common in the country. With these the natives made their moccasins, and Anaxicorn thought Brantly's should be made in the same way.

“How,” some may ask, “were the bride and bridegroom dressed?” The answer is easy. The bride was arrayed in a dress, every thread of which had been carded, spun, woven, cut and made with her own hands. It was of white and black wool mixed, and in those days was called “flea-bitten” cloth. The skirts were more ample than in modern times; but the bodice fitted neatly over a superb form.

The bridegroom also wore a “homespun” suit, made from start to finish by Mrs. Eliza Boyd, wife of Peter Boyd, who sold the land on which to build the famous town of Jefferson. It was made, as then called, of “walnut dye” jeans, and in strict accordance with the aristocratic notions of the day. His coat was a “claw hammer,” and the skirts somewhat resembled a wren's tail. The fit was good and brought out his manly form to great perfection.

As Mr. Rogers requested, Mr. and Mrs. Brantly and all the ladies present went to the Dunson residence where it soon appeared that the bridegroom was as good with the needle as he was

with the "handstick." The quilting went on apace, and everybody was happy.

Uncle Tom once more carried around the demijohn and water bucket. Logrolling was resumed until noon, when all adjourned to dinner.

And, my! my! such a dinner. There were no candies, bonbons, ice cream, or milkshakes. Perhaps there was not a woman there, young or old, who was not a good cook. Mrs. LeCain was there, Mrs. Dunson's mother, Granny Walker, who had said that when she "had the move-a-diddles she felt like she had the jim-jams," and other good cooks were there. With respect, I dare say that there is not a cook in the state that can make such ginger cakes and such beer as Mrs. LeCain and Granny Walker baked and brewed that day.

Old-time johnny cakes, made of corn meal, baked before the fire on wooden boards made for the purpose, and turned and turned until they were cooked through, and both sides without any bottom crust, of a light-brown color, constituted the chief article of bread.

Coffee, used only on rare occasions like this, milk, chicory, and sparkling corn beer were the drinks used.

There were meats galore, boiled ham, roast beef, venison, kid, mutton; barbecued shoats, squirrels and turkeys; boiled chicken and partridge; and fish and turtle, were some of the chief courses.

Such a dinner, prepared by such cooks, and for more than fifty people, all strong and hearty, hale and healthy, was indeed "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Contrary to modern usage, Mr. and Mrs. Brantly waited on the tables, and with good grace replied to the many jokes thrown at them.

Late in the afternoon the heaping of the logs was completed, and then for the third and last time that day, the demijohn went around. It disappeared without leaving a sign of intemperance behind it. Supper was next in order.

The great "new ground" awaited only the burning of the log heaps to be ready for the plow. Such clearings continued many years; but became smaller and smaller until the grand old forests,

with their "droves" and "gangs" of animal life, have almost disappeared; and the hamadryad, which is said to die with the tree it lives in, the regular seasons, the uniform fall of rain, and the equable temperature of the air we breathe, have all gone with them. Our once valuable chestnut timber and the spreading grape vine which ran upon the ground, or climbed upon the tree, some of whose fruit was more delicious than any found in modern vineyards, have also gone with them.

Most of the few remaining forest pines are taking the dry-rot, orchards are failing, walnuts, hickory nuts, and acorns are smaller, and water in springs, wells, branches, creeks and rivers is becoming less and less every year; so much so, that the historic fish has small chance to live in this country.

While all these things were going other things have been coming. Long, dry summers, irregular rains, malarial diseases, howling storms and terrific lightnings are more frequent and severe than when breathing forest leaves and clear running water equalized the furies. The Colorado beetle, the San Jose scale, the boll weevil, the curculio, the cabbage snake and other plant and tree life-destroyers have invaded the land without an invitation, and the indications are that they have come to stay.

The history of Greece, Egypt, Palestine and Spain contains full-page illustrations which show that there is not a nation on the globe which has not, in the course of centuries, declined in proportion to the disappearance of its forests. What a pity that our forefathers did not study the improvement of land instead of exposing such a vast area to the burning sun and drying winds.

CHAPTER II.

THE DANCE AT DUNSON'S AND PREACHING AT THE SCHOOL HOUSE.

With the return of the logrollers the last rays of the setting sun, coming over a vast extent of forest reaching all the way to the Pacific shore, brought with them a green-tinted haze, which, uniting with the gold of the sun and the blue of the sky, spread a glow along the western horizon that seemed to bathe the earth in iridescent vapor everywhere. As this began to disappear in the coming darkness supper was announced.

As usual, the quilting was greatly enjoyed by all. The ladies threaded their needles and talked, quilted and talked, "laid off shells" and talked, "rolled the quilt" and talked, "cut threads" and talked, and talked, until there came a thoughtful pause. This was finally broken by Mrs. Emory, Eunice's mother, saying slowly:

"Did you ever! Married a man to whom she never spoke before, and on short notice, at that!"

"No, I never! Though as Brother Rogers says he is all right, and is such a splendid-looking fellow, for my part, can not say that Idalone is to blame," said another.

"No, not to blame; but I should have wanted a longer courtship—there's lot's of fun in courting," said still another.

"To be married in the woods, under a great spreading tree, on a lovely carpet of flowers, love, courtship and marriage, all in less than an hour, and at a logrolling at that, is no everyday business. As for me I don't blame Idalone one bit," said Miss Medoline Callahan, whose family name is still well known.

"Neither do I. It is really so romantic that I want my wedding, if I ever have one, to be just like Idalone's," said Blanche Chandler, whose family name is also extensively known.

"That is all right, but this quilt will soon be finished; and it will take all the girls here to wrap it around Mr. Dunson and carry him to supper. So let's talk about that; there's lots of fun ahead. What you say, girls?" asked Mrs. Mildred Gathright, wife of

Miles Gathright, who was the first settler on the banks of the Oconee below the present iron bridge.

It may be explained here that on all similar occasions it was customary to wrap the new quilt around the gentleman of the house, seat him at the table, and serve him while the guests were taking their places. All knew that Mr. Dunson would resist this part of the ceremony "just for the fun of the thing," and he was so big and strong that he was sometimes dreaded.

By and by the quilt was unrolled, the supper tables were ready, but Mr. Dunson could not be found. He had concealed himself. At last he was discovered in the barn, and such a scuffle followed that the cows jumped out of the cowpen and ran to the woods. He finally submitted, however, the quilt was closely wrapped around his huge form, and to the tune "Granny Will Your Dog Bite?" he was marched to the head of the table. He was bountifully supplied with good things, and to use the words of one who was present, "he looked like a bear sitting on the stump of a bee-tree licking of his chops." He was a dark man of august presence.

Supper was over and the new quilt carefully folded away. The services of Jim Beasley, "the breakdown" fiddler of the times, had been secured to furnish music for the coming dance, which was to begin at 8 o'clock, sharp. The great house-clock, some seven feet high, was closely watched. The long pendulum moved back and forth in measured swing until the appointed hour was nearly reached. Jim Beasley began to tighten his fiddle strings. He "tuned and tuned" until the desired tension was reached. As a matter of respect, it was not customary for women to enter the first dance. Eight men, four sets, led by Brantly, stood upon the floor. Sque-squa-squo-ske-e-e-au-au-squeak! went the fiddle. "Face your partners" called the leader, and to the air of "Billy in the Low Ground," the first dance was on. It was a rigadon, and round and round went the men. Passed through opposite ranks, and then dashed on with the "double-shuffle," "jump jim crow," "cut the pigeon wing," and the "hop over the moon," to the finish.

Men looked on with their hands in their pockets, women patted their feet; all eager "to trip their own light, fantastic toes." Old Terpsichore had turned loose his jolly forces.

The next dance was called the Laedan, or Leader. It required only one performer, who was expected to illustrate every distinct movement or step to be taken that night. The man selected for that purpose was Toby Bradshaw, commonly called Tobe Bratcher. He was a small man of wonderful activity and well versed in the mazes of the dance.

Again the fiddle gave the signal and Tobe flitted across the floor like a phantom, and to the tune of "Sally in the Wildwoods," illustrated the next dance, called the Bolero. When through with the round dance, he bowed, and stood to one side. This was the signal for all the ladies who intended to dance that night to arrange themselves in a circle, and in such order that the leader, or teacher, could pass around and between them, and thus readily see all they were expected to do themselves. When through, Tobe gave a forward and backward movement, so quick and intricate that the step was called, "do it if you can."

That closed the object lesson, and it was well given. Then small bronzed pitchers containing something to drink went round. All, men, women and children, drank heartily; but it was metheglin, a delicious beverage made of clear spring water, honey and spice.

A running conversation followed, and then came the Bolero. 9 chair was placed on a table at one end of the room, and to this elevated seat Tobe Bratcher was lifted by Natty Gore, who handed him a long wand made of turkey feathers. This he waved around his head, and then brought it to an upright position between his feet. This was the beginning signal. Beasley's long-drawn bow and Tobe's gently waiving wand, say, "all is ready." Mr. and Mrs. Brantly led the van, and away and away they go to the mellow, persuasive strains of "Over the Hills and Far Away." Still on they rush in perfect order and in rhythmic time, the wand is waved quickly back and forth, the speed increases, Jim Beasley is in all his glory, his fiddle trembles to the vibrations of its music, the floor heaves up and down, dogs, sitting on the doorsteps, howl; cats, with hair erect, leave the room, and the crickets hush.

The company becomes unconscious of all things else; the dancers are electrified, the wand directs all in utter silence, and the dogs howl on.

Finally the wand was again brought to a perpendicular and the dance closed. Everybody was in a good humor, and Mr. Dunson threw great chunks of meat to the dogs to stop the howling. A general conversation followed and perhaps some particular courting, as that very night William Howington and George Wilson fell in love with the girls whom they afterwards married.

Thus the exercises continued, unabated, until old Chanticleer, from some distant tree-top, announced the coming day. Jim Beasley wrapped his fiddle in a blanket, Tobe Bratcher came down from his perch, and reluctantly most of the assembled guests began to disperse. Not one of them was in any way under the influence of strong drink; nor had any girl there ever seen a young man drunk, or with a hip-pocket in his trousers.

The foregoing is given as an illustration of life in old times; and it yet remains to give some further account of those mentioned as actors in them.

About half mile east of S. W. Jackson's mill, there was a small log cabin in which W. T. Brantly had taught school, and there Revs. Therrauld and Rogers had an appointment to preach on the night of the dance. Being amply provided with a supply of good things, they left the logrolling in time to reach the school house about sundown. Though on foot they had their blankets and provisions with them, and the country being thinly settled they prepared to stay all night. Of course they expected a small congregation, for there were not enough people within a reasonable distance to make a large one.

Having eaten their supper and swept the house with pine-top brooms, they separated and went to the woods to pray. Imagine two such men, in the fast-gathering darkness of a wilderness, at prayer amid its dismal solitude. It seems much like the custom of their Divine Leader, who "went into a mountain apart to pray."

While thus engaged the few people in the country began to assemble, and the preachers gladly joined them. After services it was found that every man and woman present, except two or

three who were already members, joined the church, some to go to Cabin Creek, where Mr. Rogers was pastor, others to Oconee where Dr. Therrauld had charge.

It was at this meeting in the woods that the well-known Capt. Tom Stapler, father of Jeff Stapler, Esq., of Newton, joined the church, and afterwards became one of the standard bearers of Cabin Creek. He had a good practical education, taught school, and in other capacities served the public faithfully.

It was the Capt. Tom Stapler who, during the alarmingly dry summer of 1845, proposed to turn a regular meeting into a prayer service, and pray for rain exclusively. Strange, some of the members objected, but Mr. Stapler succeeded in having a prayer-meeting appointed for the next service.

Rev. Jesse Human who lived near where Mountain Creek church now stands, was pastor at Cabin Creek, and as he ascended the pulpit steps to offer the first intercessory prayer, Brother Stapler, in a voice louder than he had ever before spoken in a church, cried out, "Pray for a soaker, Brother Human." Let unbelievers scoff if they will; but it soon rained, and the people made enough corn that year to tide them on to another.

It was also this Capt. Tom Stapler, who as far as I have been able to learn, was the only man ever summoned to appear before any tribunal in this country to answer to the charge of being a Free Mason.

Though some twenty-five years after Western New York was agitated by the "Morgan heresy," as it was called, an account of it, though dead in its own house, reached the ears of the most inconsistent members of Cabin Creek church. Believing all they had heard was true, and wanting to believe it, and being joined by others, they caused Brother Stapler to be cited "to appear before the church in conference assembled, to then and there answer to the charge of being a Free Mason, contrary to the teaching and belief of said church."

The contest was long, and, in some respects bitter. Rank contentions seemed to be hovering in the air. Unity Lodge of Jefferson, of which brother Stapler was a member, went to his assistance. Other lodges sent their ablest members consisting of min-

isters of the gospel, lawyers, and high-school and college professors, to help him. Here came another difficulty as hard to decide as the other. Should these "outsiders" be admitted to the conference was the question. After a sharp contest the church by a small majority permitted them "to talk but not vote."

And they did talk. They had not come with any expectation of voting. After a defense perhaps as able as any ever made in the country, the defendant went forth, as he so richly deserved, a member of the church and of the Masonic Lodge in good standing. At last in ripe old age, he approached his grave—

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

—Bryant.

The fraternity which he so well and so faithfully exemplified, buried him with Masonic honors in the latter sixties of the last century.

Dr. Henry Therrauld, as shown elsewhere, was one of the leading spirits at Tumbling Shoals. As no account of his untimely death could be given there, an outline of the sad incident may be stated here. Though only a few friendly Indians remained in the immediate vicinity, quite a number who were openly hostile, roved along the western borders,* now in Hall County. They had never forgiven the "pale-faces" for shedding blood on their "holy ground," nor had their chief, Wautowauto, abandoned his purpose to recapture the white girls, Flora Clover and Susan Bingham, whom he had stolen from their parents at Yamacutah.

A few weeks after the meeting at the Brantly school house, a party of fifteen Indians were seen to enter the dense canebreak which grew on both sides of the river a little above the Hurricane Shoals. The ever wide-awake citizens of Tumbling Shoals rushed to their arms, and in a short time a company of twenty determined men, led by the heroic Henry Therrauld, marched up the river to find them. Jordan Clark and John Harris were sent out as scouts and in the early part of the afternoon reported that the foe was

*Charles H. Smith's "History of Georgia," page 53.—Ed.

encamped about the center of the canebreak, and that sentinels were on the outskirts. It was then seen that the enemy intended to remain there until night, and from thence make their intended assault upon the Shoals after dark.

After consultation, the leader determined to post his men in the immediate vicinity and attack the Indians as they emerged from their hiding place. While cautiously selecting a position on the hill which overlooks the Shoals from the north, they were seen going up the western bank of the river in full retreat. By some unknown means they had become alarmed. Immediate pursuit was ordered, and when, after a long chase it was found they were about to be overtaken, they crossed the river about where Dixon's bridge now is and made a stand among the very large trees which grew a few hundred yards above the crossing. They had doubtless left the canebrake because there was no such protection there.

Finding, as he expected, that the Indians were shielded by large trees, he divided his men into two squads, one led by Jordan Clark, going to the left. To prevent the danger of killing each other from opposite sides, it was understood that no firing was to be done when the squads were in range with the enemy, and that every possible advantage should be taken of the trees.

It was known that the few firearms carried by the foe were almost worthless in their hands, and that the tomahawk would be held for closer quarters. Poisoned arrows were of greatest concern, though at the time even that was not thought of.

The order to advance was given; a flight of arrows whizzed through the air. These did little damage, and on went the men. The tactics were new, even to the Indians. The trees offered but little protection. There was an enemy on both sides, and one of the foe fell at every crack of the rifle. Having noticed that no enemy was to be seen at an unusually large tree, Dr. Therrauld heedlessly went near it. As he did so, a long arm was seen to reach out from the tree, and at the same instant a tomahawk went crashing into his brain. The tree was hollow, and the Indian, Wautowauto, had concealed himself in it. John Harris, next in rear of his leader, threw an axe which he carried in his belt, at the

chief, and his bowels gushed out and fell at his feet before his body fell on them.

The death of their leader so maddened his followers that they made such a furious charge that every Indian, except two or three who saved themselves by flight, was slain, and several of these were shot when at full speed.

Dale Clover, Hiram Bingham and James Montgomery were badly, but not fatally hurt. Several others whose names are unknown were slightly hurt. Wautowauto, instigator of all the mischief, was left as he fell in the hollow of the tree. His bones were still there when Mr. Hinson Barr moved to that community some time in the thirties. The other Indians were buried in a flat now in cultivation, and where I have myself found various relics of the older time. The spot is near the ancient Nauhata,* an Indian town, where the aborigines of this county had many sanguinary conflicts before the Anglo-Saxon race ever trod its soil.

The almost idolized body of Dr. Therrauld was carefully, tenderly, lovingly carried to Tumbling Shoals, and, on top of the hill leading to the north, was buried somewhere near the spot where an unfrequented road passes the south corner of Mr. Davis' cotton field, where about one year ago, I gladly noticed that, in all probability, no ploughshare had passed over his hallowed grace to mark it for its own.

Perhaps Mr. Davis, or any one else in the community, does not know that he may sometimes walk over such sacred dust. Tread softly, brother, for—

“Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.”

—Longfellow.

Rev. James Rogers was a native Georgian, and came to this country in the early part of the last century. He became a prom-

*Note: The Editor visited the site of the town, Nauhata, in 1914. It is a short distance above Dixon bridge about three miles west of Maysville, Ga. The land is now owned by Mr. T. N. Highfill. We also saw the Indian “flood gauge.” It is a large boulder of granite just below the bridge. It

inent minister of the gospel in early life and from the beginning devoted himself to his high calling with a fervency and zeal which knew of no abatement. As shown by his conduct at the logrolling, he was a born leader, and always led to the satisfaction of others. In some of his views he was far in advance of the times in which he lived, and, realizing this, he often said he was "born too soon." Denominational strife was common and very bitter in those days, and both he and his co-laborer, Dr. Therrauld, were always conservative and peaceful along these lines. These two noble men were the first to sow the seeds of "peace and good will toward men" in Jackson County; and though they fell at first on stony ground, they finally began to spring up and grew into great trees under whose shades all classes may now meet and ask blessings of their common Heavenly Father.

While I do not believe that Clotho and her other companions have any control over the destinies of men, there is One who "shapes our ends;" and for some good reason these two leading pioneer ministers were taken, seemingly, in the prime of their glory and usefulness.

After the death of Dr. Therrauld, Mr. Rogers became pastor at Oconee, where he, like his predecessor, became much beloved. Some years after, when on his way to an appointment, an old tree killed him and the horse he was riding. The tree stood some three hundred yards west of the S. W. Jackson mill, and a little over half a mile from the Brantly school house. An hour or two before Mr. Rogers was killed, Hardy Rose, while passing, noticed that the old tree was leaning unusually far towards the road. He made several efforts to push it down, but failing, passed on without a thought of what was so soon to take place.

This pioneer preacher, James Rogers, was the grandfather of J. B. Rogers of Jefferson, [now Maysville] and were he living to-day would be proud to own his grandson as the worthy descendent of a noble sire.

is said that when any unusual rise in the river occurred, the Indians would mark the height to which the water rose by drilling a hole in the big rock. However the greater part of this "flood gauge" was used in the construction of the new bridge that now spans the river.

CHAPTER III.

BRANTLY CARRIES HIS BRIDE TO JEFFERSON.

William T. Brantly carried his bride to Jefferson on the third day after their marriage. They went on an ox cart drawn by two huge oxen called Buck and Ball, and carried with them such household property as the LeCain's could afford to give them. They lived in a small house near the white oak spring, a spot which has witnessed many curious things. Mr. Brantly was a school teacher, and also hunter and farmer. Mrs. Brantly followed her home life, picked seed out of cotton with her fingers, carded, spun and wove the lint, and of the cloth she cut and made her own and her husband's clothes. There is good evidence that they all had the appearance of being tailor made. To show her appreciation of Anaxicorn's curious wedding gift, she made moc-casins of deer skin and ornamented them with pretty designs in needle work; all for her husband, and he was proud to wear them on public occasions.

Being an educated man, Mr. Brantly finally sought a field more favorable to his growing reputation, and about 1820, moved to Richmond County, where, for want of further information, I leave him. This was a distinct loss to the county. He, however, had a cousin of the same name, Rev. W. T. Brantly, who in the early fifties was a professor in Franklin College, and at the same time pastor of Cabin Creek Church. Being called to a pastorate in Philadelphia, he died there a few years later.

As the use of oxen is not so common as in old times, it may be interesting to the young reader to know something more of them. A yoke of oxen was then called "owsen," as used in Scotland and the North of England to this time. They were almost exclusively used as draft animals. Horses only drew the plow—mules were unknown. The oxen which carried Mr. Brantly and his bride to their new home were unusually large. The spread of their horns was so great that they knocked against each other at almost every step so loudly that one on the road knew that the

LeCain oxen were coming before they were seen. In after years William Nash, one of the most famous fox-hunters in the country, gave a cow and calf for one of these horns, and Ras Stonum, his brother-in-law, gave a Ledford rifle and eleven ducks for its mate. These gentlemen were of first-class families, and great uncles of Hon. T. J. Shackelford of Athens.

For reasons that may hereafter appear, I have ever had a desire to know just what was the fate of the house in which Brantly lived at White Oak Spring; but have only learned that it was torn down and moved away; where, I do not know. It was standing in 1842, the year in which James Swetman was hanged for the murder of Tom White. On that day I was standing on the doorsill, thinking, in boyish fashion, of all I had ever heard of Mr. and Mrs. Brantly; and, while trying to compare their absence with what must have been their presence, the lines of a poem, which I had recently been trying to learn came into my mind and I repeated them aloud:

“Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire
Some spirit of the air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of fairy's frolic wing,
Receding now, the dying members ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well.”
—Scott.

While repeating the last line, with all the sadness I could command, I heard a little old dried-up-looking man say, “That boy is distracted and ought to be put in the calaboose.” I did not know just what a calaboose was, but thinking it something bad, I and my companion, Newton Barron, a great, loose-jointed boy, left for home without further warning.

As we passed near the jail, which stood where Dr. Walter Smith's office now is, we noticed that the door was open, and the great, ponderous shutter swaying back and forth in the wind. Finding that the little old man was not following us, we cautiously entered the gloomy house, and no one else being in there we roamed at will. The first thing noticed was a tin plate placed

on a joist overhead. I took it down and found that it contained two rashers of fried bacon, and three dark biscuits. From one biscuit a single bite had been taken, leaving the imprint of four teeth, a gap being between the first and third, showing that one front tooth was missing. The poor fellow who had just been hung had doubtless taken only one bite for his breakfast that morning, and the sign left by his teeth is now as plainly seen in memory as it was then seen with my eyes. While I was pondering over this silent reminder of a sad fate and Newt Barron was peeping into the gloomy dungeon below, the door shutter closed with a loud bang, and, as we thought, the little old man had us at last. We both jumped, Newt came near falling into the dungeon, the biscuits went rolling over the floor, and we rushed for the door. The shutter readily yielded; the wind had closed it, and seeing nothing of our supposed enemy, we hastened away.

Gendelph LeCain was of French descent, belonged to an aristocratic family, and had a liberal education. His character for truth and fair dealing was never called in question, which, together with his immense physical powers, gave him a hearty welcome into a new country where hardy manhood was required. Coming from Albemarle County, Va., the family claimed much friendship for Thomas Jefferson, the sage of Monticello; and Mr. LeCain insisted on doing things much like Mr. Jefferson did. For instance, he wore red "breeches," and hitched his horse to a short peg driven in the ground for the purpose, as Mr. Jefferson is said to have done, even in front of the capitol at Washington. The entire family was greatly devoted to each other, and when Mr. and Mrs. Brantly moved away Mr. and Mrs. LeCain went with them. Here was another great loss to the county, and the places which once knew them so well knew them no more.

William Dunson, having shown himself to be a successful farmer and a substantial citizen, moved to Troup County, Georgia, in the early thirties, where he became a large planter. He returned only one time, and wearing an elegant suit of black broadcloth which cost him \$14 per yard, he made a fine appearance. Though proud, he was not haughty, and those who lived near him said he was

“one of the best neighbors in the world.” He left four sons here, and some of their descendents are still living in the county.

It is curious to know that Linton Dunson, a great-grandson of William Dunson, married Miss Sallie Rogers, a great granddaughter of Rev. James Rogers, and they, too, live here.

Thus the race still continues, but all the old folks are gone. Life is a continual stream ever freighted with passengers bound for eternity! How vast the sweep of its dismal tide from Abel, the first passenger, to the last who “shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death.”

George Wilson, a near neighbor and close friend of William Dunson, was a native of Dublin, Ireland, where he was educated. He came from Iredell County, N. C., to this part of the country in 1784, only a few months after the first settlement at Tumbling Shoals. He was a master workman at almost any trade known to the times, and only a few years ago a chimney which he built was torn down by an unappreciative hand. I have heard it said that the men who located Jefferson were drunk; but *George Wilson, James Pittman and Josiah Easley, the committee who located the place, did not drink at all, were never drunk in their lives. I prophesy that within the next decade Jefferson will become one of the most beautiful towns in the country. The contour of the land and the ready water supply are eminently favorable to this view. A reasonable sum of money at the disposal of a competent engineer is all that is needed. This little digression is not at all in the way, because it gives the truth.

George Wilson was also largely instrumental in the organization of Sandy Creek Presbyterian church, and was one of its first Ruling Elders. W. T. Brantly and all the LeCain family were members of that church. Being elected a delegate to the convention called to revise the constitution of the state, he at once became a leader, and finally wrote and signed the revision made.

A giant himself, he was greatly interested in the Dunson log-rolling, and dearly loved to see “the boys,” as he called them, put forth their strength. He clapped his hands and shouted when he

*George Wilson, James Pittman with Joseph Humphries were delegates to the Constitutional Convention of 1798, from this county.—Ed.

saw that Idalone LeCain's last step with her heavy burden was just as firm and steady as her first one had been, and that she was still unconquered, even by so powerful a man as his Brother Brantly.

The big poplar log on the flat rock was also of much interest to Mr. Wilson, and so was Franklin College, at Athens, then struggling under great difficulties, into existence. By Mr. Dunson's ready permission, he had the log sawed into lumber with what was called a rip-saw. A pit was dug near the rock, the log was rolled over it, one man stood in the pit, two or more upon a platform above, and pulled and pushed a long saw, having horizontal handles, up and down until a line was sawed. This was a slow and laborious process; and consequently, then, when timber was in the way, it was a much more difficult matter to get sawed lumber than it is now when there is so little timber to be found.

Being a college man himself, George Wilson wanted to do something for Franklin College, not in a financial way, but as a memorial of it. Accordingly, he sent three cart-loads of his poplar lumber to Athens, and it became some part of a house which was then being built on the college campus. As far back as the fifties, I made many efforts to trace this lumber further, but was unable to find any part of it. He also sent a fourth cart-load to Jefferson, and Mr. Brantly made a loft in his house with it. I stood under it when I made my "distracted" recitation from Scott, and hence my desire to know what became of the house.

In old age, when the machinery was run down, and not of disease, George Wilson died, and was buried in sight of the flat rock on which he stood and shouted for very gladness when Idalone LeCain achieved her victory.

Five years after his burial an old white-haired man appeared in the community and said that he wanted to see George Wilson. When told that he was dead he sat down and cried bitterly. He at last became calm, and by request was conducted to the grave. There his tears again began to flow and nothing could induce him to leave the grave. He remained there until next morning, when George Wilson, Jr., went to look after him. Still refusing to

leave, George carried him in his arms to his house, where he was induced to eat a little. He soon returned to the grave, and sitting flat upon the ground, remained there all day, and the next morning was found dead on the spot where he had last been seen in a sitting posture. And he, too, lies buried there in an unknown grave.

Many efforts were made to get the old man to talk; but he paid no attention whatever to any question asked after the first one was answered. His long white hair reached to his shoulders, and when the wind was blowing, it waived around his head in such ghostly fashion that, when seen at a graveyard in the night, the bravest either stopped to think, or resolved to increase speed, generally the latter. Two such incidents happened during the stranger's stay at George Wilson's grave, and some people lived and died in the full belief that the white-haired old man was a very ghost. This, or something like this, is about the explanation of all ghost stories.

Moses Vincent, son-in-law of George Wilson, was a dapper little man, and almost as irritable as a hornet. He was, however, one of the best of workers; and for Moses Vincent to say he was going to do anything was almost equivalent to saying it was done. When at any kind of work he thrashed away like men do when killing snakes. Though not one of the poplar log team, he was present as busy as, and louder than, the biggest man there. He is introduced here because he hauled his father-in-law's poplar lumber to Athens. He carried it on an ox cart whose wheels were made of solid blocks of timber cut from a huge blackgum tree. They were made with solid hubs on them and consequently did not wobble much. The rims of the wheels were protected by white oak tires, which had to be frequently renewed. To prevent them from creaking on their axles, pine leaves were used instead of common pine tar. Such a cart drawn by big oxen over the campus of the State University to-day, would create so great a sensation that everybody would be wanting to ride.

The gum trees which then grew in the swamps were sometimes of immense size. I now have, in everyday use, a gum* which was

*This old gum is now in Mrs. Maggie Johnson's possession.—Ed.

cut in one of these swamps by George Wilson, Sr., in 1785. Though not the largest cut, it holds about eight bushels, is three feet high, and the wood is not more than an inch thick at any place, all hollowed out by the hand of nature.

Mrs. Polly Vincent, wife of Moses, had spun and woven enough cloth to make her two or three counterpanes to spread over her well-filled feather beds on Sundays. They were striped both ways, and were called checkered counterpanes. The stripes were blue, white and copperas, and about three inches wide. After making her counterpanes, Polly found that she had nearly two yards left. Moses wanted a pair of breeches made of this remnant; and though she demurred, he insisted, and the breeches were made.

About that time, the famous Lorenzo Dow and his wife, Peggy, were making a tour through this part of the country. One Saturday they had an appointment to preach at Black's Creek church, where Moses was a member in good standing. Wanting, as he said, "to hear a woman preach before he died," he was anxious to attend and wear his new breeches. The time came, and Moses pulled himself into his pants. They were so tight that he could not stoop down and Polly had to tie his shoes. He hesitated to wear them; but she laughed at him so heartily that he got mad, and declared he would go "breeches or no breeches." So, by going to a stump, he "wiggled" on his horse, and away he went; but he could not bend his legs enough to keep his feet in the stirrups. Near the church, he met a traveling stranger, who exclaimed:

"Good morning, sir, to your big striped breeches!"

"None of your business, sir, what sort of breeches I wear," snapped Moses.

"I know," replied the man, "but you look so funny, you must excuse me."

"Excuse the d—I!"

"No, not him, but me."

"Light, and I'll thrash you."

"You can't light with them tight breeches on; so I'll go."

"Go and be durned," was the reply, and the traveler rode away, laughing.

Moses waited until the stranger was out of sight, and he was so mad that he turned and went back home. He afterwards burned his "big striped breeches," because, as he said, "the d——d things kept him from hearing a woman preach."

Mr. Vincent was a strictly honest and successful farmer. He finally moved to Habersham County, where he died somewhere in the early forties. Some of his relatives still live here.

CHAPTER IV.

GABE NASH SPELLS "TIZIC."

James Nash, father of William Nash, came with other early settlers to this county, where he followed farming nearly all his life. His industrious habits and good management soon enabled him to accumulate a considerable fortune; and, being the soul of honor and a Christian gentleman without blemish, he made good use of it. His position at the poplar log showed his physical strength, and he was in every other way equally strong.

He finally settled about four miles below Commerce, on the Clarkesville road, where he built the best and most elegant residence then in the county. It afterwards became a public inn and was favorably known to the traveling public both far and near. This house and all the improvements on the place were totally destroyed by a cyclone on Feb. 19, 1884. His daughter, Miss Mary Nash, was fatally wounded and some of the family of his grandson, C. T. Nash, who then lived there, were blown high up into the shade trees; but did not get seriously hurt.

Mrs. Margerette Thornton, who recently died in Texas at the age of 100 years, was James Nash's daughter, and widow of Micajah Thornton, who was born near old Etoho church before it became Oconee.

The celebrated Gabriel Nash, Esq., who died in Madison County many years ago, was James Nash's son and a pupil of William T. Brantly near John Borders' mill, now the Jackson mill. Perhaps a friendly controversy which took place between the teacher and pupil may be worth repeating. Walker's dictionary was then used, and one day the teacher gave out the word "phthisic." When it had reached Gabriel no one had spelled it, and he bawled out "t-i-z-i-c, tizic." The teacher shook his head and finally had to spell it for his class.

"Are you sure," asked Nash, "that p-h-t-h-i-s-i-c spells tizic?"

"I'll leave it to Walker," replied the teacher.

"Mr. Brantly," said Nash respectfully, "I like you too well to dispute your word, and it's Walker, himself, that is wrong."

"What will you do for a standard?" was asked.

"Make one for myself," was the reply, and the lesson went on pleasantly.

In after years, when Gabriel Nash was a leading lawyer at the bar and such men as Howell and Tom Cobb dreaded his biting sarcasm and his bold assaults, he had a case in court which, in some way, involved the estate of a man who had died with the phthisic. In making out his briefs it became necessary for him to use the name of the disease with which the man died. Though frequently used, he invariably wrote the word "tizic." Judge Charles Dougherty, a man who always insisted on doing everything precisely right, was on the bench, and ordered Mr. Nash to change his spelling.

"Please, your Honor, what difference does it make for a man to die with two h's or without any. He's dead, and that's all there is of it."

He took his seat and nothing more was said about the troublesome word. He had made and followed his standard.

Mrs. James Nash, nee Miss Margerette Long, was loved and honored by all the people. No being lived, however obscure or mean, that she failed to treat kindly. She was a near relative of Dr. Crawford W. Long, but she died before he became famous. She and her husband sleep the sleep of the good in plain view of the desolate spot which was once their pleasant home.

Robert Wilson, son of George Wilson, Sr., was the first boy born within the present limits of Jackson County and the first native citizen to leave it. Like his father and brothers, he was a giant in size; and being a blacksmith, the strength in his arm was enormous. He forged all the iron work that was used in the old jail at Jefferson. In this he was assisted by James Goode, the first man ever confined within the walls which he had labored to make strong. He was afterwards hung for the murder of his child, which a woman required him to put out of the way before she would marry him. It is all well and much better that that

woman's people were then, and still are, among the best people in the country.

The above is a remarkable paragraph, which I failed to notice until after it was written. First son born; first to leave county; first substantial jail; first prisoner; first murderer legally punished; first hung.

Robert Wilson married Miss Aseneath Winburn, whose father lived near Black's Creek church. A little more than a year ago I passed by the old Winburn burying ground and paused to think of the changes which the ever onward rush of years reveals to the eyes of an old man. Elberta peach trees and cotton were growing all over and around the graves of an entire family, except one son, Elsworth Winburn, who fell at the side of David Crockett at the battle of the Alamo, Texas, March 6, 1836. As the song says, "What one man loses another one gains."

Soon after Robert Wilson married he went with his bride to Tennessee, and I have never heard anything more of him, except that he lived in the neighborhood of James K. Polk, and left many descendants there.

Drury Gee was by direct descent an Englishman of pure Saxon blood. He came to this county from North Carolina in 1785 as a follower of George Wilson and Notty Gore, and settled near Black's Creek church, now in Madison County. He was a revolutionary soldier and fought under Washington all the way from the crossing of the Delaware to Yorktown. He belonged to the same regiment that boasted of the names of Jackson Clark, Jacob Bankston, John Harris, Dale Clover and Henry Therrauld. When Tumbling Shoals was threatened with an enemy, Drury Gee flew to the aid of his friends there with all possible speed, and was always an ally of first importance. The news of the invasion of Wautowauto did not reach him in time for the battle among the trees; but he was at the burying of Dr. Therrauld and wept over the loss of his dear friend and fellow soldier at a "time that tried men's souls."

Because of his powers and endurance he was called "The Iron Man," and he well merited the title. Though of medium size, his muscles bulged from his arms in great, cord-like knots; and for

this reason he was always one of the team of men who carried big logs. Foot-racing was a leading sport of the times, and as dearly loved by Drury Gee as the smoker loves his pipe. When "on the turf," as he called it, he was never known to be in the rear. When the news of Wautowauto's descent upon Tumbling Shoals reached him he arrived at the place on foot, carrying a heavy rifle twelve miles, in advance of two boys, James Wilson and Samuel Gore, who followed him on horseback. Before sundown of that day every available man and boy at and around the Groaning Rock settlement was at Tumbling Shoals, all heavily armed. It was thus that the scattered inhabitants of the country flew to the assistance of each other, and they always went to hurt.

Mr. Gee was eminently a man of peace and a gentleman; but it was dangerous business "to tread upon his toes." This was never known to be tried but one time. John Shoemaker, a very large man and a self-styled "bully," though not a citizen, while passing through the country heard of Drury Gee. He sent him word that he could either whip him or throw him down in a rough and tumble scuffle. They met and Gee told him that he would throw him down first and thrash afterwards. This made the "bully" mad, and they went together with a clash. At the second pass Gee threw him on his back so violently that, though he tried, he could not turn over. Gee then carried him to a heavy rail fence, put his head between two rails that would not choke him, took off one of his heavy shoes and gave him a good "spanking." The man soon began to beg for mercy, Gee deliberately released him, they shook hands and parted in peace. Shoemaker never returned to the settlement. This was characteristic of the times—no pistol, no knife, no threats—nothing but the closing of the fingers together.

Some years after this, while Drury Gee was cutting sprouts in his new ground, he felt a sharp pain in the big toe of his right foot. He gave it little attention at first, but in a few days his entire foot began to swell and turn blue. Sharp pains began to shoot up his leg and the swelling increased to an alarming extent. The nearest physician was Dr. Hopson, at Jefferson. Samuel Gore, son of Notty, and the boy that went with James Wilson to

Tumbling Shoals, being a bold and reckless rider, went after him. In due time, the doctor arrived, and after examination decided that amputation of the leg was the only chance to save his life. Mr. Gee consented. The knives and saws, the bandages, thread and needles, usually carried by a surgeon in those days were placed on a shelf in plain view of the sufferer. James Montgomery, Hiram Bingham, Notty Gore and James Wilson were the special attendants. They placed Mr. Gee on a heavy, rough table which stood near the shelf. Everything was ready. The reader may think that all those strong men were there to hold Mr. Gee! Oh, no, not that! They were there to wait on the surgeon, and Mrs. Gee and others were there to wait on them. Crawford W. Long had never been heard of; anesthesia was unknown.

Mr. Gee is pale; but his eyes which had faced so many dangers unmoved, are calm and glittering. A death-like silence reigns, the first incision is made, the cutting goes on and on, the arteries are tied and tied, the bone is reached! The cruel saw begins its work, slowly, slowly, carefully, lower and lower go its slurring teeth, all grim with blood and marrow; and lower, lower still, until it ceases to move—stop!—the leg is off!

Neither groan nor sigh had escaped the lips of the sufferer. No wonder he was called "The Iron Man."

Mr. Gee's leg was well in reasonable time, and for twelve months he went on one crutch as cheerful and determined as he had ever been. But, it is painful to ever write it—his left big toe became affected as the other had been. The disease spread as before, and again amputation became necessary. The same surgeon performed the operation as successfully as before. When Dr. Hopson thought his patient out of danger, he playfully asked Mr. Gee what he intended to do. "Lie here and kick up my heels, I reckon," was the dry reply. A legless man kicking up his heels!

Mr. Gee lived only a few years after his last leg was cut off. He was buried at Black's Creek church, and "He whose memory deserves a temple," now sleeps in a grave unmarked. In 1854 two small stones indicated the exact spot, but in 1880 even these

were gone. It is between the graves of Mesdames Polly McGinnis and Eveline Baugh, mother of the late W. C. Baugh of Maysville.

Samuel Gore, already incidentally mentioned, was not remarkable for anything except his physical strength and the bold, reckless way he had of doing things. As the escapade he had on the night he went for Dr. Hopson will illustrate this feature, it may be given here.

As a matter of fun and daring, Sam rode the Shaddon steer, and when he reached Curry's creek a little below the present rock dam, where the banks were about thirty feet apart, the steer, becoming shy of the rippling water as it glittered in the moonshine, utterly refused to cross. Sam wore a heavy, home-made iron spur on each heel, and digging these into the sides of the animal, he made the opposite bank at three jumps. Having no mane to hold by, he dugged his spurs still deeper to keep from falling off. This so enraged the steer that he threw up his tail to an angle of about ninety degrees and he and his rider went dashing through the little town like they had been shot out of a cannon. It was in the early part of the night but Mrs. Lucy Hyde happened to see them, and having a milk cow about the same color of the steer, she hastened to tell her husband that, "The devil had taken her cow and gone off on her back like a streak of lightning!" Others had heard "the rippet," as they termed the stampede, and this, when added to Mrs. Hyde's somewhat exaggerated story, created much excitement.

The rider, being strong and athletic, after making a wide circuit, finally brought the steer under control. When he reached the court-house on his return the square around it was thronged with people trying to find an explanation of what they heard, and Mrs. Hyde saw. The explanation was easy, a hearty laugh went around, and Sam hastened to the doctor's office.

Some one of the town wrote a song to celebrate the occasion. It began with the following lines:

"The devil came in town to-night,
But didn't come to stay,
He came upon his steer all right,
But rode our cow away."

This doggerel, sang to a lively air, became popular all over the county; and as late as 1836, when a company of volunteers was going West to help carry the Indians away, all sang this song as they went through Jefferson. Sam Gore himself, and his neighbor, the ill-fated Levi Quintus Curtius McGinnis, were members of the company and joined in the singing of the song.

Some Gore died near Ross' Landing, now Chattanooga, and though rough in some of his ways, he had a kind heart and was a true and faithful friend. McGinnis returned, and I was a pupil in his school nine days.

Jim Beasley, the fiddler, though of fair moral character, was a good-for-nothing sort of fellow. He was so kind-hearted that like Diogenes, he had "nothing for himself and everything for others." A good fiddler for the times, he played at public gatherings, and for that he generally received good wages. Though he seldom worked long at one place, he was industrious, and gave good satisfaction. A bird of passage, he finally disappeared and no one knew from whence he came nor whither he went.

Thomas Perry, Sr., came to this county in the early years of the last century. He was a small man of quiet manners and of unquestioned good character. Though he sometimes took his dram, he never drank to excess, and lived on friendly terms with all his neighbors. He was one of those rare men who joked and took jokes without offense to either party. A man could not be found who disliked him, nor was he ever known to speak disrespectfully of another. "Geewhillicans" was his favorite by-word, and introductory to almost everything he said. An oath seemed to rasp and grate upon his feelings like a saw across his breast, and he would not remain where one was uttered. He was certainly a fine character and worthy of all praise.

He settled one and a half miles south of Commerce, where he opened a farm, made a good living by his own industry and by attending to his own business without any interference whatever with the business of others.

He was a neighbor of George Wilson, Sr., and one of the men who labored faithfully to alleviate the suffering condition of the strange old man who died at his grave. For several years be-

fore his death he was confined to his bed with the shaking palsy, which, at a ripe old age, wore out the finely woven tissues of his life. He died as he had lived, without an enemy, and was buried near his home on a plat of ground selected by himself. Mrs. J. W. Lord of Jefferson is his granddaughter.

Notty Gore came to this country from Ireland and settled near where J. J. Dunson, grandson of William Dunson, now lives. As his place at the logrolling showed, he was one of the men of the times. Though disposed to be peaceful, he was a terrible antagonist when aroused; but this never occurred on his own motion. Though a true Celt, he soon became Americanized in all respects except two or three. He never did become reconciled to reptiles and ghosts. He was more afraid of snakes and lizzards than he was of the wolves and panthers that were his near neighbors. "Ather Sent Pathric must come to Ar-mer-i-ca, or Notty Go-re must go back to I-re-land," was his common saying. Notty was one of the two men who saw the "ghost" at the grave during the first night the white-haired old man stayed there.

"Faith an' begorra," exclaimed Notty, "that's George come afther me, an' I'm not er goin' at all, at all!" and off he went at full speed. Though so strong, he was clumsy, and could run neither far nor fast. James Wilson, who was on his way to see about the strange old man, met Notty about the time he became exhausted and fell sprawling on the ground.

"Jamie! Jamie! och! honey, me darlint! it's yer fa-ther that's afther me, an' I'm all not wantin' ter go!" said the Irishman, as he lay panting, flat on his back.

Finally, becoming pacified, James and his brother, George Wilson, Jr., went home with Notty and many good laughs went around. Though so nervous about such minor things, Notty Gore was as brave as a lion when facing real danger. To illustrate this, the following incident may be given:

William Sailers, the ten-year old son of Christopher Sailers, Sr., was attacked by a gang of wolves in hearing of Mr. Gore. As usual, he had with him a very heavy hickory club which he called "his shillalah," and, in his hands, was a formidable

weapon. Judging by the noise he knew that the wolves had brought something to bay and he ran as fast as he could to see what was the matter. He soon discovered a little boy sitting some seven or eight feet above the ground, in the crotch of a small dogwood tree, and that six or seven wolves were jumping and snapping at him. Without hesitation he joined battle; and though he was bitten in several places and his clothes badly torn, he killed every one of the wolves with his terrible club and stamped upon their tails. Old hunters said that if you mashed the tail of an animal none of its species would bother you afterwards. Hence the vulgar saying—"mashed his tail." The shepherd dog seems to know something of this "tailology." The first snap is at the tail of his enemy, and, generally, that ends the dispute.

The battle over, Mr. Gore placed his back against the dogwood, the little boy crawled upon his broad shoulders, and in that position was carried home. The older generation of the Sailers family thought of Notty Gore as the world, for less reason, thinks of Alexander the Great.

At that time, Mr. Gore was the only member of the Roman Catholic church in the country and said that if he had not counted his beads that morning he never would have gained the victory in the wolf fight.

He became a chair-maker by trade, and by using a foot-lathe, turned and made the first split-bottomed chairs seen in the county. They were large and heavy, and made to last for generations. His wife, Oeschellee Gore, died a few years after reaching her wilderness home, and left two children, Samuel and a little daughter, who soon followed the mother.

Many years after Notty Gore joined his wife and children where, Dante like, "few want to go, but going never to return"—and the Gore family was extinct in this country. For reasons that appear in the closing paragraphs of this narrative, he was buried at the side of his life-long friends, and at the very spot, reserved for the purpose, where the mysterious stranger died.

Notty Gore and George Wilson came, almost as one man, to America, and joined the army under Washington just before the

capture of Fort Lee in 1776. There they were taken prisoners, but soon after escaped, and, being cut off from their command, they went to Philadelphia. While there they fell in love with the girls who afterwards became their wives. Wilson married Miss Martha Gevendoline Gailey, a native of Scotland, and Gore married her sister, Miss Oeschellee Gailey. Carrying their wives with them, they again entered the army in time to be in the battle of Brandywine.

At the battle of Monmouth they were both severely wounded, but the nursing of their "good angels," as they called their wives, finally saved their lives. However, they were not able to do active service again until a short while before the fall of Yorktown, which they reached the day after Cornwallis surrendered, Oct. 19, 1781. Like Othello, their "occupation was gone."

They turned to the west, and reaching Iredell County, N. C., remained there about two years, and then came to Georgia.

It is strange that these two soldiers, who had never heard of Clark, Bankston, Harris, Clover, Therrauld, or Gee should almost tread in the footprints of these strangers from Yorktown to the same wilderness in Georgia. Was this a coincidence—a chance, or was it a single turn in the whirligig of time which has, turn after turn, brought Jackson County to adopt the motto—"Onward! and to the Front?"

Note: The foregoing is a fine illustration of "old times on the farm." Many of our older readers can remember when the logrollings were an annual occurrence on all the farms in the spring of the year. Even the little "brown jug," the dance, quilting and maybe the wedding at some of them, can be called to mind.—Ed.

CELL NO. 21.

CHAPTER 1.

THE "A" FAMILY.

In 1833 there lived on Pea Ridge, near Winder, a remarkable family which was extensively known by the curious designation of "The Letter A." The father, Alexis Alston,* was an able and consecrated minister of the Baptist church, and the mother, Mrs. Almeda Alston, was known and loved throughout the country for her many Christian virtues. They had nine sons, Albert, Alpheus, Almarine, Alpha, Augustus, Alford, Adolphus, Alphonso, and Abraham; also two daughters, Artemisia and Alto. Though so numerous all their names begin with A, and when one spoke of himself it was a matter of pride to say, "I am one of the A family."

While all were good-looking and of excellent character, none of the children were married. The Alstons were not wealthy, but in easy circumstances, making their living by hard work and good management. Mrs. Alston was educated and refined, and being aided by her husband, was eminently successful in educating her children.

Living in a new country, far away from the busy hum of life as now heard in that section; having few neighbors, no schools, and but one church within easy reach, we might suppose that the Alstons led an isolated life. Such, however, was not the case. They had many visitors, and among them were what was then called "aristocrats." In the summer of the year mentioned Governor George R. Gilmer and Mrs. Gilmer of Lexington visited the family, and were so well pleased that they remained several days over their allotted time. Mrs. Gilmer, who was one of the first women of her time, afterwards wrote a letter to a relative in Virginia from which the following is an extract:

*Mr. Alston's parents were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alston, who settled at Snodon (now Winder), in 1794.—Ed.

"I have just returned from Jug Tavern [Winder] in the uplands of Jackson County. Near that place lives Rev. Alexis Alston whose family is remarkable in several respects. The unearthly beauty of his daughter, Artemisia, is, perhaps, the most surprising of all. Named after the ancient queen of Cavia, she is herself a very queen. Nearly eighteen years old, and perfect in form and feature, she is really more than a queen. Her manners are pleasing, her carriage graceful, and her smiles seem to be made of sunshine and gladness. Her hair, which is of a light wine color, falls in graceful ringlets over her classically formed shoulders, and when her eyes, which are of a deep cerulian blue, look at me from beneath two curls that usually meet just above them, I think her the most beautiful girl I ever saw. And when I find that her natural disposition is as sweet as her face; that with all her beauty she does not seem to know it; and that the tone of her voice rises and falls, trembles and melts away like the twinkling of a silver bell in some enchanting cathedral, then for a moment, I forget what I have seen and become lost in admiration of what I hear.

"All the family are trained musicians, both vocal and instrumental; and to hear them in concert seems to lift one far above the sensual things of earth. The wonder is why such a flower blooms in almost a wilderness!

"The Alstons, however, are not without visitors. The fair Artemisia has many admirers, some of them from quite a distance. While there two young men, John Coatney and Sidney York, were paying her marked attention. So far as I could see she showed nothing but common friendship for both alike. They are handsome, but their positions in life are quite different. Coatney is rich and influential; York, though poor, has a character far superior to that of his rival."

It is the purpose of this narrative to give only so much of the history of "The Letter A" as will enable the reader to better understand a few incidents that relate to that interesting family. As stated by Mrs. Gilmer all the Alstons were good singers, and every night prayer and song, generally led by one of the boys or girls, were strictly observed. After going to bed, Mr. and Mrs.

Alston generally, when at home, sang themselves to sleep, and a little before daybreak it was their custom to sing again until their early rising hour. Those morning songs in the silent hours of night were certainly impressive.

The writer has heard them but not at Pea Ridge; though sometimes when passing along the road which still runs near that place once made glad with prayer and song, with busy life and musical laughter, he has stopped and listened with momentary expectation of hearing the old-time symphony again. He heard it not, but believes that SOMEWHERE in the vast universe of God, it is still heard as an accompaniment to the song of redeeming grace—a song that angels can not sing.

On the night of the 13th of November of that same year, when the Gilmers had returned home, and other visitors, though not so distinguished, had taken their places, the usual devotional exercises of the Alston home were abruptly brought to a close by the hasty and unceremonious appearance of Dick Manly, a neighbor who lived more than a mile distant. Bare-headed, with blazing eyes and wild gesticulations, he rushed into the house while all the family and visitors were singing, and shouting at the top of his voice that "the world was coming to an end," he fell upon his knees and asked Mr. Alston and all the family to pray for him. He was quickly followed by Mrs. Manly, who also ran into the house with a white sheet wrapped around her. Falling at the feet of Mrs. Alston, she moaned in piteous tones:

"O Meda, judgment day has come! Ga'bril will soon be ready to blow his horn! I'm ready, see I've done put on my ascension robe, all nice and clean! Pray for Dick, he curses and swears! O pray, Meda, pray! for God's sake, pray!—pray now for poor Dick—Dick—Dick Manly!"

The sudden appearance and wild behavior of Manly and his wife so astonished all present that no one seemed able to move. Soon a distant cry was heard plaintively saying: "O Lord! the world is coming to an end, and I'm not saved! Lord what shall I do?"

Other similar exclamations, mixed with screams and wild hysterical shouting were heard in different directions. At last

realizing that something uncommon was going on, Mr. Alston ran to the door, and looking out, hurriedly called aloud:

“All come here and see a wonderful display of the power of Almighty God! but be not afraid!”

A confused rush was made into the yard, when some one shouted: “Back into the house, all the stars of heaven are falling!”

Some obeyed, some remained; some were praying, a few were shouting and praising God; some were crying, some were screaming, none were cursing, then.

Consternation, wonder and amazement ruled almost supreme! The heavens seemed to be aglow with liquid fire—it was raining stars! Sometimes the whole firmament above seemed to be enveloped in rolling convoluted sheets of flame, leaving scarcely a place that was not covered every instant. Sometimes the sheets fell like great flakes of snow, and shooting in every direction like burning sheaves of straw in a whirlwind! Sometimes they assumed the form of great rolling, tumbling balls which, upon reaching the lower atmosphere, burst into thousands of fragments that made a veritable shower of fire. Far above the so-called bursting stars others could be seen, striking violently against each other, and then shooting away with inconceivable velocity in every direction, disappearing in the shadowy distance.

The scene was awful and grand beyond description. No wonder that many people, not only on Pea Ridge, but all over the Western Hemisphere, were thrown into consternation and mightily cried to God in anxious, confused clamor.

In a short time many were assembled at the Alston home; and although he assured his troubled friends that what they called falling stars, were only shooting meteors, and that the strange phenomenon had been often seen before, thinking that he was only trying to pacify them, few, except his own family, believed him.

Good people constitute a powerful magnet which, in time of distress, draws others around them. Misery loves company. The whole scene shows that at last God is the only refuge.

That wonderful meteoric shower, though not all the time so brilliant, lasted through the night, and, astronomers say, until nearly noon on the following day: that is to say, it took the earth nearly all night and half of the next day to pass through that part of its orbit around the sun where meteors are always shooting through the heavens, and that the same place is reached only one time in 33 years.

At any rate few went to sleep that night at Pea Ridge. Some continued their prayers and wild exclamations until the brighter rays of the morning sun obscured the softer splendor of night's aerial fireworks.

CHAPTER II.

SIDNEY YORK IS ARRESTED.

Among those who arrived late after the alarm given by the Manleys were John Coatney and Sidney York, who, as already seen, were rivals for the hand of the fair Artemisia. As the former had hitherto shown nothing but contempt for the latter, it was surprising to see the warm friendship which sprang up between them during that eventful night. Mr. Coatney went so far as to tell Mrs. Alston and her daughters that he had found Mr. York to be one of the best men he ever knew, and that he was sorry for having cast reflections upon his good name. That astonished those who best knew him and caused some comment. A few attributed the sudden change to the "falling stars" others to a recognition of Mr. York's real worth, and still others said that no good would come of it.

When morning came and the fiery heavens had their usual appearance, John Coatney, hat in one hand and gloves in the other, approached Mrs. Alston, saying:

"My Dear Madam, I am glad to see you looking so well after the exciting scenes of the night. After all it was nothing but a plaything of God, and I rejoice to know that you were not frightened. I am sorry that Mr. York is not present to join me in thanking you for the hospitalities of the night. I regret to say that I must now bid you good-bye."

With the grace of a Chesterfield he bowed to all present and left the room. After a long silence a Mrs. Underwood, a friend visiting from a distant part of the state, remarked:

"Meda, I am afraid of that man. The idea that God would make a plaything of any part of his creation is so absurd that it almost stops my breath. It shows a depravity that is calculated to lead to the commission of the meanest crime."

It is not known that Mrs. Underwood's criticisms had any reference to Mr. Coatney's apparent relations to the family, but none present called her conclusions in question.

In the meantime both young men continued their visits to the Alston home, where they were always received on equal terms. Perhaps this irritated Mr. Coatney; but still their friendship seemed to grow stronger and stronger until they began to exchange visits. They occupied the same sleeping room, and sometimes hunted together in the almost boundless woods, never mentioning, however, the girl whom they both loved so well.

One day while stopping at a spring, since called the Segars tanyard spring, Coatney carelessly said to his companion:

"Say, Sidney, who cut and made that new suit of clothes I saw you wearing last Sunday?"

"Marion Winters, a professional tailor, who lives at Hurricane Shoals over on North Oconee river," replied Sidney.

"He certainly understands his trade. The fit and make seem perfect, and I want one just like it, except mine shall be of blue broadcloth."

"That will lay mine in the shade. However, I am content to wear plain clothes until I can pay for better ones."

"I suppose you have a prospect of being able to buy finer ones in a few years," said Coatney, drumming with his fingers on a fine Ledford rifle.

"I hope not so long as that. An uncle recently died in Alabama and left me a snug little fortune. I expect to go after it in about two weeks."

"So that is what the new suit means?" said Coatney, interrogatively.

"That is one thing, though it pinched me pretty closely to pay for it and have enough left for traveling expenses," replied York sadly.

"Don't talk so sadly. I'll come down and cheer you up before you leave," said the other, rising to his feet.

"Glad to have you come, and I thank you for your kind intentions. Of course the legacy will be gratefully accepted; but I mourn the loss of a very dear uncle," replied Sidney, as he shouldered his rifle.

The hunt continued for several hours, but nothing further was said in allusion to new clothes or the trip to Alabama.

Two weeks passed away, and at the appointed time Sidney York, wearing his new suit, mounted his horse and rode away to the West with the intention of being gone from fifteen to twenty days. He was a very handsome young man, broad-shouldered, of graceful carriage, fine mental capacity, industrious, and of unblemished character. He had told his sweetheart good-bye on the previous evening, and for the first time saw a shadow pass over her lovely features as he turned to go away. "At last, thank God," he muttered, as he mounted his horse.

About noon of the same day he began his journey to Alabama, John Coatney went to a magistrate and had a warrant issued charging that "On the 9th of January, 1834, while I was sleeping in my father's house, Sidney York did then and there steal from me, the said John Coatney, one fifty (\$50.00) dollar bill, No. 2152, on the bank of Augusta, Ga."

The warrant was immediately placed in the hands of a Deputy Sheriff, who, in company with Coatney himself at once started in pursuit of the alleged thief. They overtook him the second night after leaving home while sleeping in a house where he had secured lodging. When arrested he vehemently and manfully declared his innocence.

That was taken by the sheriff as a matter of course, and he, even rudely, proceeded to search his prisoner. A little more than seven dollars was found in his purse. His shoes, stockings, cravat, and every pocket in his clothes were next carefully examined; but no money was found—nothing but a common pocket-knife of which the officer took charge.

He was then ordered to dress, pay his bill, and get ready to return. While putting on his coat John Coatney quickly grabbed it by the collar, and said:

"Stop, Mr. Sidney York, I think I saw a place in your coat collar that looks like it had been ripped open! Mr. Sheriff, look and see!"

The officer took the garment and turned up the heavy collar common to tailor-made coats in those days, and, sure enough, there was a place where the stitches had been cut. The sheriff thrust two fingers into the opening, and by making the rent

larger drew out a carefully folded paper. It proved to be a \$50.00 bill, No. 2152, on the Bank of Augusta, Ga., just as described in the warrant.

"I told you so! I am surprised at you, Sidney York!" said Coatney harshly.

"I'll face you on judgment day about this false accusation. I did not know the money was in my coat collar," replied the prisoner in tones as clear as the morning echo.

"You'll first face him before an earthly judge, the evidence is too plain for denial," said the sheriff unfeelingly.

"I'll face you, too, at the final settlement of all things, Mr. Sheriff! I'm not guilty, sir; but am ready to go with you," was the prisoner's firm reply.

"Have you any weapons?" demanded the officer.

"You know I have none, not even a pocket-knife," was the sarcastic reply.

"Look under his pillow," growled Coatney.

Nothing was found, and the prisoner was hurried back and placed in jail at Lawrenceville, where he remained until morning.

Oh, how cold and gloomy were prison walls that night and for many nights following to the finely woven nature of Sidney York! Neither tongue nor pen can ever tell how much he suffered.

In the afternoon of the following day the great iron-bound door of the old jail at Jefferson was closed upon him. The news soon reached his friends. Their astonishment and sorrow were very great. Indignation too, played a prominent part; though the evidence against him was so damaging that some, not all, hung their heads in silence.

CHAPTER III.

YORK IS FOUND GUILTY—COATNEY'S CONFESSION.

At the approaching session of the Superior court Sidney York was brought to trial. He looked every inch a gentleman. Calm, cool, collected, his great black eyes seemed to pierce through judge and jury. Many of his friends were present. Able lawyers represented both sides. As nearly all the evidence was against the prisoner, few had any hope. John Coatney testified that in the conversation at the spring, York told him that after paying for his new clothes he had nothing left and that he loaned him the money found in his purse to pay his expenses to Alabama. This, together with the direct evidence of the deputy sheriff led some to think that it was useless for the prisoner to make any further defense. His attorney, Gabriel Nash,* did not think so. As bold as a lion and as terrific as a thunderbolt in his assaults upon an adversary, he first assailed the doubtful character of John Coatney, and drew such inferences from it as to cause judge and jury to stare with wide-open eyes. Had he known the exact words spoken by his client at the spring it is difficult to say what the effect would have been. He next considered the hitherto well-known good character of his client as shown by first-class witnesses, and drew such conclusions from it as seemed to make it impossible for such a man to be a thief, especially when he was almost within reach of a fortune.

After an absence of something over two hours, the jury returned with a verdict of "GUILTY." Amid tears and sorrow the prisoner was sentenced for "three years at hard labor in the penitentiary." It was afterwards learned that Col. Nash had saved his client from two years of prison life.

The tragedy was over, and a few days after the "convict" was carried to the penitentiary at Milledgeville and assigned to his cold 3x7-foot "CELL NO. 21."

*The records of the Superior Court show that Mr. Nash was a very prominent lawyer in our courts.—Ed.

To more than one home did the sombre specter of grief go and take the place of Sidney York!

As the days passed away John Coatney continued to press his suit for the heart and hand of pretty Artemisia Alston. To his infinite chagrin she still continued to manifest nothing more than common friendship for him. Sometimes he thought even that was weakening. An answer to his offers of marriage and a large fortune was always postponed for further consideration. Becoming desperate he reproached her for being indifferent to his overtures and hinted that she would talk more favorable to a thief in the penitentiary than to himself. That ungenerous thrust enabled her to do what she had often tried to do before. She indignantly told him that she did not love him, and that even her friendship was gone forever. He left her in high "dudgeon;" but a few days after wrote her a note asking forgiveness and begging for a reconciliation. In reply she fully forgave him; but said nothing about a reconciliation. They never met again.

In the midst of the fall season, when Sidney York had been languishing in his narrow prison cell by night and working in its shops nearly every day for nine miserable months, John Coatney was stricken with a violent type of fever. Being physically strong he fought the disease for several weeks; but he finally began to sink so fast that his physicians, when asked for their opinion, frankly told him he had only a few hours to live. This was terrible news to such a man, and for a few minutes he implored them to save him if possible. When nearly exhausted he became more composed, and calling for a servant ordered him to go after the same magistrate that had issued the warrant for the arrest of Sidney York. When the officer arrived the dying man, with great difficulty, dictated and signed the following affidavit:

"Believing that I am now dying, and deeply repenting of the great crime I committed against Sidney York, now in the penitentiary for stealing, I, John Coatney, in the presence of Almighty God, and of the witnesses whose names are hereunto annexed, do solemnly swear that I put the \$50.00 bill, No. 2152, in the said Sidney York's coat collar with my own hands while he was

asleep in my father's house; and that I thought by disgracing him, he could not come between me and the only woman I ever loved.

John Coatney.

"Signed in Presence of:

"D. G. Campton, J. P.; William Harris, N. T. Smith."

The affidavit was at once sent to the governor of the State. A few hours afterwards John Coatney died and was buried in the vicinity of the present Line school house near which his father lived.

How true is Holy Writ, "The way of the transgressor is hard!" and again, "Be sure your sin will find you out." How truly did Mrs. Underwood prophesy, and how clearly did Col. Nash see through the case, when, in the closing sentence of his argument before the jury, he exclaimed in thunder tones:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I call you to witness, that, though it may or may not be known in time, when the records of eternity are unrolled it will be known of all men, that the green-eyed monster of jealousy is the head and front of this false accusation."

The perplexing mystery was solved at last. In due time Sidney York was free. So highly was the country gratified over the vindication of his honor that several leading citizens went and escorted him home from Milledgeville.

The humble but honorable home of Sidney York's father stood on the spot now occupied by the cemetery at Chapel church a few miles east of Winder. That beautiful place has since seen the flow of many tears of sorrow; but when the liberated prisoner of Cell No. 21, reached there, tears of joy flowed like great drops of falling rain. How strange the transmutations of time as it passes on, forever on, in unimpeded flight.

The first visit made by the free man was to see the Alston family, not one of whom had ever believed him guilty. Miss Artemisia manifested her former friendship, nothing more. That was disappointing and strengthened him in a former resolution

to leave the country. To that she objected in such terms that hope was renewed. As he had come into full possession of the legacy bequeathed him by his uncle, he from time to time became more bold, and finally reaching what he called "the turning point," said, with a deep tremor in his voice:

"My dear Artie, as I called you when we were children together, I want to repeat what you have long known; only, however, by your permission. May I go on?"

She hesitated a moment, and then giving one of those smiles which Mrs. Gilmer characterized as "sunshine and gladness," answered: "Yes, go on."

"You know," he continued, "that I love you, O Artie, so very sincerely, that only a lifetime of devotion can measure it! Yes, I love you, and only you. While I have been one of the most unfortunate men that ever lived, I have been fortunate in some respects, fortunate in having a competency of ready cash, and fortunate in having your friendship since early childhood. But friendship is not enough, however valuable that may be. I shall look back with pleasure over the misfortunes of the past if you will promise to be my wife. I know this is asking for much more than I deserve; but my undivided love for you does not allow me to ask for less. Will you answer me, darling?"

She hung her head, placed her hands over her face and sat in silent, tremulous meditation. He took her hand in his, she did not draw it away. He again said:

"Will you answer me, dear?"

She hesitated, but finally looked up, and leaning her head against his manly breast, she answered in broken tones:

"O Sidney, I have loved you since we played together in childhood's happy hours. I realize all that you have suffered on my account, and am willing to do all I can to make you happy in the future. As you could say nothing less than ask me to be yours, neither can I say anything less than to answer, yes."

"Then, since I have safely passed through the dark night into which John Coatney drove me with unmerciful hand, and have

entered into the glorious sunshine of your love, my only one, and mine forever, I forgive him for all the pain he has caused me to suffer."

"Dear Sidney," she said, as the tears flowed from her lustrous blue eyes, "I too have suffered all the time you were away in that horrid prison, and all because the treacherous John Coatney, by some means unknown to me, discovered that I loved you. I had long thought that he intended to do you harm, and that was the reason why I showed you only friendship when I dearly loved you all the time. Remember that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.'"

"Yes, dear, I remember; and while I thank you for the explanation of your friendship when I so ardently longed for your love, let us unite in prayer and thank Him for this happy hour, and ask for a continuation of his blessings."

They fell upon their knees and asked God to help them consecrate their lives to his service, to give them grateful hearts for the consummation of their wishes, and to bless their future lives with peace and happiness.

Who will say such prayers went unanswered?

A few weeks later Sidney York and Artemisia Alston were married. Nearly every citizen for many miles around witnessed the ceremony, and all extended their hearty congratulations.

The following year the Alston and York families moved to Habersham County. It was there the writer visited them; there he heard Mr. and Mrs. Alston sing their morning songs, and there they told him the story of "Cell No. 21."

Mrs. Artemisia Alston York often joined her husband in the chase, and with rifle, horn and dogs roamed the mountains on horseback, the very picture of health and still radiantly beautiful.

About this time Joseph Coatney, John Coatney's father, emigrated to Cherokee County, where he died some years later. He left a will in which he bequeathed one full share of his large estate "to Sidney York instead of John Coatney, deceased."

When offered the legacy, Sidney York indignantly refused to accept it, saying:

“Though I have forgiven John Coatney for the great crime he has committed, and though his father doubtless meant well, neither Artie nor myself can afford to touch one cent of his deeply tainted patrimony.”

Solomon says of a good woman: “The heart of her husband safely trusts in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.”

Note. For justifiable reasons, the true names of some of the foregoing characters are not given.

THE HUT OWL IN BORROWED FEATHERS.

A STORY IN REAL LIFE.

THE READING OF THE POEM OPENS THEIR EYES.

On the Northeastern [now Southern] railway a few furlongs above Harmony Grove [now Commerce], there stands a small log cabin to the building of which the memory of man does not go back. Larkin Butler, an old pioneer, said the "hut" was built by John Akin, a nephew of the celebrated Nancy Hart, in 1784, and that Tethlemaco, the Indian chief, who at that time directed the councils of the Cherokee nation, helped do the work.

Sixty years came and passed, when strange to say, the "Hinton Hut" as the house was then called, seemed to be nearly as old as it is now at the hoary age of one hundred and eight years. Many "split-board roofs" have sheltered its walls; but its moss-covered logs are the same, except, perhaps, the places that have been made lean by natural paper-makers—the wasps and hornets—which have for a full century been running their factories upon the neighboring fence-corners.

For a number of years the cabin had not been inhabited; but on a cool Saturday evening in April a rude one-ox cart stopped near its ancient doorway. The driver, a young girl of some sixteen summers, having seen to the comfort of two little boys that were on the cart with her, turned and anxiously looked in the direction from which she had come. Presently a man and woman were seen approaching. The former was beastly drunk and the latter was weeping bitterly. To a plowboy who gazed over the adjacent fence the scene beggared description.

It was Van Allen and his family who, becoming weary of their home in Carolina, were thus miserably wending their way to some point in the West. Mary, their oldest daughter, had gone forward with the cart to select a camping place, while the mother remained behind to look after the drunken father.

Soon after reaching the cart the man went to sleep, when, by permission of the owner, Mrs. Allen decided to occupy the cabin until morning, little thinking that it was to become her home for a long time.

A scanty supper of cold bread was eaten, the little boys went to sleep on a bed of straw, and save the hoarse snoring of the drunkard nothing broke the painful silence of the mother and daughter.

Suddenly the snoring ceased and the demon arose to his feet in a furious passion. Demanding something to eat, Mary hastened to offer him a piece of bread; but because she could not give more, he hurled a pine knot at her with all his force. Though she attempted to evade the blow, the rough missile struck her full in the breast. Quivering for a moment like a butchered animal, she gave one gasp and fell senseless on the ground.

The plowboy, who at the time was preparing to return home, witnessed this frightful scene. Though only seventeen years old, he was brave and muscular. Himself the son of a drunkard, he could readily sympathize with others in a similar condition. Besides he was by nature a noble boy. This and more he had inherited from a good mother who, like Mrs. Allen, had been brought from prosperity and happiness to shame and sorrow by the demon's drink—alcohol.

So when Clyde Arthur, the plowboy, saw Mary Allen fall, he leaped the fence at a single bound, not thinking that he carried one of his plowlines with him. The inhuman father was ready for the fray. The boy, who had no desire to hurt the man, soon exhausted the strength of his antagonist, and in a few minutes Van Allen was tied hand and foot with the plowline. He chafed in the harness like a caged lion. Perhaps never before had such horrid oaths jarred against the walls of that old house. Were its logs a graphophone or dictagraph, what might be ground out from their inner depths?

While Clyde was pulling at the last knot in his plowline another character, attracted to the place by the loud ravings of the bound man, appeared upon the scene of this strange transaction.

This was a teacher* who at the time had a school at Rock Spring in the immediate neighborhood; and who was himself a mere boy in the very first of his teens.

Turning their attention to the wounded girl, the two boys quickly carried her to a neighboring house where they felt sure that Mrs. Allen and her children would be kindly received. Nor were they disappointed.

At every gasp poor Mary was expected to die. Blood flowed from her mouth and she was wholly insensible. Without delay the teacher went on foot for the nearest physician who lived ten miles distant, and a little before sunrise on the following morning, Dr. Crawford W. Long, the distinguished discoverer of anaesthetics, stood by the suffering stranger.

The next morning while packing his medicines to return home, the good doctor, having observed the anxiety manifested by Clyde and the teacher requested that they be admitted to the room. Timidly entering, Dr. Long informed them that the crisis was past and that his patient would live.

Then softly going near the bed and gazing at the quietly sleeping stranger, they for the first time fully realized how beautiful—how very beautiful, Mary Allen was.

At the close of four anxious weeks Mrs. Allen and her children returned to the Hinton hut which had, in the meantime, been secured as at least their temporary home.

In those days school life in the rural districts was not like it is now. The school at Rock Spring was large and contained many different characters. A few still live, but most of them are dead. Some were rich and some were poor—very poor. Some were dull, others intellectual and ambitious. A few of their names have passed into history. Gen. W. T. Milligan, one of the first heroes who gave his life for the "Lost Cause," and Emeline Maddox, who bravely carried the colors of her husband's regiment over the bloody field of Shiloh, and who performed an angel's mission at the close of Albert Sidney Johnson's heroic life will never be forgotten by those who knew them best.

*The teacher was the author. He began teaching when 13 years old and was 17 when this school opened.—Ed.

But perhaps the most interesting feature of the school was "Class No. 1." It was composed of sixteen young ladies, most of whom were immensely wealthy—all of unblemished character, beautiful and highly intellectual.

Over this pleasing feature, however, the pride and vanity of about half the class sometimes caused a dark cloud to gather—a feature which in those days often served to grind the poor into the very dust.

Soon after Mary Allen's recovery she was induced to become a pupil in the Rock Spring school. To the surprise of all her entrance examination showed that she was already a good English scholar and well advanced in some of the higher branches. This at once placed her in Class No. 1.

Though poor and obscure, she was uncommonly beautiful, very intelligent, of pleasing address, and the very soul of honor. But in the estimation of some of her classmates these sterling qualities weighed little against gold and silver. They frowned upon her in school and cut her acquaintance in society. Some called her a "cart-driver," and others a "pauper." One, the leader of the class, publicly called her "The Hut Owl in Borrowed Feathers," using the term feathers in allusion to the flowing curls of jet-black hair that fell in festoons over her symmetrical shoulders.

This cruel conduct was their only serious fault and can be attributed only to that prevailing spirit of the times which has since been characterized as "the hot blood of the old Southern lord."

Although these taunts were felt with the keenest anguish, their victim usually met them with tears only. The rest died away in the silence of her noble breast.

However, the time came when even with the gentle nature of Mary Allen "forbearance ceased to be a virtue."

One lovely Sabbath several of her class met her at church and in a conspicuous way refused to recognize her presence. Her heart bled at every pore and for once she resolved upon some sort of revenge.

Compositions and essays were not so common then as now, Rock Spring being one of the few schools where such exercises

were required. Then original composition was regarded a great task; but to Mary Allen this kind of work was no task at all. This her classmates well knew; and while most of them would have scorned a proposition to wear her bonnet, none had any particular objections to presenting her thoughts as their own.

So as the time for the public exercises of the school drew near Mary's facile pen was laid under heavy tribute. The week following the neglect shown at church various members of her class politely requested her to write for them.

"Mary," said the wealthy Lucy Graves, "as it is such an easy matter for you to write, will you kindly assist me?"

"I will on two conditions," replied the former, thoughtfully.

"And what are they?" asked the latter.

"That you allow me to select the subject and tell no one that I am the author," was the firm reply.

"I will do that gladly," promised Lucy.

"Then call on me one hour hence," said Mary, "and my thoughts on Toil, Pain and Tears, will be at your service."

At the time appointed the two met, when Lucy said:

"Read Mary, for you are a better reader than I am."

Announcing her subject as was the custom of those days, Miss Allen proceeded:

"Away back in the far-gone ages when Mother Time was singing her nursery hymn, the white-winged Messenger of peace hovered over earth, and Toil, Pain and Tears were unknown to mortals.

"But as time rolled on an arch enemy appeared upon the scene, when the guardian Messenger sadly folded her snowy wings and a piercing cry, never heard on earth before, reached from pole to pole. The crystal waters of Eden assumed a leaden hue and a turbulent flood, laden with Toil, Pain and Tears rolled on without a shore."

At the close of this paragraph their eyes met. A pearly tear was stealing down Lucy's rosy cheek. This was chased away by Mary's tender hand, when she proceeded to read the entire paper of some ten minutes in length.

Again their eyes met. The first tear was the forerunner of many others. These, too, were chased away by the same gentle hand, and while doing so the "pauper" girl received the first kiss ever offered by any one of her class.

Separating on terms more sociable than ever before, one went to rest at her ease—the other to brook the importunities of others to write for them also.

Overwork at school, overwork at home, added to the many sorrows she had to bear at both places proved to be too much for the poor girl's power of endurance. Suddenly her nerves gave way and for several weeks she was unable to attend school.

As a preparatory measure for the forthcoming public exercises the members present of Mary Allen's class were called to read their respective papers. Perhaps, fortunately, she was still absent. Understanding that only those who had read should be present at the reading of another, the teacher glanced at the class roll and announced the first name, Miss Anna Dickson.

Promptly that young lady took her position, and announcing her subject to be, "Toil, Pain and Tears," began:

"Away back in the far-gone ages when Mother Time was singing her nursery hymn, the white-winged Messenger of peace hovered over earth, and Toil, Pain and Tears were unknown to mortals."

Word for word as Mary Allen had written for Lucy Graves, did Anna Dickson read to the end, and then took her seat to witness the performance of those who were to follow.

Next came Eliza Hampton who, after saying her theme was "Toil, Pain and Tears," proceeded:

"Away back in the far-gone ages when Mother Time was singing her nursery hymn," and so on, she continued to repeat Miss Dickson's words to the close, and took her seat, also.

But Miss Hampton saw that something was wrong. The teacher was puzzled and hurried to the next name. Lucy Graves, saying "Toil, Pain and Tears" was her subject, she, too, began:

"Away back in the far-gone ages," and thus following her two classmates about half way through, she became so embarrassed at their appearance that she could read no further.

Wishing to relieve them in some way, the teacher remarked, "There appears to be a remarkable similarity in the sentiments of the class. That we may see if this unity of mind goes any further the usher will please introduce Miss Ballard."

Except Mary Allen, Evie Ballard was one of the most noble pupils in school. Like the others she said the title of her paper was "Toil, Pain and Tears," and began:

"Away back in the far-gone ages"—but at the word "ages" her three classmates ran from the room and left her standing in blank astonishment. The teacher hastened to explain the situation, and going with Evie they found that nine of the class had the same essay word for word. The class was greatly mortified at the discovery, but all now saw that Mary Allen's beautiful production was a pathetic comparison of her own condition with that of her aristocratic classmates. At this their hearts, naturally good, at once melted, and every one began to weep. This was their teacher's opportunity to do the greatest work of his life.

Going with the class to the old cabin where Mary Allen still lived they found her in a much better condition than when she left school.

"You have sold us all out" said Minna Lane, the leader. "Forgive us, and let us always be friends."

"I freely forgive all," replied Mary, "but I can not forget that horrid name—"The Hut Owl in Bor——!" "

"I take it all back and gladly substitute 'angel' in its place," interrupted the leader, and throwing her arms around Mary, the embrace went round until every member of the class had asked and received forgiveness. Nor did she ever again suffer at any one of their hands.

The following winter Van Allen filled a drunkard's grave. The next spring Mrs. Allen and her children were carried by her brother to the far West. As their teamster, Clyde Arthur went with them.

Thirty-six years after a man stood upon Lookout Mountain, gazing now at the city of Chattanooga below, and then at the

heights above, where, on a hedge of rocks stood a lady and gentleman of elegant and commanding appearance.

Going near the place where they stood a mutual recognition took place—the two extended their hands—the man leaped upon the rocks, and Mary Allen, Clyde Arthur and their Rock Spring teacher all in full abounding joy, again stood face to face.

Mary Allen had become Clyde Arthur's wife. He had studied law, had passed through the late war with honor and distinction, and returning home, had been elected governor of his adopted State—was then serving his second term in that high office where "The Hut Owl in Borrowed Feathers" had become "the first lady" of the land in which she lived, and an "angel" in her elegant western home as well.

THE REBEL GIRL AT POST NO. 1.*

CHAPTER I.

THE SEARCH FOR THE REBEL.

Soon after the skirmish between the Confederate and the Federal forces at Bridgeport, Tenn., in the early spring of 1862, both parties began to move up the Tennessee river, the former occupying its eastern and the latter its western bank. A little before reaching Long Island, which is a few hours march below Chattanooga, they halted within view of each other, and for several days something like peaceful relations seemed to exist between them. Firing across the river ceased, and sometimes the blue and the gray exchanged coffee and tobacco on one or the other of its banks.

Suddenly, however, a Federal regiment moved north and spread its tents on an open plain several hundred yards below the point where the river divides in about equal portions at the island. Thus the distance between the opposing forces was increased by the breadth of the island, which was here about the fourth of a mile, and by a narrow swamp which intervened between the river and the Federal camp.

Hitherto neither party had attempted to occupy the island, but as this latter movement of the enemy somewhat puzzled the Confederates, they decided to investigate the matter, without, however, any hostile intention.

Accordingly on the morning of the 10th day of June a detachment consisting of sixty picked men under the command of Capt. J. T. Atwater, crossed the eastern branch of the river, and quietly took possession of that part of the island which was supposed to be opposite the enemy's camp. The dense growth on the intervening swamp cut off all signs of their presence, and if

*This beautiful little story has little or no connection with the early history of Jackson County; but it is here inserted because the Editor feels that the reader will appreciate and enjoy it.

any pickets occupied its margins they were not seen. Two small log houses stood near their landing, and though corn and potatoes grew near them, they were unoccupied. Most of the ground was covered by large trees on whose ponderous limbs squirrels were playing and amid whose dense foliage birds were singing their morning madrigals.

After becoming familiar with his surroundings Capt. Atwater proceeded, about dark, to establish a line of picket posts along something less than half a mile of the western boundary of the island. Near the river, and a little below what was thought to be about the center of the Federal camp, stood a huge sycamore tree which the corporal of the guard designated as Post No. 1. To this he assigned Jim Warren, a tall, muscular and brave Confederate in the flush of young manhood's prime. Though he knew there were not men enough on the island to relieve him during the night, his task was comparatively easy because, for an unknown distance below, the river-bank was too steep and rugged to require much attention.

When an hour and more had passed the impressive silence was suddenly broken by a shout beyond the swamp: "Wake up, Johnny Reb, will you sleep all night?"

The words came in such clear and distinct tones they seemed almost to walk through the still night air. Evidently the shout was "a feeler" to ascertain if the island was occupied by Confederates. It was so regarded, and the solitary picket remained silent and was bothered—bothered because he had certainly heard that voice before, but when and where he could not think.

Hitherto he had stood as motionless as the great tree itself; but now he became restless and longed to take a stroll among the great trees around him, and in their solitude possibly call to mind by whom the clean cut words just heard were probably spoken.

But Jim Warren was too brave to leave his post for any selfish purpose, and noticing that the fog over the river began to emit enough light to enable him to dimly see the outline of objects near the bank, he assumed a less conspicuous position by reclining on the sand at his feet. While still trying to solve the

mystery connected with the seemingly familiar voice he was suddenly brought to a sitting posture by hearing a distinct ripple in the water below, the point from which he least expected any one to come. To his amazement the ghostly light had increased enough to enable him to see a large tree which had fallen into the water seven or eight feet below him. While merely glancing at this another ripple, more distinct than before, reached his wide-open ears. He cautiously crawled nearer the water and soon he discovered a small canoe coming towards him. It was hugging the bank closely, and contained, as well as he could see, one person. Cautiously it glided on until it touched the fallen tree lightly. Quick as thought almost its solitary occupant stepped upon the prostrate tree and listened intently. Had a thunderbolt come crashing from the cloudless sky Jim Warren could not have been more astonished. A woman was standing on the log! She was of small size, and her movements indicated prompt action and wonderful agility. Having stood motionless for a short time, she suddenly turned, and going towards the top of the tree, towed the boat beyond the picket's view.

Instead of going around the tree as he expected, she presently came running back along the log with perfect ease, and leaping on the clayroot turned up by the tree, at a single bound, she flitted by him like a shadow and disappeared in the great sycamore tree, which, for that night, at least, the disconcerted soldier had exclusively claimed as his own.

Though not superstitious above educated men in general, Jim more than half believed that he had seen a very ghost. The form as seen in the half-illuminating fog; the ease and speed with which the log was followed; the airy leap made to reach the top of the clay-root; the ethereal form with seeming wings that passed by him, and the sudden disappearance into what he thought was a solid tree, staggered all belief in any flesh-and-blood theory that the mystified soldier could imagine.

To a brave man the thought that his post was in the possession of another being of some kind was extremely humiliating; and to this day Jim Warren has never been able to say what he would

have done if the trying scenes which soon followed had not taken place.

He was considering the propriety of calling for help by means of a pre-arranged signal; but before deciding the matter, another movement in the water below attracted his attention. It was not like the soft ripple first heard, but evidently the strong stroke of a rapidly dipping oar. Nearer and more audible it came until a boat—such as fishermen sometimes use on the western rivers—swiftly came in sight. Two men were in it, the one in the stern was rowing as if for life. Suddenly, and with what seemed to be increased power, the boat struck the prostrate tree with such force that both men were thrown from their seats.

“D—n the log,” muttered a coarse voice as both men scrambled to their feet.

“What’ll uses do now, boss?” asked the other in quite a different tone.

“I hardly know,” said the first speaker, rubbing his bruised hands. “She,” he continued after rubbing and grunting awhile, “has not come this far up the river.” “I tole yer, boss, she done go down de riber.” “No, Tom said she came up it, and he knows. But if she had come this far this log would have stopped her like it has us; and to go around it would have carried her too near our boys on the other side. Col. Cummins’ regiment is about opposite this point and his Bay State boys would shoot at the devil himself.”

“So de game done played, am it, boss?” again asked the other. “No,” was the snarling reply, “No, not by a long shot. Sure as I am Captain Phil Dimple, I’ll yet have the Rebel Girl, as they love to call her, for my wife. In such times as these she’ll soon learn to love me. But before we go further I want you to again swear that you’ll be true to the trust I’ve already placed in your keeping.”

“Fo, God, Joe swears, Cap’n,” said he who from the first was thought to be a negro.

As Captain Dimple failed to notice that Joe did not swear to any particular thing, he seemed satisfied and continued:

“I’m of the opinion that we have passed by the little jade, and

think that her intention is to strike across the country to Whitesides where she has an uncle living. The route she is most likely to take lies a little above this island; and if she ran under some bank, as I think she did, to avoid being overtaken, she'll shoot up stream like an arrow and must of necessity come to this log. I'll conceal myself and be ready to keep her from falling into the water when she strikes it.

"Now, Joe," the miserable man continued, "I want you to go down the river to the bluff where we left Tom. I'll arrange my blanket to look like a man in the dark, so that when you pass her hiding place she'll think we are both returning. To allow her good time to reach here remain at the bluff about an hour and come back here within less than two hours, if possible. If you find Tom bring him with you. If necessary to use them don't forget that the pass word is 'Mitchell,' and the countersign 'Shell Moina.' Do you understand me this time?"

"Sartin sho, Cap'n," answered the negro with some indifference.

The blanket was arranged to look something like a man in a stooping posture, and the boat, apparently carrying two men, soon disappeared in the midnight darkness.

And now came the supreme moment. Something like small pebbles were heard falling in the water. The Captain was evidently climbing the bank. Not wishing to make any noise the picket shifted his gun to the left and drew a long knife from his belt. Presently a figure as if coming out of the earth stood bolt upright near a small tree behind which Jim Warren was standing.

"Hands up, sir," came the ominous command.

Perhaps the astonished man did not see the drawn knife, but the gun on the left only. At any rate he was very quick to draw a side weapon, and when almost ready to pull on his assailant, the long knife was driven to the hilt in his breast.

A bitter oath, a spasmodic bound, a heavy fall and all was over with the self-styled Captain Phil Dimple.

To the solitary picket, surrounded by the thickening events of the night, and by nature devoted to all the endearments of peace and good will to men, the time was a trying one.

CHAPTER II.

THE GIRL IN THE HOLLOW TREE.

When satisfied that the tragedy just enacted had not given any alarm over the river, Jim Warren gave three hoots in imitation of the night-owl. This, "too-hoo-too-hoo-hoo," repeated three times, was the pre-arranged signal call for help from Post No. 2, which, being regarded as the danger point, was supplied with several men.

In response, Loyd King, a fearless, quick-witted little man quickly appeared upon the scene. While Jim was explaining the situation to him, a low, plaintive voice was heard, saying:

"This way, gentlemen; for I have some reason to think you are my friends."

"It's a ghost, Jim, in possession of your post," whispered Loyd King.

Nothing daunted, however, both went forward, and a woman, coming from the opposite side of the big tree, boldly met them. Jim at once recognized her as the same little creature that had come in the boat, and consequently as the intended victim of the monster who had followed her.

"I place myself," she said with much embarrassment, "under your protection, at least until I tell you something of my fearful condition. Then you can decide as to whether I am entitled to it or not. Some months ago we came as refugees from Western Tennessee to my father's plantation in this immediate vicinity. Hence my familiarity with this part of the country. As fate would have it, we, only a few days ago, found ourselves inside the Federal lines, and being unable to pass through them with all the family, went to Huntsville, Alabama, which is my present home. We felt more secure there, but were mistaken. To-day a little before 10 o'clock, when my parents were temporarily absent, Phil and Tom Dimple, two renegade Tennesseans, and whom I have known since early childhood, kidnapped me and brought me to Bridgeport, a few miles below this place. The

negro Joe, who has just gone down the river, and who has been my friend and faithful servant all my life, followed us, and in some way managed to become my guard while the Dimples were eating supper. He is very shrewd, and when, a little after dark, he motioned me to follow him, I did so without hesitation. At full speed he took me in his arms to the river and put me in a little boat which a friend of his had provided for the occasion. Advising me to hasten to my 'tree-home' as he calls this big sycamore, he said he'd be here in the morning to carry me to Whitesides, where Uncle John Gailey lives, and then disappeared.

"It seems," she continued, "from what I heard in the renegade's boat, that Joe tried to keep them off my track by saying I went down the river. Failing in this he has somehow managed to continue in their service, and, in my opinion, he'll never leave them until he knows I am beyond their power. Thus you see how much I am indebted to him; but," kneeling at Jim's feet, she kept on, "I owe you a debt of gratitude that all of life can never pay, but not greater than my heart can feel. If Tom Dimple, Phil's brother, does come here to-night I need not tell such men as you what course to pursue further than to ask that you protect Joe."

"The battle necessary to the protection of yourself and friends and the punishment of those who would harm you will be fought to the finish," said Jim, raising the little creature to her feet. "Now," he continued with some hesitation, "please tell us how you managed to get into this big tree?"

"Dear me," she answered as if a smile were playing over her features, "the tree is hollow. There is room enough inside for several persons. To the north there is a natural opening through which I have often passed before to-night. I have frequently been here with various parties and sometimes alone. We made this place a sort of headquarters, and the hollow tree served as a shelter when it rained. It served me a good purpose to-night. From there I heard Phil Dimple's plans to recapture me, and through a small opening which father made for ventilation, I saw you strike him. I did not know of your presence until that moment. Somehow I knew you to be a Confederate soldier.

They call me the Rebel Girl, and hence my trust in you and your companion."

"Your trust is not misplaced," said Jim Warren.

"Amen and amen," chimed in Loyd King shifting his weight from one foot to the other. This was a sure sign that he was ready for action to the death.

"Now," whispered Jim to the girl, "please retire to your tree-home and we'll do the rest. We must now talk low."

"No," she softly replied, "I'll remain with you. If necessary I can materially aid you. See!" and from a wrapper that was over her shoulders she took a bow and a small bundle of arrows. "With these," she continued, "my friends say I am an expert. When here some days ago I left them in the tree with the expectation of returning next morning. But that very day the enemy drew their lines and would not let me pass through them. Though at a fearful cost they are mine again, and I prefer to use them because they are silent."

"And so is mine," said Jim, showing his great knife yet stained with blood.

This seemed to have the desired effect on the resolute girl, and she reluctantly retired, leaving Jim Warren to speculate upon the difference between a lovely form in real life and the gliding of a ghost into what he at first thought was a solid tree.

In the meantime Loyd King returned to his post to give such information as would prevent the corporal of the guard from coming to Post No. 1 while the watch for the return boat was on. When he came back the two soldiers concealed themselves near the roots of the fallen tree and anxiously awaited the coming of "Tom." For a little while they watched the large tree play back and forth on the surface of the sullen water without seeing or hearing anything unusual.

Jim Warren was restless and uncomfortable—uncomfortable because he had arrayed himself in Captain Dimple's blue uniform; and though the fit was fairly good, he felt like he was incased in sheet-iron. By this unpleasant transformation and a change of voice he thought he could, at that dark hour, pass for Capt. Dimple.

More than the time allotted for the return of the boat had passed. Loyd was "spoiling" to say something and at last whispered:

"Say, Jim, don't let that little mortal, if she be mortal, see you wearing that blue suit. You bet she is——"

"Hush!" softly said Jim. "I think I hear the boat coming," he continued after a pause. "Yes, I know the long sweeping strokes of the negro."

Leaving Loyd on the bank, he crawled upon the floating tree, and tried to pierce the gloom that brooded over the water. Nearer and nearer came the muffled strokes, until he could see the outlines of a boat with two men in it.

"Halt! Who comes there?" asked the sentinel.

"Mitchell," answered a strange voice.

"Advance, Mitchell, and give the countersign." "Hall Zenus," quickly responded the negro.

"Shell Moina," added the stranger before Jim could speak.

"Pass on, but who is that with you, Joe?"

"Massa Tom."

"Glad you come Tom—mind Joe, here's the log."

With graduated strokes the boat touched the fallen tree, and as Tom awkwardly scrambled upon it, he hurriedly asked:

"Did she come, Phil?"

"Certainly! Get out quick! There is trouble brewing along the rebel lines and we must leave here at once. Make no noise," said the supposed Phil Dimple, stepping back on the log so as to place the man in front.

"Where is she?" asked Tom, greatly excited.

"Yonder," said Jim pointing to a tall tree which stood a little distance from the true one.

Just as the three men were passing the place where Loyd King was concealed, Jim Warren cautiously said:

"Stop, Tom, let me go before."

This was to divert the man's attention, and before he could think of anything else the muzzle of an English rifle was at his breast, and with the action came the stern command:

"Surrender or die."

His hands went up slowly and Tom Dimple was a prisoner. "And you too, Joe, this is not Phil Dimple," said Jim Warren touching the negro.

"God-a-mity—who am it den?"

"The friend of your young mistress."

As Joe fell to his knees and clasped Jim in his arms a long dagger fell from his sleeve.

"What does this mean, Joe," asked the soldier picking up the knife.

"It means," was the reply, "death to de first man dat lay vi'lant hands on young Missus—whar am she?"

"She is safe and you may see her presently."

Joe arose to his feet and began dancing a jig that called for the exercise of every muscle in him. Loyd King characterized it as "a double and twisted green corn dance that was never seen in all the world before."

When Joe's mild dance was over the lonely too-hoo-too-hoo-hoo, twice repeated, broke on the still night air. It was the second call for help, and soon the corporal of the guard and two other soldiers came and took the prisoner, Tom Dimple, away.

Jim Warren and Loyd King remained near the hollow sycamore, waiting to learn if the recent commotion among them had attracted the attention of the enemy. By and by, they were relieved by hearing the shout first heard that night:

"Wake up Johnny Reb—'tis almost day."

Though the words varied a little, the voice was the same. Jim was now satisfied that he had certainly heard that voice before, and, in the light of what he had heard Captain Dimple say in the boat, he was almost certain that he knew by whom the words were spoken.

As this conclusion produced both pleasant and unpleasant thoughts, he postponed a further consideration of the matter until a more favorable time, and suggested that he and Loyd retire a short distance for the purpose of formulating a plan looking to the restoration of the Rebel Girl to her people and that Joe take their places.

This the negro was glad to do, and, after remaining at the opening in the tree for a few minutes, he began another of his wild, fantastic dances around and around the great sycamore until he made so much noise by striking his huge feet together that Jim had to stop him. Quietly seating himself near the opening he again placed the ugly knife up his sleeve and said:

"Any mo' want young Missus, tell 'em come on—Joe wasn't ready befo', but is ready now!"

Having agreed upon a plan which they thought would enable the suffering girl to reach her home in safety, the two soldiers indulged in a few thoughts in regard to her personal appearance. They had noticed that there was a charm in her movements and sweet music in her voice; but neither had distinctly seen her features.

"One thing is certain," Jim Warren said gravely, "she reminds me of sister Mary. She walks like, talks like, and now and then tosses her head to one side just like sister."

"And more than th—that," Loyd added, half choked, for his heart beat a wild tat-too every time Mary Warren's name was mentioned in his presence, "More than th—that, no one as br—brave and spry as th—that little elf can be any—anything less than bea—beautiful like Ma—; but hush Jim, you kn—know how it is!"

Jim thought it prudent to change the subject as suggested by his friend, and at once took Joe's place as sentinel.

Clearing his throat to indicate his presence, he whispered: "Now that you are beyond the reach of the Dimples, how can we best serve you?"

"In the first place," came the answer, "tell me to whom I am indebted for this great service."

"The soldier who so promptly came to our assistance is Loyd King, a Georgian, and is as gallant a knight as ever drew a lance. I am a Georgian also, and my name is James Warren."

"Warren! Warren! Warren!" slowly repeated the girl. "James Warren is my father's name, and mine is Nellie—they call me 'Nellie Warren, the Rebel Girl!' Can it, O can it be! that we are of the same family?"

"I certainly think so. Many years ago an uncle of mine, Joseph Warren, a descendant of and named for Gen. Joseph Warren of Bunker Hill fame, emigrated to western Tennessee from whence you came. Do you know anything of him?"

"Dear! dear me," exclaimed the the girl, "I am his granddaughter."

"And I am his nephew," eagerly said Jim as he, for the first time, reached his head into the opening.

They clasped each other's hands and for awhile remained silent. At last Nellie said through her thickly falling tears: "I thank God for this knowledge, and can now afford to ask you if there is any way by which I can return home safely."

"Though the country from Bridgeport is in full possession of the enemy, I think we can manage to reach Huntsville.

"In the first place you may remember that the voice we heard to-night, calling on 'Johnny Reb to wake up,' was uncommonly clear and musical. It may surprise you to know that I have heard the same voice repeat the words, 'wake up!' many times before to-night. Phil Dimple told Joe in the boat that Col. Cummins' regiment is about opposite this place, and referred to his men as the 'Bay State boys!'

"This means that the regiment over the river is from Massachusetts, and that Arthur Cummins, a heart-treasured friend of mine, and a native of that State, is its commander. At Cambridge, three miles from Boston, Arthur Cummins and I lived together four years. We entered the grand old University of Harvard on the same day, graduated in the same class, and received the same degree. We occupied the same room and dined at the same table. From Cambridge I went home with him and remained nearly three months. It was during this latter period that I often heard him call to two younger brothers to 'wake up' when, as they frequently did, they slept too long to please him. There never has been a break in our love for one another, and I am not at all afraid to test it again.

"Then in the second place I propose to carry you home as a Federal officer. You may not know that I have Capt. Phil Dimple's uniform, and it fits me fairly well. I wore it last night

at Tom and Joe's reception. It fooled them and I propose to keep on fooling somebody until you are safe in your mother's arms.

"It remains for me to get leave of absence from my command. Capt. Atwater will attend to this within the next few hours. This afternoon I will visit my dear friend over the river, and fear not the result."

"But," asked the wondering Nellie thoughtfully, "can any good thing come out of Massachusetts, so far as the Southern Confederacy is concerned?"

"So far," replied Jim, "as friendship for me and sympathy for you are concerned, I unhesitatingly answer, yes."

The coming day had already hung its banners along the eastern horizon. A company of Confederates soon halted at one of the log cabins near by. It was the relief guard, and Jim Warren, leaving Loyd King at his post, went to meet them.

CHAPTER III.

A COUSIN IS DISCOVERED.

It was sunrise, that glad transition from the gloom of a dreadful night to the golden light of a balmy summer morning. Some distance beyond the river, further than the shouts of the preceeding night, the Federal bands struck up a lively air, and now and then the neighing of horses mingled with the morning reveille. These were the only sounds that greeted the ears of the weary pickets just off duty, except Jim Warren and Loyd King who asked and received permission to remain at Post No. 1 "until" as the latter expressed it, "the crack of doom if necessary."

Near by was a deep hole apparently made by high water. In this the body of Capt. Phil Dimple, wrapped in his make-believe blanket was placed, and, when covered with several feet of sand, was left to his fate. There, unless molested by the same agency that dug his rude grave, his dust still sleeps.

While the burial was going on Loyd King signaled Jim Warren to come near.

"Jim," said Loyd, in a perplexed manner, "I just now took a peep into the hollow tree, and that little angel of some sort is sleeping like a kitten on a hearth rug. I'll swear by all the moons of Jupiter she'll pass for your sister Mary, anywhere. She's as pretty as a rosebud in a sugar loaf, and looks ten thousand pounds sweeter. You know I thought her beautiful from the start; but the great scott! I did not think such a scrap of mortality could look so ethereal and divine in open daylight, that is, if she be mortal."

"If she is not mortal what is she?" asked Jim.

"Well, now that I think of it, I understand the whole matter. This is a fairy island, and the queen of the whole troop is at this moment sleeping in her palace. Invisible to us millions of them are hovering around us now. It may be that Mary Warren is a fairy, too, gone to live with you, because you are a clever fel-

low, Jim, and because your features, though not half so handsome, are very much like hers. Go and see for yourself, old fellow."

Jim went to the tree and cautiously looked in. A bewildered expression passed over his features, he crossed his arms behind him, and gazing intently, he remained motionless for several minutes. Finally his arms fell limp at his side and he slowly walked away. Though strong among the strongest men, he wept like a child.

"Ah! my boy! I told you so! Do you believe me now?" asked Loyd tenderly.

"Yes, my friend, much that you said is true. Perhaps you think it unmanly of me to weep; but as I think of the stormy sea over which that little creature has just been tossed, and of her condition now, I am too manly not to weep. Sure enough she is as much like sister Mary as two peas in a hull. This, coming to our knowledge as it was, is very strange indeed; but when I tell you that her name is Warren—Nellie Warren—and that the blood which flows through her veins flows through mine also, the whole matter presents a chapter of romance in real life that overcomes me as I attempt to read it.

"Even now," the speaker continued, "the position of her silent weapon shows how faithfully the Warren blood has been transmitted down to this sleeping child of a distant generation. An arrow is in place, and I judge when she fell asleep her bow was ready for immediate action. Both bow and arrows appear to be of steel, and the string of fine copper wire, all in keeping with the classically turned little hands which, even in sleep, seem to grasp them firmly."

Thought took the place of speech and the two soldiers sat in silent meditation. While thus engaged the "fairy queen" awoke and came out of her "palace" with bow and arrows in her hands. She was radiantly beautiful, and advanced to meet them with a smile "so sweet," Loyd King said, "that it melted his body off of his legs."

"Excuse me, gentlemen," she said. "I am heartily ashamed of so far forgetting myself as to fall asleep at this critical time. It

was unintentional. Besides I fear such carelessness has caused you some trouble."

"O no!" said Jim. "To you sleep was of first importance. To us it was a pleasure to watch and wait while you took the rest so much needed. This, Miss Warren," he continued, pointing to Loyd, "is Mr. King, my lifelong friend."

"I am certainly glad to meet you, Mr. King. I thank God for such friends as you and Mr. Warren."

Loyd touched his cap with the grace of a Chesterfield and reluctantly returned to his post as a matter of duty.

"My own cousin Nellie, for by this endearing title I may now call you," said Jim, as Loyd went away, "tell me where you left your boat last night? I'll need one this evening."

"I hid it among the brush at the top of the tree, because its presence at or near the clay-root might have betrayed my presence, also. If this little ruse failed, I expected this bow to be my next best friend."

"I thank my good stars that I was here to take the place of the bow," said Jim, gently taking her right hand in his.

She did not answer immediately nor withdraw her hand; but finally turning her large blue eyes, which were as soft and liquid as those of a gazelle, full upon him, and placing her free hand on his shoulder, said:

"And I thank God."

The soldier felt a little reproved for using the word "stars;" but as Capt. Atwater was seen coming across the island the conversation was dropped.

With a smile of gladness on his handsome face, the Captain approached and gave the anxious soldier a paper which gave "private James Warren of the C. S. A., leave of absence for five days," and stipulated that "if said Warren did not report to his command within said time, judgment is to be suspended for five additional days."

"See," said the delighted soldier, "what good time they give us. I think three days at most will carry us through."

CHAPTER IV.

THE REBEL GIRL IS CARRIED HOME.

It was noon, the whirling of time had made its half cycle.

All of the Confederates except Jim Warren and Loyd King had evacuated the island. They, with pretty Nellie Warren, remained in a canoe which was concealed by a cluster of vines that grew on the bank of the eastern branch of the river.

Just at 2 o'clock Jim Warren went to one of the little log houses and arrayed himself in Captain Phil Dimple's uniform. He soon found the little boat near the tree-top, and at an angle of about forty-five degrees, boldly struck for the opposite bank. This did not carry him to the lower end of the swamp, but he soon found it, and in half an hour was at the enemy's lines. He was not sure that the words of the previous night were still in use; but, depending mainly on his uniform and his strong faith in Col. Cummins, he ventured to use them.

He found them all right, and was at once conducted to headquarters and introduced to Col. Arthur Cummins as "Capt. Leon Starr of the U. S. A."

Col. Cummins gave the Captain a searching look and said as if dreaming:

"I declare Captain, you greatly resemble a very dear friend of mine whom I would be glad to meet."

"C——e," said the Captain bowing.

"C——a," rejoined the Colonel, and instantly they were in each other's arms. The cabalistic words so often used by them in their school days at once accomplished much of the serious work in hand. It was a novel sight—two professional soldiers, arrayed in open hostility, stood clasped in each other's arms. Perhaps the broad annals of war have not recorded a similar scene.

When the shock natural to such a meeting had somewhat subsided, Jim Warren made a full confession of his mission. He concealed nothing of importance to his cause.

Col. Cummins listened to his narrative with profound attention; and after considering the matter to the fullest extent possible, consented to do all he could to restore Nellie Warren to her people.

While engaged in conversation during the evening, Capt. Starr asked:

"Dear Colonel, did you hear anything unusual on the island last night?" "Only once; and that was the most terrible medley of sounds I ever heard. The whole regiment turned out to listen, and though we did not think it was made by the enemy, I sent two daring Irishmen to investigate the cause. They reported that the whole 'tear-up' was nothing but a 'darn fool nigger dancing a wild rigadoun around a great big tree like old Nick was after him, or he was after old Nick—we don't know which.' As some of the people believe that a negro can 'hoo-doo,' or put spells on white men, they concluded their report by saying, 'we watched him till we felt a spell coming on us, and scurried away.'"

"That was the negro Joe celebrating the redemption of his young missus, who was then inside the tree," exclaimed Capt. Starr laughing heartily.

It was dark when Capt. Starr again reached his little boat, armed with "permission to cross the river to take voluntary possession of a lady whom he had formerly wooed and won," and ordered that "upon his return with the lady at any time during the following morning, both are to receive the aid and protection of the officer detailed to receive them."

Elated with hope, the bold Confederate pulled for the island, and after meeting with some difficulty while crossing the main current, reached the fallen tree safely.

Miss Warren was so overcome by the joyful tidings brought her that Loyd King insisted on helping her, and without even asking permission to do so, took the astonished girl in his arms and tenderly carried her to the large sycamore where it was proposed she should sleep if she could, through the remainder of

the night. Loyd afterwards said that "Though it was the first barrel of sugar he ever carried in his arms, he hoped it would not be the last one."

Though silent and uneventful, the night's vigil was one of patient love. How true it is that "The fluttering of the love-angel's wing will make the most dreary spot of earth a seeming Paradise, and produce emotions which hearts can feel, but tongue can never tell!"

At last the break of dawn, "at first faint gleaming in the dappled east," gave notice that the time for leaving was at hand. Miss Warren was ready and led by the steady hand of Loyd King, she was soon a passenger with Jim Warren, bound for the other bank. Tears fell thick and fast, a sad farewell was said, and the little boat moved away into the semi-darkness.

A little before sunrise the anxious voyagers reached the designated landing. An unknown officer and two other soldiers were there to meet them, and being conducted to headquarters they found a magnificent breakfast awaiting their arrival.

About 9 o'clock A. M., Capt. Starr and his lady started for Bridgeport, the terminus of the railroad since the affair mentioned at the beginning of this narrative. At 2 P. M. they boarded a freight train which carried them to Huntsville, sometime in the night.

To describe the abounding joy at the Warren home when the lost daughter returned is beyond the utmost reach of words. When Nellie whispered to her father that Capt. Starr was a full-blooded rebel in disguise, a large amount of gold was offered him for his services. Shaking his head with a firmness that could not be misunderstood, he said:

"No, that is not my price. I may be able to tell you what it is in the morning."

The morning came. Doubtless little sleep fell to the lot of the Warren family that night. A return train was scheduled for Bridgeport at 8 o'clock. The disguised rebel wanted to spend most of the intervening time with his redeemed Rebel Girl. She

offered no objections. Within half an hour she had promised to become his bride when the "cruel war was over." He hastened to her parents, and after telling them in substance all that he and Nellie knew of each other, he concluded by saying:

"Notwithstanding all this; our relationship is not close enough to prevent me from redeeming my promise of last night. Nellie has given me her heart, will you give me her hand if I live through the war, which I grant is a very uncertain thing?"

"May God," answered the father, "bless and save you both. Then come and be our son."

Mr. Warren could say no more, and when the bitter farewell was over, the strange captain passed silently through the gazing crowds that thronged his way.

It was nearly sunset when Capt. Starr again stood in front of Col. Cummins' tent door. Sleeping little, they communed together until morning when the captain, with a flag of truce, rowed, for the last time, to the island of his thrilling adventures.

Leaving his precious craft where he found it, he hastened to the boat among the vines where he found Loyd King and Joe waiting for him. They at once reported to headquarters, and from thence passed on still deeper into the great conflict between the states.

The negro Joe, at Nellie Warren's particular request, became the willing and devoted servant of both Jim Warren and Loyd King; and in deference to her wishes, Tom Dimple was sent away as a prisoner of war. The following October the noble Capt. Atwater was killed at Perryville, Ky.

The strife became more furious as time passed on, and when at last the conflict was over, and the South was just entering into the throes of reconstruction, Col. James Warren, formerly private Jim Warren, accompanied by his sister, Mary Warren, Capt. Loyd King, Gen. Arthur Cummins of Massachusetts, and Dr. Palmer, late of New Orleans, appeared before Nellie Warren at her elegant home in western Tennessee, and the man of God made them one. By them stood Loyd King and Mary Warren. The two

pairs exchanged places on the floor, and the brave little Georgian and the beautiful Mary, were made one, too.

Joe King Warren, as the negro loved to call himself after entering the service of two masters, died about ten years ago. A costly monument, erected by the Warren family prominently marks his grave.



SUPPLEMENT
TO
THE EARLY HISTORY
OF
JACKSON COUNTY

GIVING THE NAMES OF OFFICERS SINCE 1796
TO THE PRESENT TIME.

INFERIOR COURT JUDGES.

OUR COUNTY'S PART IN THE CIVIL WAR.

VETERANS THAT ENLISTED.

DELEGATES TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTIONS
OF 1861-65-67 AND 1877.

ROLL OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN THE COUNTY.

REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATORS FROM 1799 TO 1914.

AND SOME STRANGE THINGS CULLED FROM THE RECORDS

By
W. E. WHITE

PUBLIC SCHOOL OFFICERS OF JACKSON COUNTY.

Until the year 1870, the Ordinary had charge of the school funds of the county.

An Act of the General Assembly, approved October 13, 1870, called for the election, by the Board of Education, of one of its members of said Board to be County School Commissioner. This Act was amended on the 19th of January, 1872, in several particulars, but did not materially change the duties of the Commissioner.

The Act of 1911 changed the name "Commissioner" to "Superintendent of Schools." And also made the office elective by the people instead of by the Board.

The following gentlemen have served as Commissioners or Superintendents, viz:

1871 to 1900, Gustavus James Nash Wilson.

1900 to 1912, Richard Dudley Moore.

1912 to —, Luther Elrod.

The following are the names of the members of the Board of Education from 1876 to 1914, inclusive:

Robert White, J. G. McLester, J. L. Johnson, William Thurmond, J. L. Williamson, F. M. Bailey, W. H. Bridges, G. W. Brown, J. A. B. Mahaffy, William Seymore, C. W. Appleby, J. C. Grow, W. F. Stark, R. S. McGarity, C. B. Irwin, T. H. Niblack, H. L. Brock, E. M. Thompson, S. W. Jackson, A. L. Venable, W. T. Howard, W. T. Thurmond, J. T. Chestnut, L. F. Sell, W. B. Hardman, H. M. Appleby, H. J. Cox, J. N. Holder, T. W. Webb, D. W. Garrison, J. C. Turner, J. F. Shannon, A. A. Camp, B. A. Hill, A. M. Flanigan, L. M. Arnold, W. R. Smith, W. H. Maley, J. N. Ross, J. A. Crook, R. W. Haynie, and L. C. Allen.

Of the above members six have served as presidents of the Board, viz: Messrs. Robert White, J. G. McLester, J. A. B. Mahaffy, J. N. Holder, W. B. Hardman and J. C. Turner.

The present Board is composed of the following gentlemen: J. C. Turner, President; W. H. Maley, J. A. Crook, R. W. Haynie and L. C. Allen.

The people of this county have always believed in education, and to-day, every district has a new and commodious school building. Jefferson, Pendergrass, Commerce, Statham, Maysville all have good brick buildings that would do credit to much larger cities, while Winder, Talmo, Hoschton, Arcade, Nicholson and Center have buildings of wood.

HARMONY GROVE FEMALE ACADEMY, 1824.

In Dawson's Compilation of the Laws of the State of Georgia, page 24, No. 56, is found this Act:

"An Act to incorporate the Female Academy at Harmony Grove in Jackson County."

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Georgia, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That Russell Jones, William Putts (Potts), Samuel Barnett, Frederick Stewart and John Rhea be Trustees of said Academy, etc." This was the first school for girls that was established in the State.

COMMISSIONERS ROADS AND REVENUES.

"In accordance with an Act of the General Assembly, entitled an Act appointing County Commissioners for Jackson County, Georgia, approved the 16th day of Feb., 1874."

Their first meeting was held on March the 7th, 1874.

The following gentlemen served on the Board:

1874, Hartwell Jackson, Thomas L. Ross and L. Gilleland.

1875 and 1876, William Seymore, W. J. Haynie and W. G. Steed.

1877, J. H. Reinhardt, F. S. Segars and S. S. Smith.

T. H. Niblack served as Clerk.

This board was dissolved by Act of the Legislature approved Feb. 24, 1877.

Again, in 1901, the General Assembly of Georgia approved an Act creating another Board of Roads and Revenues. This Act was amended in 1903, allowing the people to elect the members of the Board instead of being appointed as under the Act of 1901. Members of the Board follows:

1902-3, W. P. DeLaperriere, Chairman; G. E. Deadwyler and A. R. Braselton.

1904, F. L. Pendergrass, Chairman; A. R. Braselton and W. P. DeLaperriere.

1905, F. L. Pendergrass, Chairman; W. B. Matthews and C. M. Porter.

1906-7-8, F. L. Pendergrass, Chairman; C. M. Porter and H. C. Barnett.

1909 to 1912, A. R. Braselton, Chairman; D. R. Marlow and T. T. Stapler.

1913, A. R. Braselton, Chairman; W. W. Hancock and L. D. Nickelson.

By an Act approved in 1902, the office of Superintendent of Roads, better known as Civil Engineer, was created.

Mr. T. Jack Bennett served in this capacity until 1912.

Mr. George D. Appleby is the present Engineer.

SHERIFFS.

1796 to 1800, John Hart

1801 to 1803, Chas. Dougherty

1804 to 1805, Robt. Hyde

1806 to 1807, J. M. C. Montgomery

1808 to 1809, Wm. Potts

1810 to 1812, Robt. Mitchell

1813 to 1818, Wm. Potts

1819 to 1820, J. Little

1821 to 1821, Wm. Potts

1822 to 1824, Joseph Hampton

1825 to 1826, J. Little

1827 to 1828, Jos. Hampton

1829 to 1830, John Park

1831 to 1832, John Randolph
 1833 to 1834, Barnabus Barron
 1835 to 1836, John Randolph
 1837 to 1838, G. F. Adams
 1839 to 1839, James Wood, Unexpired Term
 1840 to 1841, N. H. Pendergrass
 1842 to 1843, Jas. Wood
 1844 to 1845, Wm. S. Thompson
 1846 to 1847, Joshua H. Randolph
 1848 to 1849, Wm. Thompson
 1850 to 1851, J. H. Randolph
 1852 to 1853, Wm. Thompson
 1854 to 1855, J. H. Randolph
 1856 to 1857, John S. Hunter
 1858 to 1859, Alfred Smith
 1860 to 1861, A. M. Reynolds
 1862 to 1863, D. T. J. Chandler
 1864 to 1865, James E. Randolph
 1866 to 1867, Wm. C. Stevens
 1868 to 1870, J. D. Johnson
 1871 to 1872, Turner Wilhite, Died
 1872 to 1873, M. N. Duke, Unexpired Term
 1874 to 1878, John S. Hunter
 1879 to 1890, Thos. A. McElhannon
 1891 to 1896, Benj. H. Collier
 1897 to 1898, A. R. Braselton
 1899 to 1906, W. T. Stevens, Died
 1906 to 1906, J. J. Pettyjohn, Unexpired Term
 1907 to 1912, B. H. Collier
 1913 to —, Samuel C. Potts

CORONERS.

1852 to 1857, H. Allen
 1858 to 1872, W. J. Park
 1873 to 1876, William Wallace

1877 to 1878, S. Yearwood
1879 to 1894, W. A. Worsham
1895 to 1898, M. P. Wood
1899 to 1906, L. J. Johnson
1907 to 1912, J. F. Adams
1913 to —, J. A. Wood

ORDINARIES.

By an Act of the General Assembly of Georgia, approved in 1851, amended in 1852 and again in 1853, the office of Ordinary was created.

The following is a list of gentlemen that have served this county:

1853 to 1859, John G. Pittman
1860 to 1861, A. C. Thompson
1862 to 1867, John Simpkins
1868 to 1872, Thos. L. Ross
1873 to 1876, Wily C. Howard
1877 to 1896, Horatio W. Bell
1897 to 1900, L. Y. Bradbury
1901 to 1908, John N. Ross
1909 to —, James A. Wills

DEPUTY SHERIFFS.

1883 to 1886, S. E. Bailey
1887 to 1890, J. W. Cleghorn
1891 to 1892, John A. Suddeth
1893 to 1894, J. F. Coleman
1895 to 1896, Samuel Coleman
1897 to 1898, R. M. Patrick
1899 to 1900, H. M. Appleby
1907 to 1912, Frank Collier
1913 to —, James W. Stockton

CLERKS INFERIOR COURT.

1796 to 1797, D. W. Easley
1798 to 1800, Jas. Easley
1801 to 1802, W. Pentecost
1803 to 1816, Edward Adams
1817 to 1818, Edward Harris
1819 to 1822, Joseph Depriest
1823 to 1832, Edward Adams
1833 to 1837, Sylvanus Ripley
1838 to 1839, William Cowan
1840 to 1847, J. J. McCulloch
1848 to 1865, Pitsfield F. Hinton
1866 to 1866, H. J. Simmons

This court was abolished in 1866.

TAX RECEIVERS.

1851 to 1852, J. B. Lowry
1853 to 1854, Thos. Stapler
1855 to 1860, John Simpkins
1862 to 1863, W. A. Worsham
1864 to 1865, J. M. Venable
1866 to 1867, E. M. Durham
1868 to 1870, D. R. R. Perkins
1871 to 1874, J. P. Thompson
1875 to 1878, Geo. W. Brown
1879 to 1880, W. C. Appleby
1881 to 1882, J. W. N. Lanier
1883 to 1890, W. P. Boggs
1891 to 1892, A. G. Lamar
1893 to 1894, W. P. Boggs
1895 to 1898, R. J. Fleeman
1899 to 1904, G. M. D. Moon
1905 to 1912, N. B. Lord
1913 to —, Obie Hawks

TREASURERS.

1864 to 1867, Joseph Elslery
1868 to 1872, Jas. Rogers
1873 to 1876, L. J. Johnson

1907 to 1910, Geo. W. Baily
1911 to —, Geo. E. Smith

SURVEYORS.

1853 to 1854, B. F. Park
1855 to 1859, Ephraim Jackson
1860 to 1861, N. B. Cash
1862 to 1865, E. Jackson
1866 to 1870, A. J. Weir
1871 to 1880, J. L. Johnson
1881 to 1882, N. N. Pendergrass
1883 to 1884, W. T. Bennett
1885 to 1892, A. C. Appleby
1893 to 1894, C. O. Pittman
1895 to 1898, J. H. Hardy
1899 to 1904, C. O. Pittman
1905 to 1906, C. A. Mize
1907 to 1912, C. O. Pittman
1913, No one

TAX COLLECTORS.

1840 to 1854, E. Hewit
1855 to 1856, A. C. Thompson
1857 to 1858, T. L. Brown, Died
1859, H. C. Appleby
1860 to 1861, V. Cronie
1862 to 1863, W. A. Worsham
1864 to 1865, C. C. Thompson
1866 to 1870, Wm. Thurmond

1871 to 1872, Chas. Fleeman, Died
1873 to 1874, C. S. Hill
1875 to 1880, Jas. L. Williamson
1881 to 1882, J. M. Sailors
1883 to 1885, T. L. Brown, Died
1885 to 1886, H. C. Barnett, Unexpired Term
1887 to 1890, J. D. Williamson
1891 to 1892, J. F. Marlow
1893 to 1894, J. R. Roberts
1895 to 1898, W. F. Head
1899 to 1906, A. H. Brock
1907 to —, W. T. Appleby

CLERKS SUPERIOR COURT

1796 to 1806, George Taylor
1807 to 1831, Edward Adams
1832 to 1837, Sylvanus Ripley
1838 to 1839, William Cowan
1840 to 1847, J. J. McCulloch
1848 to 1865, P. F. Hinton
1866 to 1866, H. Atkins, Appointed
1866 to 1866, H. J. Simmons, Elected
1866 to 1868, J. F. Harrison, Deputy
1868 to 1869, H. Atkins
1869 to 1870, Jno. Simpkins
1871 to 1880, T. H. Niblack
1881 to 1884, J. L. Williamson
1885 to 1889, W. T. Bennett, Died
1889 to 1890, J. C. Bennett, Unexpired Term
1891 to 1892, T. H. Niblack
1893 to 1896, J. C. Bennett
1897 to 1898, C. C. Chandler
1899 to 1906, A. C. Appleby
1907 to 1912, S. J. Nix
1913 to —, N. B. Lord

Most of the above-named clerks served as treasurers, also. Since 1864, our county has had only five treasurers apart from the Clerk's office.

Notice the list of Treasurers, and there will appear a gap from 1875 to 1907.

Note: The custom followed by the officers in the early settlement and even up to the Civil War, was to assume the duties of their offices at most any time in the year that suited their convenience. This makes it a difficult matter to place the exact length of service, and we have, therefore, given each his one, two or four years as the case demands, as though he began on the first of the year as is the custom now.

In former years some would begin the terms any time from January to May.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE, NOTARIES PUBLIC, AND CONSTABLES IN 1914.

Jefferson District, 245—H. C. Doster, J. P.; W. W. Dickson, N.

P., with J. J. Pettyjohn and A. J. Watson, Constables.

Clarksboro, 242—E. D. Welchel, J. P.; C. F. Holliday, N. P., with J. F. Hale and R. W. Holliday, Constables.

Newtown, 253—J. O. Stapler, J. P.; J. W. Ingram, N. P., with D. J. Nunn and C. E. Fleeman, Constables.

Center, 1704—S. A. Pittman, J. P.; J. P. Johnson, N. P., with J. H. Farmer and J. J. Pace, Constables.

Harrisburg, 257—H. T. Jennings, J. P.; W. P. Boggs, N. P., with G. R. Griffeth and B. C. McRee, Constables.

Minish, 255—J. W. Sailors, J. P.; T. A. Little, N. P., with S. E. Baily and A. Jep Smith, Constables.

Wilson, 465—W. N. LeMaster, J. P.; D. A. Crisler, N. P., with E. B. Seay and Jack Hopkins, Constables.

Miller, 455—R. R. Wilson, J. P.; J. A. Crook, N. P., with W. M. Tolbert and S. W. Lord, Constables.

Talmo, 1691—J. W. Walker, J. P.; L. R. Pettyjohn, N. P., with J. H. A. Simmons and D. G. Stover, Constables.

Cunningham, 428—E. Duke, J. P.; W. B. Patrick, N. P., with W. W. Brooks and J. T. Bailey, Constables.

Randolph, 248—H. M. Duke, J. P.; A. J. Morgan, N. P., with Charley Bryant and J. W. Simmons, Constables.
 Hoschton, 1407—J. H. C. Randolph, J. P.; W. M. Smith, N. P., with J. L. Stover and J. M. Deaton, Constables.
 House, 243—A. I. Lyle, J. P.; R. O. Ross, N. P., with W. A. Watson and E. Hewit, Constables.
 Chandler, 246—J. M. Haynie, J. P.; Muller McElroy, N. P., with C. E. McDanold and G. L. Williamson, Constables.
 Sante Fe, 1042—L. D. Nickelson, J. P.; J. J. Bolton, N. P., with J. I. Wages and W. N. Haynie, Constables.

SOME OF THE QUEER THINGS CULLED FROM THE RECORDS OF THE INFERIOR COURT OF JACKSON COUNTY.

“State of Georgia }
 Jackson County }

At a court began and held in and for the County aforesaid the first day of August 1796. Present

Joseph Humphries	}	Esquires
Absalom Ramsey		
Roderick Easley		
Montfort Stokes	}	Judges
James Pitman		

On motion of Theo P. Carnes, Atty. for Wm. Brown, stating that an action was depending in the Inferior Court of Franklin County, Wm. Brown vs. John Barnett which cause was ordered by said Court to be removed to this as the defendent resided in this County———

Ordered, that the Clerk inter the same on the docquet and stand for trial next term———

Then proceeded to nominate Constables when David Shay Samuel Bridgewater and Johnson Clark was appointed and qualified also John Kinnerly who is to be qualified hereafter———

Ordered, that a road be cut from this place the nearest & best way to the Cherokee Corner, and that Samuel Knox John Heart & Daniel W. Easley be commissioners of the same——

And that a road be cut from this place Meeting a road from Franklin Court House, Jas East Wm. Carter & Obiant Mooney Commissioners of the same

Signed Jas Humphries Roderick Easley Absalom Ramsey Jas. Pittman Wm. Stokes

The Court adjourned until court in course.

D. W. Easley, Clk.

The following jurors were drawn for the January term of court, 1797, viz:

1 John Bradshaw, 2 John Parks, 3 Chesly Morris, 4 Jas. Scott, 5 Jno. Cunningham, 6 Isaac Hill, 7 Wm. Gentry, 8 Ben Virmillion, 9 Jordan Anderson, 10 Sam Kilough, 11 Jno. Miller, 12 Walter Bell, 13 Nathaniel Midlock, 14 Jas. Harper, 15 Wm. Duke, 16 Jas. Armstrong, 17 Jno. Party, 18 Jno. Reynolds, 19 Asa Hamilton, 20 Henry Ledbetter, 21 Wm. Sparks, 22 Matt Moon, 23 Geo. Kinerly, 24 Randolph Traylor, 25 Jesse Sparks, 26 Jno. Wilson, 27 Matt Waters, 28 Mial Barnett, 29 David Luke, 30 Jacob Howen, 31 Geo. McPharse, 32 Isaac Middlebrooks, 33 Daniel Matthews, 34 Wm. Cauthorn, 35 Henry Trent, 36 Miles Gathright, 37 Sam Knox, 38 Cain Gentry, 39 Ales Kilgoor, 40 David Kilough, 41 John Shield, 42 Leon Best, 43 Thos. Kinily, 44 Thos. Nelson, 45 Daniel Williams, 46 William Ramsey.

The first case tried in the county was the case of William Brown against John Barnett, and was decided by the following jurors, viz:

1 Jno. Bradshaw, 2 Jno. Parks, 3 Chesly Morris, 4 Jno. Cunningham, 5 Isaac Hill, 6 Ben Vermillion, 7 Sam Kilough, 8 Jno. Miller, 9 Walter Bell, 10 Jas. Harper, 11 (Name does not appear on record,) 12 Wm. Duke.

The verdict was: "We the jurors find for the defendant a non suit, with cost of suit."

Jas. Harper, F. M.

Case appealed.

August Term 1797.

On Thursday 3d the following "Orders" were passed:

"Ordered that Tavern license & License for to keep a Ferry across the Oconee river at Fort Mathews be granted to Mathew Stone———

"Ordered, That, Tavern License be granted to Cain Jentry——

* * * * *

"Ordered, that the following Rates be Lawful for any Tavern keeper, or retailers of Spiritous Liquors to sell by and shall not extort a larger sum for any single article than what is here allowed

	for Breakfast of good wholesome diet.....	\$0.25
first table	" Dinner " do Warm	.37½
Second table	" Dinner " do Cold	.25
	" Supper " do	.25
	" Lodging "	.10
	" half pint of Jamaica or Wisterior Rum..	.25
	" half pint North East Rum.....	.18¾
	" half pint Brandy	.18¾
	" half pint Whiskey	.12½
	" horse feed 4 cents for each quart of Corn or bundle fother	
	feeding & Stableing a horse twenty four hours with a plenty of Corn and fother	.37½

Jackson County's first Justices of the peace were appointed on the 4th day of August, 1797, as follows:

Capt. Morrison's district, Joseph East and Alexander Morrison.

" Kilough's " John Easley

" Kirkpatrick's " Joseph McCutchen and Thomas Kirkpatrick

" Strong's " Micajah Bengé.

Constables for these districts, having been appointed on the day previous, were Elijah Gentry, Ben Parr, James Henderson and Ben Rodgers.

At the April term 1797 this order was passed, viz:

“Ordered that the Clerk advertise the building of the [first] Jail to be let to the lowest bidder on the first Saturday in May next at Clarksboro. the plan of said house is as follows, twenty two feet square on the out side two stories high a shingle roof the first story to begin two feet in the ground built with a double wall of timbers at least ten inches square & filled with small round poles end ways so as to make the walls three feet thick to be eight feet clear in the pitch of the floor to begin even with the surface of the earth laid with hewn timbers a foot thick close together then with two Inch oak plank nailed down with spikes within six inches of each other and second floor in the same manner and a trap door in the middle three feet square well Ironed the second story to be ten feet pitch in the clear & only the out wall carried up the upper floor of squared timbers six inches thick a door to the upper story well Ironed & 4 eight light glass windows, well grated the lower story to have two windows, eight inches square grated inside and out———

With a few changes in the plans, the jail was erected in the following summer.

At the June Term of the Inferior Court in 1800, this “Order” was passed: “Ordered, that Gabriel Hubbard, Jacob Bankston, James Stringer, Robt. McGowen, Richard Easley, Wm. Loyd and Richard Thurmond be commissioners to lay out a road leading from the High Shoals of the Appalatchee to Jackson court house so as to cross the bridge across the Middle river where the county may appoint.

“George Wilson, Absalom Ramsey and Jas. Pittman, Judges.”

A page from the Inferior Court records. An exact reproduction.

Thursday the 7th feb 1805

Court met according to adjournment

Present their honors

{	James Pittman	} Esquires
	James Hendrix	
}	Eth'd Wood	

Ordered that the following rates be lawful for taverns for the present year viz

Breakfast of good holsom Diet	\$0.18 $\frac{3}{4}$
Dinner " do	.25
Supper " do	.18 $\frac{3}{4}$
Lodging night	.06 $\frac{1}{4}$
Jamaica or West Indian or holland Gin..... $\frac{1}{2}$ pt...	.18 $\frac{3}{4}$
Brandy & Whisky	do 12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Horse well fed with Corn and fodder	.12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Feeding and stabling horse well with corn & fodder for twenty four hours	.37 $\frac{1}{2}$
For one night	.25

JUDGES INFERIOR COURT.

- 1796-7-8, Joseph Humphries, Absalom Ramsey, Roderick Easley and Mont Stokes.
- 1799, Jas. Pittman, Buckner Harris, George Wilson, Absalom Ramsey and John Hampton.
- 1800, B. Harris, Jas. Pittman, Micajah Williamson, and George Wilson.
- 1801, B. Harris, George Wilson, M. Bengé, Absalom Ramsey, Jas. Pittman and B. Haynie.
- 1802-3, B. Harris, Jas. Pittman, Wm. Foster, Jas. Hendrix and David Dickson.
- 1804, B. Harris, Jas. Pittman, Wm. Foster, Jas. Hendrix, D. Dickson and E. Wood.
- 1805-6-7-8, B. Harris, Jas. Pittman and George Cowan.
- 1809, B. Harris, Jas. Pittman, Jas. Hendrix, E. Wood and David Witt.
- 1810, Peter Boyle, D. Witt, Jas. Hendrix and Etheldred Wood.
- 1811, Hugh Montgomery, P. Poole, D. Witt, Jas. Hendrix and Jas. Pittman.
- 1812-13-14, D. Witt, Chas. Venable, Hosea Camp, Joseph Davis and Sam Henderson.

- 1815, Jos. Davis, Hosea Camp, Hezekiah Gates, D. Witt, G. N. Lyle and D. H. McCleskey.
- 1816, Elisha Winn, Hugh Montgomery and D. Witt.
- 1817, D. H. McCleskey, D. Witt and Hugh Montgomery.
- 1818, David Boring, D. Witt, Hugh Montgomery and John Borders.
- 1819, William D. Martin, D. Boring, D. Witt, Jno. Borders, Levi Lowry and Jos. Hampton.
- 1820, Jos. Hampton, Levi Lowry, D. Witt, Thomas Hyde and Jas. Lyddell.
- 1821, Thos. Hyde, Levi Lowry, Jos. Hampton, W. D. Martin and Jas. Lyddell.
- 1822, Thos. Hyde, J. J. Singleton, D. Witt, G. W. Moore, Samuel Barnett and Benj. Freeman.
- 1823, Hugh Montgomery, W. D. Martin, Sam Barnett and Geo. Shaw.
- 1824, Geo. Shaw, Sam Barnett, Thos. Hyde, Hugh Montgomery and W. D. Martin.
- 1825, W. D. Martin, Hugh Montgomery, Geo. Shaw, Sam Barnett, Tandy Key and D. Witt.
- 1826, W. D. Martin, Tandy Key, Geo. Shaw and Sam Barnett.
- 1827, W. D. Martin, David Witt, Tandy Key and Geo. Shaw.
- 1828, D. Witt, Sam Barnett, Tandy Key and Sylvanus Ripley.
- 1829, Robt. Smithwick, J. W. Glenn, S. Ripley, Robt. Venable, Jas. Montgomery and Tandy Key.
- 1830, J. W. Glenn, S. Ripley, Robt. Smithwick, Robt. Venable and Arthur Camp.
- 1831, S. Ripley, R. Venable and R. Smithwick.
- 1832, D. Witt, Jos. Hampton and J. W. Glenn.
- 1833, N. C. Jarrett, Richard Pentecost, Augustus Brown and Edward Adams.
- 1834, Joseph L. Anderson, E. Adams, N. C. Jarrett and Robert Moon.
- 1835, N. C. Jarrett, John G. Pittman, Robt. Moon, and Tillman Harrison.
- 1836, E. L. Newton, N. C. Jarrett, J. G. Pittman and D. H. McCleskey.

- 1837, R. Pentecost, N. C. Jarrett, J. G. Pittman, Robt. Moon, J. P. Hutchens and Tillman Harrison.
- 1838, John Mills, N. C. Jarrett and David M. Burns.
- 1839, W. J. Hill, N. C. Jarrett, Tillman Harrison and D. M. Burns.
- 1840-41, N. C. Jarrett, Robt. Moon and Tillman Harrison.
- 1842-43, N. C. Jarrett, Tillman Harrison and Middleton Witt.
- 1844, Charley Price, N. C. Jarrett and Tillman Harrison.
- 1845, N. C. Jarrett, E. H. Moomaugh and Chas. Price.
- 1846-47, Charles Witt and E. H. Moomaugh.
- 1848, Robt. Espy, E. H. Moomaugh and Chas. Witt.
- 1849-50, Robt. White, Madison Strickland, Chas. Witt and M. Witt.
- 1851, Chas. Witt, R. J. Park and M. Witt.
- 1852-53, M. Witt, Madison Strickland and Chas. Witt.
- 1854-55, A. B. Pittman, D. L. Jarrett, R. J. Park and J. H. Vandiver.
- 1856-57, J. H. Vandiver, A. B. Pittman, D. L. Jarrett and W. P. Miller.
- 1858, D. L. Jarrett, A. B. Pittman and W. P. Miller.
- 1859, W. P. Miller, A. B. Pittman and H. C. Giddens.
- 1860, H. C. Giddens, A. B. Pittman, W. P. Miller, D. L. Jarrett and J. W. Hardy.
- 1861, H. C. Giddens, J. W. Hardy, Henry Hosch, Jas. Linsey and W. A. Worsham.
- 1862, J. W. Hardy, William Griffeth and H. C. Giddens.
- 1863, A. C. Shockley, Wm. Griffeth, J. R. Hancock and James T. Straynge.
- 1864,65, Jas. Lindsey, A. C. Shockley, J. R. Hancock, Wm. Griffeth and J. W. Hardy.
- 1866, A. T. Bennett, J. R. Hancock, G. E. Deadwyler and Jasper N. Wood.*

This court took the place, somewhat, of the Court of Ordinary at the present time, if the duties of Commissioners of Roads and Revenues were combined with his work. The Inferior Court also

*Judge Jasper N. Wood died on Jan. 20, 1914, being the last to answer the call of the Great Judge.

had jurisdiction over civil cases up to \$500 and some criminal matters.

The court was abolished in 1866.

COURT OF JACKSON COUNTY.

This court was organized in June, 1866 with Hon. W. L. Marler, Judge, and Hon. W. I. Pike, Solicitor.

The court had its monthly, quarterly, semi-annual and annual sessions. From the record, it would seem that certain cases of a particular nature was tried at certain of these different "sittings."

This court was abolished in November 1867.

ANOTHER COURT OF JACKSON COUNTY.

This court was organized in October 1875. Hon. M. M. Pittman was the Judge. This court, unlike the court of '66 and '67, which used the sheriff, had its own recognized bailiffs.

The court was abolished in 1877.

COURT OF JACKSON COUNTY.

And, yet, another court was organized in the '80's but was declared unconstitutional and therefore it was abolished.

These courts were thought to be too expensive, considering the small scope of their powers. Much of the business transacted by them could be carried on by the Justice courts.

But later the people felt the need of a court that could be carried on at less expense than the Superior Court and therefore the City Court of Jefferson came into existence.

It has jurisdiction over all "misdemeanor" cases and nearly all civil cases, except "land cases," divorce suits and some others.

OFFICERS OF CITY COURT OF JEFFERSON.

This court was organized in September 1892.

Judges.

1892 to 1911, W. W. Stark

1911 to —, G. A. Johns

Solicitors.

1892 to 1897, R. B. Russell, of the Superior Court

1897 to 1900, C. H. Brand, of the Superior Court

1900 to 1907, R. L. J. Smith

1907 to 1911, W. H. Quarterman

1911 to —, Pemberton Cooly

Clerks.

1892 to 1911, James L. Williamson, Died

1911 to —, E. L. Williamson

BOARD TAX ASSESSORS.

“An Act to regulate the return and assessment of property for taxation in this State.”

Section 2, “Be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That there shall be and is hereby established in each of the several counties of the State a Board of Tax Assessors. Said County Board shall consist of three members to be appointed by the Board of County Commissioners, or a majority thereof or by the ordinary in which have no Board of County Commissioners, etc.” Approved August 14, 1913.

The first Board of Tax Assessors appointed under the above Act were: Judge John N. Ross, Hon. R. D. Moore and Hon. John B. Hardman.

Their terms of office began January 1st, 1914.

Game Warden, 1914, John R. Duke.

JACKSON COUNTY'S PART IN THE CIVIL WAR.

As soon as the returns of the election, on November the 7th, 1860, was known and every one was satisfied that Abraham Lincoln would be the next President of the United States of America, the South "sat up and took notice."

The people seemed to think that the time had come for a separation from the Union. And accordingly a convention was called to decide whether Georgia would leave the Union or remain as she was.

The Convention met in Milledgeville, the Capital then, and on Jan. 19th, 1861, passed the following "Ordinance:" "We the people of the State of Georgia, in convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, That the ordinance adopted by the people of the State of Georgia in convention, on the second day of January 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was assented to, ratified and adopted; and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly of this State ratifying and adopting amendments of the said constitution, are hereby repealed, rescinded and abrogated.

"We do further declare and ordain, That the Union now subsisting between the State of Georgia and other states, under the name of the 'United States of America,' is hereby dissolved, and that the State of Georgia is in the full possession and the exercise of all those rights of sovereignty which belong and appertain to a free and independent state."

Our delegates, Hons. J. J. McCulloch, J. G. Pittman and D. R. Lyle, voted for the above ordinance, thus placing Jackson County on the list as in favor of Secession. We notice our sister county's (Banks) delegates voted one for and one against the ordinance. Hon. S. W. Pruitt favored the withdrawal but Hon. W. R. Bell opposed it. Hall County's three delegates, Hons. E. M. Johnson, P. M. Byrd and Davis Wheelchel, voted solidly against the measure. Gwinnett's delegates, Hons. R. D. Winn, J. P. Simmons and T. P. Hudson did likewise, while Hons. T. R. R. Cobb, Asbury Hull and Jefferson Jennings of Clarke, favored the ordinance.

Hons. J. S. Gholston and A. C. Daniel of Madison County, did the same. Walton County sent Hons. George Spence and H. D. McDaniel who voted in favor of the measure, but Hon. Willis Kilgore was against the ordinance.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS WHO ENLISTED FROM JACKSON.

While many of our best citizens thought it best not to "fight" the stars and stripes, doing all in their power to avert a collision with the powers at Washington, they soon saw that there was no remedy save that of the bayonet. When the call came, the manhood of this county offered itself a living sacrifice, for what they thought was right.

The "conscript" officer had little or no work to do in our midst. Every one was ready to volunteer for service, in defense of the southland.

No section of the state, or better say of the world, if you please, had a more noble and courageous band of men than those who enlisted from Jackson County.

To secure this list of 1,350 names, we have searched the records of our court-house, the Roster Commission office in Atlanta, the records in Washington City and last, but by no means least, have conferred with quite a number of the old veterans, who have been exceedingly kind and helpful in this work.

The companies have been placed, each to itself, where enough names could be found to make a creditable showing. In several of the last companies that went out and where the enlistment took place outside the county, the "muster rolls" could not be found, therefore, it was thought best to group them together as has been done.

Mintz or Story's Company.

Company G, 43rd Volunteer Infantry.

Adair, A. H.	Cash, John
Addington, J. L.	Catlett, B. L.
Addington, J. F.	Catlett, E. P.
Anthony, D. M.	Clark, C. M.
Anthony, T. G.	Coker, A. F.
Barrett, Ebenezer	Coker, J. W.
Barnett, J. B. D.	Coker, W. R.
Barr, W. J.	Coker, Wily R.
Baugh, Barney	Collins, Josiah
Baugh, W. F.	Cox, R. F.
Bennett, J. M.	Culpepper, A. M.
Benton, S. G.	Culpepper, C. C.
Bradberry, M. F.	Culpepper, W. H.
Brown, G. W.	David, J. M.
Bryant, J. J.	Davis, H. L.
Butler, E. M.	Dunston, G. W.
Butler, H. J.	Dunston, Russ
Butler, J. R.	Espey, C. J.
Butler, M. R.	Espey, Calvin
Butler, M. L.	Ellison, W. A.
Butler, W. L.	Freeman, J. H.
Butler, W. P.	Garrison, P. D.
Carr, Thos. J.	Gilbert, T. S.
Carr, B. M.	Greenway, G. A.
Carr, B. F.	Greenway, Govan
Cantrell, N. W.	Greenway, T. G.
Carlisle, P. H.	Gober, T. H.
Carson, B. F.	Gunter, T. W.
Carson, R. H.	Gunter, W. C.
Carson, T. L.	Garner, W. S.
Carter, T. H.	Henderson, T. J.
Carter, Jesse	Henderson, A. J.
Carter, Joseph	Henderson, H. B.
Carter, Jas.	Henderson, H. J.

Hailes, W. C.
Hancock, W. Mc.
Hard, R. J.
Hardy, R. J.
Hartley, J. W.
Hartley, John W.
Herndon, A. J.
Herndon, Hiram
Herndon, M. J.
Hill, C. P.
Hill, G. L.
Holliway, John
Hudson, T. P.
Ivy, Wm. B.
Jarrett, W. N.
Jarrett, N. W.
Kidd, H. F.
Lackey, J. M.
Lay, E. J.
Lipsecomb, R. G.
Loggins, S. T.
Mintz, M. M.
Minish, P. H.
Minish, F. H.
Minish, J. W.
Martin, G. L.
Marlow, J. F.
Marlow, Sam
Marlow, R. B.
Marlow, Wilson
Matkeif, Oliver
Madkiff, J. O.
Nunn, T. A.
Newman, W. P.
Patrick, Miles
Patrick, Joe
Parks, J. M.

Pettyjohn, W. J.
Ragsdale, W. S.
Ricks, John
Roberts, S. J.
Roberson, Wm.
Randolph, H. J.
Story, J. M.
Sanders, Jerry
Sanders, M.
Stark, W. F.
Scott, J. W.
Shankle, T. S.
Skates, J. A.
Sisson, J. J.
Smith, Bird
Smith, J. H.
Smith, J. M.
Smith, Joe M.
Smith, M. F.
Stapler, J. W.
Stapler, J. M.
Thornton, J. J.
Thornton, J. D.
Thompson, Joe
Thompson, A. F.
Thompson, W. R.
Wadkins, J. C.
Wadkins, W. C.
Webb, C. R.
White, A. J.
Wallace, B. D.
Wallace, Wesley
Word, A. H.
Webb, H. P.
Webb, J. C.
Webb, T. A.
White, C. C.

White, G. W.
White, H. S.
White, J. T.
White, R. F.
White, W. J.
White, Robt.
Whitmire, J. H.
Whitmire, W. A.
Wilbanks, S. D.
Wilson, J. M.

Wilson, Moren
Wilson, Sanford
Wilson, Thomas
Wilson, Upson
Wood, Asberry
Wood, M. P.
Yarbrough, E. P.
Yarbrough, Joel
Yarbrough, Joseph
Yarbrough, Wiley

Reynold's Company.

Company B., 16th Georgia Volunteer Infantry.

Allison, Mark
Allison, Henry
Arthur, John
Arthur, Jos.
Archer, Bill
Archer, Bob
Adams, Thomas
Adams, Lude
Bone, Jos.
Bowls, Dutch
Burson, Green
Bates, Wm. N.
Baird, Jas.
Boyd, Wm.
Bradley, Marion
Bradley, Jas.
Bradley, Thos.
Bean, William
Betts, Parks
Betts, Redmond
Butler, Tip
Butler, Nathan

Cox, H. J.
Cone, Seaborn
Cronic, Warren
Cosby, Jas.
Cosby, Wm.
Clark, Moses J.
Copeland, Eli
Cook, Samuel
Cook, Wm.
David, Thomas
David, H. J.
Delay, George
Dalton, John
Dalton, Wm.
Deveral, John
Dunson, L. D.
Davis, Charles
Doster, W. E.
Edwards, M. E.
Eads, Aaron
Elsberry, Benj.
Ferguson, John

Ferguson, Jas.
 Flannigan, Wm.
 Flannigan, Tip
 Garner, Eli
 Guthrie, Horace
 Harvil, T. R.
 Harvil, Sanford
 Harvil, George
 Hosch, Henry
 Hardigree, D. I.
 Hardigree, G. F.
 Hayes, John
 Hoopaugh, Allen
 House, J. H.
 House, Henry
 House, Jackson
 Hill, W. E.
 Hughey, D. A.
 Justice, Allen
 Johnson, Joel
 Jackson, W. W.
 Jackson, Stonewall
 Kurcus, Watt
 Kidd, Thomas
 King, Pid
 Kirbo, Dock
 Linn, Jack
 Lyle, A. J.
 Lyle, Cisero
 Lyle, Leslie
 Moon, Alfred
 McDanold, Geo.
 McDanold, Richard
 McDanold, Jack
 Moon, Robert
 Milton, James
 McDaniel, Daniel

Morris, William
 Morris, H. C.
 Morris, Walton
 Morris, Thomas
 Morris, Dilmus
 Mitchell, Raymond
 Manus, George
 McElhannon, Wm.
 Murphy, Terrell
 Murphy, Elijah
 McMillan, Wm.
 North, J. R.
 Park, A.
 Poole, James
 Pentecost, Poke
 Pentecost, Daniel
 Reynolds, A. M.
 Reynolds, J. M.
 Reynolds, John
 Randolph, R. J.
 Roberts, John
 Robertson, Wm.
 Slaton, W. H.
 Slaton, Wm.
 Sikes, David
 Smith, Job
 Smith, Sanford
 Smith, Joseph
 Seymore, William
 Strange, John
 Stevens, Nelson
 Stevens, John
 Stevens, ———
 Spence, Jas.
 Spence, William
 Sprewell, J. W.
 Stewart, Wash

Statham, John
Tate, William
Thompson, Wm.
Venable, J. M.
Vandiford, Richard
Wright, W. J.
Wallis, J. J.
Wallis, Madison

Wood, James
Wood, John
Wills, Abner
White, Robert
Watts, Morgan
Wheeler, Thomas
Williams, Jasper
Wall, Arthur

Howard's Company.

Company H., 43rd Volunteer Infantry.

Anglin, H. H.
Anthony, M. A.
Benton, A. N.
Berry, T. A.
Benton, J. G.
Benton, J. R.
Benton, S. G.
Barr, Canada
Blackburn, P. D.
Bolden, W. B.
Bolden, L. J.
Bolton, W. J.
Booth, W. M.
Boyce, G. W.
Boyce, Joseph
Bradberry, Jacob
Bray, W. H.
Brown, W. A.
Chaplain, E. H.
Carithers, Richard
Coffer, A. R.
Chambers, John
Clotfelter, D. A.
Coleman, L. L.

Cook, C. N.
Cook, G. N.
Cook, J. W.
Cook, Newton
Cunningham, J. S.
Dameron, C. W.
Dameron, Loyd
Dameron, L. C.
Davenport, J. S.
Davidson, W. P.
Davis, G. W.
Day, J. E.
Delay, J. M.
Delay, R. V.
Durrant, Sylvanus
Densmore, Adam
Doster, Henry
Doster, E. W.
Dovale, Corille
Duke, G. R.
Duke, G. S.
Finch, Hiram
Fowler, Kelley
Fowler, R. C.

Giddens, John
Garrett, A. F.
Giles, Dock
Gohlston, W. D.
Howard, H. R.
Howard, H. H.
Horton, J. M.
Heard, J. A.
Hardy, J. W.
Hammond, Benj.
Hammond, J. A.
Hardy, Samuel
Harris, Lewis
Highfill, B. F.
Hill, George
Hill, Jesse
Highfiell, T. N.
Hood, T. J.
Hooppan, A. F.
Hoopaugh, F. M.
Irwin, Andrew
Irwin, E. D.
Irwin, W. H.
Jordan, C. T.
Jordan, William
Kenney, David
Lavender, W. G.
Lavender, R. R.
Lessieur, J. A.
McCann, R. C.
McDaniel, W. C.
McEver, W. T.
McKeon, C. W.
McKeon, J. E.
Matthews, J. C.
Matthews, W. J.
Matthews, W. F.

Maddox, C. C.
Marler, D. M.
Marler, J. E.
Martin, M. H.
Maxey, David
Mays, W. J.
Maddox, R. C.
Mobley, E. D.
Mobley, J. D.
Moon, W. E.
Morris, J. M.
Morris, Leroy
Murray, J. M.
Nabors, J. C.
Nixon, G. M.
Nixon, T. C.
Owen, J. C.
Phillips, Abner
Phillips, E. H.
Phillips, W. W.
Pollard, George
Ranson, C.
Reynolds, Aplin
Reynolds, F. M.
Sells, James
Smith, J. M.
Sorrow, J. C.
Sorrow, Nicholas
Sorrow, W. T.
Streetman, W. T.
Stewart, C. B.
Stewart, W. A.
Statham, W. R. H.
Stanley, G. W.
Trout, G. P.
Trout, W. C.
Venable, J. A.

Wadkins, John
Walls, J. W.
Walls, W. J.
Ward, J. C.
Waters, Hiram
Watson, J. S.

Watson, J. T.
Watson, Josiah
Williams, M. M.
Williamson, G. W.
Wood, R. D.

Bennett's Company.

Company E., 34th Georgia Volunteer Infantry.

Adair, J. O.
Anthony, S. W.
Anderson, R. B.
Adams, Jesse
Adams, J. F.
Bennett, A. T.
Brock, W. T. M.
Bolton, E. F.
Bray, D. A.
Bailey, S. T.
Brock, S. M. D.
Brooks, J. A.
Carithers, W. J.
Chandler, R. N.
Chandler, Reuben
Chandler, W. H.
Crisler, D. A.
Colquitt, W. J.
Cruse, Berry
Culbertson, Pink
Deadwyler, G. E.
Dunnahoo, J. B.
Dunson, J. M.
Dunson, Walker
Evans, J. F.
Esco, J. M.

Esco, John
Esco, W. T.
Garrison, J. W.
Garrison, B. S.
Garrison, C. P.
Garrison, Caleb
Gunnin, J. J.
Glenn, J. G.
Hood, Z. W.
Harmon, J. M.
Harris, T. W.
Harris, A. J.
Harris, S. A.
Hardy, R. M.
Hardy, F. M.
Henry, F. P.
Henry, George
Holliday, D. H.
Hawks, W. T.
Highfill, J. J.
Ivy, J. A.
Ingram, E. H.
Johnson, J. D.
King, Perry
Lampkin, Edward
Leechman, Carlos

Lord, M. G.
 Murphy, C. T.
 Mitchell, W. S.
 Maddox, C. T.
 Marlow, R. A.
 Marlow, F. W.
 Moore, W. T.
 McCarty, Jesse
 McCarty, John
 Mann, W. S.
 Merk, F. A.
 Nunn, J. E.
 Nunn, A. L.
 Nix, J. M.
 Nix, D. M.
 Pittman, J. G. H.
 Pittman, M. M.
 Patrick, T. W.
 Patrick, W. H.
 Pinson, W. A.
 Pharr, W. A.
 Pharr, James
 Ramppy, P. B.
 Roberts, P. J.
 Roberts, D. H.
 Randolph, J. C.
 Rogers, J. T.
 Reed, Z. M.
 Riden, Josephus
 Strickland, John
 Strickland, J. G.

Strickland, E. W.
 Strickland, Carlos
 Sailors, J. M.
 Sailors, Isham
 Sailors, Andy
 Sailors, W. F.
 Sanders, M. M.
 Stapler, A. J.
 Stapler, J. L.
 Streetman, J. T.
 Smith, Isham
 Smith, David
 Tiller, Sandford
 Thurmond, Cisero
 Thurmond, Bolton
 Voiles, Ira
 Voiles, Frank
 Voiles, Levi
 Wilson, G. J. N.
 Wilson, M. M. C.
 Wilson, G. C.
 Wilson, J. E.
 Wood, W. R.
 Williams, J. F.
 Williams, J. G.
 Wills, J. M. V.
 Yeargan, D. G.
 Yeargan, W. S.
 Yeargan, J. C.
 Yeargan, S. B.

Jarrett's Company.

Company C., 18th Georgia Volunteer Infantry.
 Appleby, J. T. Addington, J. M.

Adams, J. T.
Anglin, Willis
Anglin, Knock
Anglin, W. W.
Adair, W. A.
Allen, J. B.
Bowls, T. C.
Bacon, A. E.
Bacon, Ed.
Barnett, H. C.
Barron, W. L.
Bell, H. W.
Bell, A. J.
Bennett, Euel
Bennett, Tom
Cohen, M. A.
Callahan, J. H.
Callahan, W. C.
Cheek, L. M.
Clanton, Wm.
Daley, James
DeLaperriere, A. A.
Davis, Ephraim
Davis, W. C.
Davis, Pierce
Davis, John
Espey, J. F.
Espey, J. A.
Estes, O. N.
Erwin, Elijah
Eustice, E. M.
Franklin, M. V.
Franklin, R. B.
Freeman, S. A.
Goodin, Augustus

Gilbert, H. C.
Harris, Gains
Harris, Jesse
Harris, Geo.
Harris, Tom
Helton, E.
Helton, W.
Helton, R. H.
Hood, W. W.
Howard, John
Head, W. O.
Holmes, J. H.
Harrison, T. L.
Harrison, W.
Harvill, A.
Hutchins, L. J.
Hunter, Wm.
Harden, William
Hardy, A. J.
Irwin, Elijah
Jarrett, D. L.
Jarrett, N. M.
Kinney, J. A.
Lord, J. W.
Lord, Phillip
Lord, John
Lindsey, Jas.
Ledbetter, W. H. H.
Ledford, Jesse
Ledford, Adison
Lampkin, Thos.
Miller, J. P.
Miller, J. H.
Morgan, George
Morgan, D. M.

Morgan, J. P.
Morgan, B. B.
Moore, Tom
Moore, J. L.
McElhannon, J. C.
McElhannon, H. W.
McLester, Whitson
Mitchell, J. R.
Mathews, C. W.
Millican, R. J.
Michael, Benj.
McCulloch, L. A.
Niblack, T. H.
North, J. R.
Oliver, J. H.
Oliver, Andrew
Orr, J. M.
Pharr, Samuel
Potter, R. P.
Potter, William
Palmer, J. A.
Pettyjohn, T. J.
Potts, John
Potts, Wayne
Patman, Tom
Park, Wm. A.
Randolph, H. J.
Rouse, E.
Rogers, Tom
Rogers, Jas.
Rose, H. F.
Rose, B. O. W.
Shockley, W. S.
Silman, J. B.

Strickland, Jesse
Strickland, N. C.
Strickland, Ansel
Shirley, Richard
Sanders, J. E.
Stapler, A. D.
Simmons, H. J.
Spencer, H.
Story, J. M.
Thurmond, J. H.
Thurmond, E.
Thurmond, James
Thurmond, W. T.
Thurmond, A. M.
Tolbert, A. J.
Vandiver, Q. C.
Winters, James
Wills, Martin
Worsham, W. W.
Worsham, J. L.
White, J. M.
Wilhite, O. M.
Wilhite, W. T.
Williamson, J. H.
Williamson, R. H.
Williamson, C. C.
Williamson, Jno. N.
Waters, W. A.
Wingfield, J. E.
Wingfield, John
Wier, John G.
Wilson, W. O.
Wilson, Fenuel
Wilson, Henry.

Marler's Company.

Company E., 16th Georgia Volunteer Cavalry.

Anglin, J. N.	Fulcher, James
Anglin, David	Fulcher, Jesse
Addington, John	Fleeman, Thomas
Ash, Lemon	Fleeman, Cass
Arnold, S. G.	Fleeman, Mell
Arnold, Geo.	Finch, Ren
Arnold, James	Finch, Benj.
Barrett, Wm.	Finch, John
Bowman, G. S.	Finch, Joseph
Brown, N. S.	Fowler, L. C.
Brown, Micajah	Guffin, Wm.
Bowles, Cicero	Gilleland, Hugh
Booth, Thomas	House, William
Carson, G. L.	House, Mack
Carson, N. D.	House, James
Carson, J. C.	Holliday, Geo.
Camsby, G. D.	Holliday, Walter
Cook, Wesley	Holliday, Frank
Cook, J. J.	Holliday, Joseph C.
Casper, Thomas	Hewitt, Polk
Collins, E. P.	Hill, Alex.
Catlett, Wash	Hill, Cicero
Carter, Wash	Hill, David
Cheely, Mark	Hill, Dock
Cheely, Wm.	Hoopaw, D. I.
Coleman, Thomas	Haynie, W. J.
Cox, Martin	Hancock, Parks
Chandler, Parks	Harrison, N. C.
Daniel, Cicero	Johnson, L. J.
Daniel, M. A.	Johnson, James
Daniel, W. A.	Johnson, Jerry
Duncan, J. C.	Johnson, James M.
Dobbs, Oliver	Johnson, R. L.
Elrod, Harrison	Kinney, A. C.

Knight, Green
Lyle, Joseph
Lyle, Harrison
Lyle, William
Luke, John
Lay, Ansel
Mayes, C. S.
Mayes, W. H.
Marler, W. L.
Mise, John
Moon, John
Millsaps, John
McElhannon, Kam
McElhannon, Tip
McElhannon, Will
McElroy, J. G.
Neal, T. N.
Neal, R. W.
Patrick, V. V.
Patrick, Troup
Perkins, Judge
Perkins, David
Potts, Mack
Potts, Bud
Pike, W. I.
Pentecost, J. C.
Pentecost, Mark
Roberts, Bluford
Roberts, Green
Roberts, Wilkes
Rose, Oliver
Ryley, E. J.
Ryley, Bill
Ray, James
Ross, Jack

Ross, John
Shields, Robert
Shields, William
Sims, G. D.
Seymore, Bud
Seymore, E. H.
Seymore, John T.
Stewart, Jesse
Stewart, Henry
Stanley, G. W.
Stanley, Calvin
Stephens, John
Spence, R. T.
Spence, Jerry
Trout, Thomas
Thurmond, Wm.
Thurmond, Jas.
Thurmond, Joe
Vaughn, W. L.
Wages, William
Wages, Jack
Wages, James
Wages, Sanford
Wilson, Thomas
Wilson, W. O.
Wood, Jesse
Wood, Jasper N.
Wood, Green C.
Wood, Green S.
Wood, William
White, Jesse
Wilbanks, John
Williams, Bud
Williamson, John
Wills, Cicero

Wills, J. A.
Wills, Matt.
Wills, Jas. A.

Wills, Lee
Whitehead, Willis
Whitehead, J. N.

Camp's Company.

Company D., 16th Georgia Volunteer Cavalry.

Allen, Vard
Bell, C. C.
Bell, Lafayette
Bell, Tyler
Bell, Ray
Bell, Marion
Brooks, A. E.
Bridges, Harrison
Blankinship, Marion
Blankinship, Hutch
Brown, Joseph
Brock, Wm.
Camp, D. A.
Cronic, L. H.
Cato, John
Cato, Thomas
Cato, Monroe
Cooper, Jas.
Clark, Jas.
Davenport, Wm.
Duncan, W. H.
Duncan, N. B.
Duncan, J. T.
Duncan, L. G.
Duncan, George
Deaton, Thomas
Elder, Joshua
Elsbury, Wm.
Flanigan, James

Flanigan, Jasper
Flanigan, Elijah
Fleeman, C. S.
Garner, Eli
Hudgins, Francis
Hudgins, Jephtha
Holland, Jas.
Holland, Sanford
Harvil, James
Irwin, G. W.
Kerbo, John
Kerbo, Marshall
Kinney, Thomas
Lancaster, Tillman
Lancaster, William
Lott, Jordan
Lyle, Ezra
Lyle, J. B.
Lyle, J. A.
Major, John
Mangum, Middleton
McKinney, ——
Maddox, John
Maddox, Seaborn
Mauldin, M. M.
Manus, George
Matthews, Ephraim
Mahaffy, Geo. W.
McEver, Joseph

McEver, Andrew
McEver, John M.
Osburn, Green
Pike, W. L.
Pool, J. M.
Park, John

Park, L.
Pierce, Wm.
Queen, Elijah
Smith, John
Wallace, Pendleton
White, T. W.

Pittman's Company.

Militia or State Troops.

Adair, Benjamin
Atkins, Hugh
Arnold, Washington
Bennett, Hosea
Bailey, Milton
Bailey, S. E.
Burgar, David
Barnett, M. P.
Bowden, J. F.
Cox, Calvin
Cook, Albert
Chatman, John
Duke, Jones
Duke, Marshall
David, Haden
David, Frank
Elrod, A. N.
Hinton, Mans
Highfill, Cap
Highland, J. H.
Hardy, Thomas
Harrison, Perry
Hood, J. H.
Johnson, Carey
Lyle, Byrd
Lyle, William

Lyle, David
Lemmons, A.
Lasears, David
Lott, Marion
Moore, Alsa
Moore, J. A.
Morris, Robert
Marlow, Joseph M.
Martin, John
Murray, William
McLester, J. G.
McElhannon, Stewart
McCune, John
Nix, Thomas
Orr, S. P.
Page, Pompey
Pruit, J. W.
Pittman, A. B.
Pittman, Cobb
Potts, William
Parks, Sell
Rogers, Blake
Reynolds, James
Randolph, J. H. C.
Roberts, Stephen
Stapler, T. J.

Smith, Samuel
Story, Addison
Story, C. T.
Story, James
Segars, Jack
Segars, Wash
Sell, Mark
Thurmond, Ludd
Thompson, James
Vandiver, James

Watkins, Lute T.
Walker, Press
Walker, George
Wilbanks, Frank
White, William
Williamson, Sanford
Wilson, L. C.
Wofford, W. W.
Yearwood, Abraham

Thompson's Company.

Company G., 16th Volunteer Infantry.

Archer, W. J.
Archer, R. B.
Appleby, J. R.
Abner, J. W.
Allen, T. G.
Bell, W. W.
Bell, Joe S.
Bell, G.
Bailey, F. M.
Black, Geo. H.
Black, Thomas
Braselton, E. W.
Bradberry, John
Catlett, John
Coleman, J. F.
Clanton, William
Culberson, John
Durham, E. M.
Daniel, D. P.
Daniel, T. A.
Duke, G. R., Jr.
Elrod, G. F.

Elrod, W. B.
Evans, T. H.
Freeman, Henry
Finch, C. W.
Few, W. S.
Fields, T. J.
Fields, B. F.
Gwinn, J.
Garrison, J. C.
Garrison, John
Garrison, S. R.
Gilmer, B. F.
Gilmer, John
Gilmer, W. L.
Gilmer, A. C.
Gilmer, Obediah
Gunter, L. C.
Hardy, A. J.
Hayes, G. S.
Hay, T. W.
Hay, J. T.
Hay, J. G.

Harwell, J. W.
Harwell, C.
Howard, H.
Henry, George
Highfill, B. F.
Highfill, John
Hewitt, Starkey
Hewitt, C.
Haynie, W. J.
Ivey, J. R.
Johnson, J. S.
Johnson, J. D.
Kidd, John
Kelley, J. E.
Lay, T. R.
Lay, M. L.
Lowery, George
Lee, W.
Lyle, George
Lyle, Alford
Lampkin, F. M.
Lord, M. W.
Morris, W. A.
Michael, Benjamin
McElhannon, B. T.
McElhannon, W. G.
Moon, C. C.
Moon, J. A.
Merk, J. W.
McEver, C. C.
Nabors, Z. L.
Nichols, Geo. N.
Patrick, M. J.
Patrick, J. W.
Patton, G. W.
Potter, Thos. N.
Park, M. J.

Park, W. A.
Randolph, H. J.
Randolph, J. T. W.
Randolph, J. T.
Randolph, W. L. O.
Reinhardt, J. H.
Rawson, M. W.
Riley, E. G.
Ross, T. L.
Spence, J. W.
Stevens, E. W.
Steed, M. G.
Tate, William
Thompson, A. C.
Thompson, E. M.
Thompson, A. M.
Thompson, W. S.
Thompson, M.
Thornton, Isaac R.
Thurmond, W. P.
Thurmond, W.
Trout, W. R.
Trout, J. W.
Whitehead, J. C.
Whitehead, C. T.
Whitehead, M. J.
Williamson, C. B.
Williamson, Columbus
Wilson, John K.
Wilson, Shade
Watson, J.
Wood, D. W.
Wood, J. R.
Wood, W. J.
Wood, J. C.
Wood, G. L.

Names of soldiers who enlisted in companies, in the county, of which the "muster rolls" could not be obtained; and, also, those who joined companies outside of Jackson County. At least 99 per cent. of these were volunteers in the service.

Archer, William
Anglin, D. J.
Addington, Z. T.
Addington, Jesse
Arnold, John
Arnold, Robert
Arnold, Jack
Appleby, W. C.
Appleby, John
Alexander, John, Sr.
Alexander, John, Jr.
Bailey, J. M.
Bradley, H. S.
Boggs, James
Boggs, W. P.
Boggs, Milton
Brown, H. H.
Brown, Tillman
Brown, C. D.
Burns, Anderson
Bolton, Billy
Bell, Joseph
Bell, Walter
Bell, George
Bell, James
Bowden, William
Baird, Samuel
Braselton, J. A.
Brooks, Thos. D.
Brooks, C. C.
Brooks, Alonzo
Bryant, Burrell

Bryant, W. L.
Bryant, Moses
Burson, George
Burson, Dred
Bates, Wm. N.
Carithers, W. A.
Collins, W. J.
Collins, Thomas
Camp, Mack
Cash, N. B.
Carter, Paul
Cofer, Guss
Cowen, John
Cowen, Elijah
Chandler, Frank
Chandler, (Big) Frank
Chandler, Joseph
Coleman, Frank
Dixon, J. J.
Dixon, E. J.
Doss, S. J.
Dowdy, Richard
Dowdy, R. W.
Damons, Cam
Dunson, Seaborn
Daniel, Foster
Dunnahoo, J. G.
Davis, William
Elrod, Isaac
Espey, William
Ellison, James
Evans, William

Few, M. C.
Fulcher, William
Gober, Jay
Gober, John
Gober, Asbury
Gilleland, Jas.
Gilleland, Lafayette
Garrison, D. W.
Gant, Adolphus
Guffin, William
Guffin, "Esquire"
Howington, Jas.
Howington, Reuben
Hardy, John N.
Hardy, Guss
Hardy, Thomas
Human, Green
Hood, J. H.
Hood, C. W.
Hood, W. C.
Hill, Moses
Hunter, John
Hunter, Samuel
Hewitt, Jack
Huie, Jack
Harrison, W. O.
Harrison, J. F.
Harrison, T. C.
Harrison, Jason
Herrington, Milton
Ivey, Richard
Jackson, Woods
Jackson, S. W.
Jackson, S. C.
Jackson, James
Jarrett, J. A.
Kenningham, J. O.

Long, Andy
Lavender, Ebo
Lay, Mark
Linsey, Melvin
Mahaffy, J. A. B.
Mahaffy, E. V. W.
Mahaffy, J. W. S.
Matthews, Miles
Matthews, Daniel
Matthews, Willis
Matthews, John
Mitchell, James
Mitchell, G. W.
Moon, George
Moon, Thomas
Moon, T. J.
Marler, D. M.
Martin, Sim
Martin, Ansel
McElhannon, Jack
McElhannon, T. A.
McElhannon, Calvin
Maddox, Joseph
Maddox, John
McEver, Jno.
Nabors, William
Nash, John J.
Nash, J. Polk
Nash, Reuben
Nash, Thos. T.
Nash, Reuben L.
Nixon, John
Nixon, Theo.
Oliver, J. C.
Orr, William
Orr, George
Orr, W. C.

Oshields, John
Park, Livingston
Park, F. M.
Park, High
Park, William
Pittman, Willis
Pinson, J. N.
Pettyjohn, M. G.
Preston, J. M.
Rogers, William
Rogers, Thomas
Riley, Andy
Riley, J. B.
Rowdin, Edward
Roberts, Joe
Roberts, W. Clint
Roberts, W. C.
Roberts, William
Reynolds, Frank
Reynolds, Appleton
Reeves, Thomas
Randolph, Hill
Randolph, Joshua
Rainey, H. N., Sr.
Riden, Frank
Shockley, Thomas
Shackelford, C. W.
Shackelford, T. J.
Sims, J. M.
Shields, William
Simmons, William
Simmons, M. G.
Simmons, Moke
Simmons, Henry
Simmons, J. B.
Simmons, James
Simmons, W. Bit

Simmons, M. T.
Segars, Dub
Segars, William
Stephens, W. C.
Shankle, Seaborn
Strickland, Sweet
Strickland, Ed
Strickland, Chat
Smith, Zack T.
Simpkins, Wm. N.
Sharp, Jarrel
Sharp, J. G.
Sharp, M. C.
Twitty, William
Tolbert, Oliver
Turner, J. J.
Thompson, Wiley
Toney, V. A.
Todd, T. B. F.
Titshaw, L. W. C.
Vandiver, G. C.
Vandiver, C. C.
Vandiver, J. W.
Venable, Arch
Vandiford, John
Wood, Daniel
Wood, John
Watkins, John
Williams, Dimp
Williams, T. C.
Ward, John
Ward, William
Wills, Jack
Weaver, John H.
Williamson, L.
Williamson, George
Williamson, J. L.

Williamson, Jack
Williamson, James
Weir, Robert
Weir, Samuel B.
Witt, George
Wilson, R. M.
White, Andy

White, George
White, Robert
White, William
White, Henry
Whitworth, Jack
Whitehead, Thos.
Whitehead, George

SOLDIERS LIVING IN JACKSON COUNTY.

Aaron, W. R.
Adams, J. R.
Archer, R. B.
Alexander, C. C.
Alexander, M. P.
Arnold, C. W.
Ayers, F. M.
Abner, J. W.
Arnold, J. P.
Bowles, Frank
Black, J. S.
Bell, H. W.
Bailey, J. L.
Bailey, J. M.
Bailey, S. E.
Bailey, S. T.
Banks, James
Barnett, J. G.
Barnett, H. C.
Barnes, J. E.
Barnes, B. H.
Benedict, R. S.
Berry, F. T.
Boggs, W. P.
Borders, F. M.
Brewer, C. D.

Brewer, B. P.
Brewer, J. A.
Brooks, T. D.
Brooks, D. M.
Brooks, C. T.
Brooks, J. L.
Brown, A. L.
Batchelor, G. W.
Bruce, W. R.
Bryan, J. R.
Bryan, J. W.
Bohannon, B. S.
Barnett, M. P.
Bradberry, M. W.
Cobb, A. J.
Castleberry, E. T.
Campbell, W. D.
Carethers, W. A.
Carson, G. L.
Coker, J. R.
Cook, H. S.
Cooper, H. H.
Colquitt, W. J.
Cramer, J. E.
Crisler, D. A.
Crisler, W. S.

Carrol, J. M.
Dale, W. A.
Dailey, J. M.
Dailey, S. T.
Damron, L. A.
David, K. S.
Davis, W. C.
Davis, M. T.
Davis, Isaac
Davidson, L. M.
Dadisman, L. M.
Daniel, J. T.
Doss, S. J.
Doster, E. T.
Doster, F. M.
Duke, John
Duke, G. R.
Duke, G. S.
Duke, M. N.
Duncan, J. C.
Daily, H. C.
Daily, J. M.
Dixon, Jno. J.
Elrod, A. N.
Edwards, Marcus
Eberhart, J. A.
Eads, J. C.
Edgar, Henry
Evans, Wm. C.
Fambrough, A. A.
Farmer, H. G.
Finch, C. W.
Fowler, W. H.
Fowler, L. C.
Freeman, W. J.
Foster, W. H.
Garrison, T. W.

Gilleland, Lafayette
Gillespie, J. B.
Garrison, C. P.
Gober, F. A.
Gober, W. J.
Greenway, W. M.
Greeson, J. D.
Grier, Joseph
Gunter, L. C.
Fulcher, J. H.
Hardigree, D. I.
Hardy, J. N.
Harmon, J. M.
Harris, A. J.
Hutchins, J. M.
Hammond, B. B.
Hawkins, J. M.
Haynie, W. J.
Haynie, W. Jack
Henry, F. P.
Helton, R. H.
Hill, J. M.
Highfill, T. N.
Holland, S. M.
Hoopough, D. I.
Holden, J. J.
Hood, Z. W.
Hood, W. C.
House, M. C.
House, W. H.
Howington, W. J.
Hudson, T. P.
Hudgins, J. I.
Humphrey, T. G.
Herrin, M. C.
Hardman, W. S.
Hamilton, C. T.

Hayes, J. W. C.
Howard, W. C.
Holliday, G. R.
Jackson, S. W.
Jackson, S. C.
Jarrett, J. A.
Johnson, J. M.
Jones, W. Jack
Jacks, C. S.
Jones, James
Jones, W. I.
Jewell, M. L.
Jennings, P. P.
Kelley, N. J.
Kinney, A. C.
Kent, W. C.
Kelley, N. J.
Kinney, A. C.
Kent, W. C.
Latimer, W. M.
Link, S. A.
Little, T. A.
Lord, J. W.
Lyle, G. R.
Lyle, J. B.
Lyle, I. H.
Lovin, W. P.
Montgomery, Jno.
Marler, J. E.
Martin, P. R.
Mahaffy, J. A. B.
Marlow, D. D.
Marlow, R. B.
Martin, E.
Mathews, W. S.
Mathews, L. J.
Manus, J. D.

Manus, J. B.
Mauldin, B. L.
Michael, Starnes
Meeks, W. H.
Merk, W. H.
Merk, J. W.
McElhannon, J. W.
McElhannon, T. A.
McCurry, S. M.
McEver, Robt.
McEver, J. M.
McGinty, W. H.
McEntyre, J. H.
Minish, R. K.
Millsaps, M. A.
Mahaffy, J. A. B.
Mitchell, G. W.
Montgomery, C. T.
Montgomery, C. L.
Moon, G. M. D.
Moon, A. A.
Morris, Thomas
Morris, Leroy
Motes, J. W.
Motes, Jesse
Moore, G. W.
Moore, A. A.
Moulder, E. M.
Moulder, Frank
Murphey, Jeremiah
Nash, J. R.
Nunn, R. C.
Nicholson, W. D.
Nowell, J. W.
Niblack, T. H.
Newman, F. A.
Okelley, G. W., Sr.

Poole, J. M.
Potts, Wayne
Parham, W. L.
Perry, W. K.
Pettyjohn, J. J.
Pickelsimon, W. J.
Pittman, J. G. H.
Porter, M. S., Sr.
Parr, J. H.
Pentecost, R. J.
Qualls, Robert
Quillian, W. A.
Rainey, H. N., Sr.
Randolph, J. H. C.
Randolph, H. J.
Roberts, J. W.
Roberts, W. C.
Roberts, W. J.
Roberts, R. J.
Robertson, W. C.
Rogers, J. D.
Rooks, G. W.
Roberts, P. J.
Seymore, R. T.
Sailors, Chas. W.
Sailors, G. W.
Sailors, J. M.
Sells, Jones
Sisk, A. S.
Shaw, J. P.
Smith, Andrew
Smith, T. L.
Smith, Z. H.
Smith, A. N.
Smith, Chas. H.
Smith, J. M.
Sprewell, J. M.

Stapler, T. J.
Stewart, Robt. G.
Stewart, J. G.
Stone, Cal C.
Strange, W. N.
Shore, J. P.
Story, C. T.
Story, James
Thomas, J. G.
Thompson, J. W.
Thompson, W. S.
Titshaw, L. W. C.
Toney, J. M.
Treadwell, I.
Trout, N. G.
Turk, A. A.
Vandiver, J. W.
Venable, Arch
Venable, J. M.
Voiles, Ira
Waddell, Frank
Wages, W. M.
Wall, J. M.
Walker, G. D.
Wier, John G.
Wall, W. H.
Watson, J. H.
Watts, J. L.
Wheeler, T. V.
Wheeler, John
White, T. W., Sr.
White, W. C.
Welborn, W. A.
Wiley, S. C.
Wiley, J. D.
Wilkes, A. H.
Wilbanks, S. A.

Wilbanks, Solomon
Wills, A.
Wilhite, J. M.
Williamson, A. A.
Winters, J. T.
Wilson, W. H.
Webb, F. P.
Whitehead, J. R.

Wood, J. R.
Woods, J. N.
Wright, James
Wall, J. P.
Ward, John
Wright, T. M.
Wilson, L. C.

The ranks are being rapidly thinned and it will be but a short time until all have passed over to the great roll-call. About one-third of the above named veterans, enlisted from Jackson County, the others having moved in from other places. But they, doubtless, were just as brave as our boys in gray and they are welcome, yea, thrice welcome.

CONVENTION OF 1865.

After the awful war of the '60's closed, Governor James Johnson called for delegates to be sent to Milledgeville. It will be remembered Gov. Johnson was Provisional governor, by appointment, and he was thoroughly in sympathy with the President and the only thing our delegates could do was to undo the acts passed in withdrawing from the Union or do nothing.

One of the "Ordinances" adopted by this convention was as follows:

"We, the people of the State of Georgia in convention, at our seat of government, do declare and ordain, That an ordinance adopted by the same people, in convention, on the nineteenth day of January 1861, entitled 'An ordinance to dissolve the Union between the state of Georgia and the other states united with her under a compact of government entitled "the constitution of the United States of America;"' also an ordinance, adopted by the same on the sixteenth day of March 1861, entitled, An ordinance to adopt and ratify the constitution of the Confederate States of America; and also all ordinances and resolutions of the same, adopted between the sixteenth of January and twentieth of

March in the year aforesaid, subversive of, or antagonistic to the civil and military authority of the government of the United States of America, under the constitution thereof, be, and the same are hereby repealed."

The Delegates from our county were: Hons. W. L. Marler, J. B. S. Davis and William S. Thompson.

After all the deliberating and "swallowing" these cold "ordinances," the powers that were in Washington would not accept the humble submission of Georgia until she was given further punishment. She was refused representation in Congress and was put under military rule. Georgia remained thus until an election was called by the military in charge, to send delegates to the State Capital for another convention.

This election lasted three days and was held at the county seats, only, and was guarded in this county by the Federal soldiers with guns at their sides.

The convention met on the 9th of December, 1867, and lasted until the following March, 1868. At the close of this convention Hon. Rufus B. Bulloch was made Governor of Georgia.

Jackson county was represented in the convention by Hon. William L. Marler.

CONVENTION OF 1877.

While the Constitution of 1868 was a very good instrument, the people felt unkindly towards it on account of its having been forced on them by bayonet rule. The Legislature, 1877, approved an Act giving the people the right to vote for or against the holding of another Constitutional Convention. The vote was light, the aggregate being only 87,238, and the convention was carried by 9,124 majority.

Jackson County was represented in the convention by D. A. Camp, who served the county faithfully and well.

The Constitution of '77 was almost an ideal instrument. The State is still controlled by it. There have been a few amendments made and doubtless others will be made from time to time as the emergencies may arise.

MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF GEORGIA, FROM JACKSON COUNTY.

Representatives

Senators

1799—Buckner Harris, James Pittman	Roderick Easley
1800—Buckner Harris, Harmon Reynolds	Daniel Bankston
1801—Harmon Reynolds, John Hampton.....	Roderick Easley
1802—John Hampton, Buckner Harris.....	David Dickson
1803—Samuel Henderson, George Reid.....	David Dickson
1804—Samuel Henderson, Geo. Reid.....	John Hampton
1805—Buckner Harris, William Mathews.....	John Hampton
1806—Sam Henderson, Wm. Mathews.....	John Hampton
1807—Hugh Montgomery, Ealton Harris, Wm. Mathews..	Sam Henderson
1808—Hugh Montgomery, Thomas Boyle, Jas. Cochran..	Sam Henderson
1809—James Cochran, Hugh Montgomery.....	Sam Henderson
1810—Hugh Montgomery, Jas. Cochran, Wm. Mathews..	Sam Henderson
1811—Hugh Montgomery, Jas. Cochran, Wm. Mathews..	Sam Henderson
1812—Wm. Mathews, Jas. Cochran, David Witt.....	Hugh Montgomery
1813—Wm. Mathews, David Witt, Jas. Cochran.....	Hugh Montgomery
1814—David Witt, Jas. Cochran, Wm. Mathews.....	Hugh Montgomery
1815—David Witt, Jas. Cochran, Wm. Mathews....	Hugh Montgomery
1816—Wm. Mathews, Jas. Cochran, David Witt.....	Hugh Montgomery
1817—Jas. Cochran, David Witt, George Reid.....	Hugh Montgomery
1818—David Witt, Jas. Cochran, James Liddell.....	Hugh Montgomery
1819—Edwin Gresham, Jas. Liddell, David Witt.....	William Pentecost
1820—Edwin Gresham, Jas. Liddell, David Witt.....	William Mathews
1821—Edwin Gresham, David Witt, Jas. Liddell.....	William D. Martin
1822—Allen Lawton, John Young, Jas. Cochran.....	Jos. J. Singleton
1823—Jas. Cochran, J. J. Singleton, David M. Burns..	Hugh Montgomery
1824—David Witt, F. Merriwether, Jas. Cochran...	Hugh Montgomery
1825—David M. Burns, Wm. D. Martin, F. Merriwether..	Jas. Liddell
1826—Wm. D. Martin, Samuel Barnett, Jas. Cochran.....	David Witt

1827—Sam Barnett, Jas. Cochran, David M. Burns Wm. D. Martin
 1828—David M. Burns, George Shaw, Thomas J. Bowen.. Wm. D. Martin
 1829—David M. Burns, George Shaw, Thomas J. Bowen... F. Merriwether
 1830—David M. Burns, Thos. J. Bowen, Jas. Liddell.. Jos. J. Singleton
 1831—Sam Barnett, William Jones..... Jos. J. Singleton
 1832—Jas. Liddell, Thomas J. Bowen, David M. Burns.. Jos. J. Singleton
 1833—David M. Burns, John G. Pittman, Richard Pentecost.. Jas. Liddell
 1834—Richard Pentecost, David M. Burns, J. G. Pittman..... Jas. Liddell
 1835—Richard Pentecost, David M. Burns, J. G. Pittman..... Jas. Liddell
 1836—Richard Pentecost, David M. Burns, J. G. Pittman..... Jas. Liddell
 1837—Richard Pentecost, Bailey Chandler, J. Horton... David M. Burns
 1838—A. DeLaperriere, John Horton, Middleton Witt..... George Shaw
 1839—A. DeLaperriere, Bailey Chandler, P. McMillan... Sterling Mayes
 1840—Bailey Chandler, Peter McMillan, H. Webb..... Sterling Mayes
 1841—Nathaniel C. Jarrett, Bailey Chandler..... Sterling Mayes
 1842—N. C. Jarrett, Bailey Chandler, Russel Daniel... Thos. F. Anderson
 1843—John Randolph, Russell Daniel..... Thos. F. Anderson
 1844—No Session
 1845—William Bell, Robert Moon..... Thos. F. Anderson
 1846—No Session
 1847—Richard Pentecost..... William Clayton
 1848—No Session
 1849—Michael Mintz..... William Clayton
 1850—Michael Mintz..... William Clayton
 1851-52—S. P. Thurmond William Mosley
 1853-54—Peter E. McMillan Robt. Moon
 1855-56—R. J. Park, R. J. Daniel Robt. White
 1857-58—C. F. Hardy, M. M. Mintz..... J. C. Hayes
 1859-60—M. M. Mintz, R. J. Daniel..... A. DeLaperriere
 1861-62—Hosea C. Giddens Samuel Stephens
 1863-64—J. Bell, A. C. Shockley Robt. White

1865—J. Bell, A. C. Shockley W. R. Bell
 1866—Pittsfield F. Hinton W. R. Bell
 1867—No Session
 1868—A. T. Bennett..... A. M. Stringer
 1869—A. T. Bennett..... A. M. Stringer
 1870—A. T. Bennett..... A. M. Stringer
 1871-72—John R. Hancock M. V. Estes
 1873-74—G. R. Duke M. V. Estes
 1875-76—G. R. Duke, J. M. Potts G. E. Deadwyler
 1877—G. R. Duke, A. T. Bennett G. E. Deadwyler
 1878-79—A. T. Bennett, W. I. Pike..... A. D. Candler (Hall Co.)
 1880-81—A. T. Bennett, J. B. Silman..... B. F. Suddeth (Banks Co.)
 1882-83—James Hudson, J. B. Silman..... W. I. Pike (Jackson Co.)
 1884-85—T. H. Niblack, N. B. Cash..... Oliver Clark (Hall Co.)
 1886-87—T. C. Williams, T. E. Key..... Martin L. McDonald (Banks Co.)
 1888-89—Z. W. Wood, J. N. Twitty..... W. S. McCarty (Jackson Co.)
 1890-91—H. H. Hancock, J. N. Twitty H. H. Beard (Hall Co.)
 1892-93—W. I. Pike, W. T. Thurmond..... J. K. Thompson (Banks Co.)
 1894-95—L. F. Sell, G. D. Bennett T. S. Johnson (Jackson Co.)
 1896-97—L. F. Sell, G. D. Bennett J. E. Redwine (Hall Co.)
 1898-99—J. N. Holder, J. R. Hosch..... J. K. Thompson (Banks Co.)
 1900-01—J. R. Hosch, T. H. Niblack..... J. N. Holder (Jackson Co.)
 1902-03—L. G. Hardman, J. N. Holder..... H. H. Perry (Hall Co.)
 1904—L. G. Hardman, J. N. Holder, Short Term... H. H. Perry (Hall Co.)
 1905-06—J. N. Holder, L. G. Hardman..... P. F. M. Furr (Banks Co.)
 1907-08—J. N. Holder, A. M. Flanigan.... L. G. Hardman (Jackson Co.)
 1909-10—L. G. Hardman, J. N. Holder... Howard Thompson (Hall Co.)
 1911-12—J. E. J. Lord, J. N. Holder..... T. F. Hill (Banks Co.)
 1913-14—L. C. Allen, H. N. Railey, Jr. W. W. Stark (Jackson Co.)

Jackson County has been honored by having had two of her worthy citizens elected to the Speakership of the General Assembly of Georgia. Hon. David Witt held this position in 1820 and 1821. Hon. John N. Holder held the place of Speaker from 1909 to 1912. It is conceded by all that Mr. Holder ranked among the very highest as Speaker.

Note: In 1843 the state was divided into forty-seven Senatorial districts. Each district was composed of two counties, except Chatham, which was considered a district alone. In this arrangement our county was in the 38th. But the Convention of 1862, at Savannah, paragraph I., section II, article II, of the constitution of the state was so amended that it provided that there shall be 44 districts composed of three contiguous counties.

Paragraph I., section II., article III., of the constitution of Georgia, of 1877, declares "the 44 districts shall be composed as follows, etc." Under this, Jackson, Hall and Banks form the 33rd Senatorial district, as had been the case with these counties since 1861.

SOME STRANGE OLD PAPERS, COPIED FOR YOUR PLEASURE.

In book "A and B" on pages 10 and 11 in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, this county, is this record:

"Know all men by these presents that I Daniel W. Easley of the county of Jackson & state of Georgia for and in consideration of the sum of four thousand four hundred & ninety dollars to me in hand paid by Roderick Easley of the county and state aforesaid the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge have bargained sold & delivered unto sd. Rod. Easley his heirs & assigns forever to have & to hold the following property to wit One Negro Man named Bob & his wife Molly & two children Rachel & Clary One Negro woman named Lucy & children Abram Nancy & Winny. two negro men named Tom & Peter two Boys named Bob & Adam two negro women Frank & Fann one negro girl named Esther One hundred & Thirty head of Black Cattle of Different marks six head of horses One bay stud Two Gildens two blacks and one sorrel twenty head of sheep of Different marks One hundred head of hogs in said Daniels mark five feather beds & furniture to have and to hold the sd. property for his own proper use & benefit

forever & firmly by these presents, do warrant & forever defend the above named property from all person or persons whatsoever that shall or may lay any right title or claim to sd. property unto Rod. Easley his heirs executors & administrators firmly by these presents. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand & seal this 21 day of November 1796.

“Signed sealed & Delivered
in presence of “Geo. Taylor, J. P.” } “Daniel W. Easley”
“Wm. Streetman”

The above Bill of Sale is here inserted for no other purpose than to let the young reader, who may not have known of these sales, see for himself that human beings were once handled in the market like cattle.

It is safe to say that there is not, to-day, a man or woman in the county that would wish to see these things brought back to this lovely land of ours.

Note: We wish to call the attention of the young reader to these extracts from the records at the court-house. They are exact copies. We have no right to change them one iota. If the punctuation or spelling is wrong it must be copied that way. Some of them seem ridiculous, but let us remember they had but few advantages that you and I have to-day.

Cheap Lands.

It sounds very, very strange to the reader to hear that a great deal of the best farming lands of our county was once sold for taxes; but such is the case.

From the records, we learn that at the close of the Revolutionary War, many “grants” were made to the soldiers and others. The deeds, as are used to-day, were then called “warrants.” These warrants were deeds signed by the Governor of the state. Many of the citizens of the county now have these old grants or warrants among their papers, forming what they are proud to show as a complete “chain of title.”

A large number of these “grantees” never saw the land to which they had the deeds. They seemed to think this part of

Georgia was unfit for farming purposes and therefore paid no attention to their claims, in fact, one historian wrote fifty years later that all of the land was poor except the "bottoms."

By referring to records in the Clerk's office, it will be found that in book "A and B" on pages 154 to 180, a Mr. John Cobb of Jefferson County and a Mr. Benning bought at Tax Collector's sale 14,123 acres of Jackson County lands for the aggregate amount of 71 pounds and 1 shilling, English money, or in our money, about \$344.59 $\frac{1}{4}$ (reckoning the English pound at \$4.85). These lands lay around, or in the vicinity of Talasee Shoals, some near the little town of Attica and other tracts between Commerce and Hurricane Shoals. These sales took place in 1792-4-5.

Our friend, Mr. Cobb, must have become "land poor" as he sold in 1799, 7,025 acres of this land for \$10.00. A copy of the deed can be found in this work. None of the territory that sold so cheap then could be bought for less than \$50.00 an acre, at the present time.

A "Grant" from His Excellency, the Governor of Georgia, 1785.

State of Georgia.

By the Honorable Samuel Elbert Esquire Captain, General, Governor and Commander in Chief in and over the said state.

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Know ye, that in pursuance of the Act for opening the land office and by virtue of the powers in me vested, I have by and with the advice and consent of the Honorable and Executive Council, given & granted land by these presents in the name & behalf of the said state Do give and grant unto William Few, Esquire his heirs & assigns forever All that tract or parcel of land, containing Seven hundred & twenty five acres Situate, lying and being in the County of Franklin state aforesaid, butting and bounding On all sides by vacant land having such shape form and marks as appear by a plat of the same hereunto annexed together with all and singular the Rights members and appurtenances thereof whatsoever to the said tract or parcel of land belonging or in any wise appertaining; And also all the Estate, Rights, Title, Interest Claim & demand of the state aforesaid of in to or out of the same

To Have and to Hold the said tract or parcel of land and all and singular the premises aforesaid with their and every of their Rights members and appurtenances unto the said William Few his heirs & assigns to his and their own proper use and behoof forever in fee simple.

Given under my hand in Council, and the Great seal of the said State, this Thirteenth day of October in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred & eighty five and in the Tenth year of American Independence.

Signed by his honor the Governor
in Council the 13th day of
October 1785.
G.Handley C. C.

S. Elbert.

Registered the 19th day of October 1785.

The above grant is here given that the reader may see exactly what is meant by the Governor's "warrants" to land. This tract of land is in Cunningham district, this county, and is known as the Perry and Franklin Harrison home place, four miles north of Jefferson and three miles east of Pendergrass, Ga., on the old state road. Mr. James F. Harrison has the "grant" among his old deeds, forming a complete chain of title.

On page 182 of Book "A and B," of the Clerk Superior Court's records can be found this very remarkable deed—that is if the price of land of to-day is taken into consideration:

"Georgia. This Indenture made this fifteenth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety nine and in the twenty third year of the Independence of the United States of America between John Cobb of the county of Jefferson and State aforesaid of the one part And Rhoderick Easley of the County of Jackson & State aforesaid of the other part Witnesseth that the said John Cobb for and in Consideration of the sum of ten dollars to him in hand paid, well and truly paid by the said Rhoderick Easley at or before the Sealing and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged hath granted bargained sold released & confirmed. And

by these presents doth grant bargain sell release and confirm unto the said Rhoderick Easley, his heirs and assigns, all those following tracts of land (to wit) one of four thousand and twenty five acres, more or less, situated lying and being in the County of Jackson, formaly Franklin County on Marbury's Creek, granted to Horatio Marbury. Also One other tract of three thousand acres lying and being in the county aforesaid on McNutt's creek and the waters of Barber's Creek, granted to John P. Wagnon, bounded by Horatio Marbury & Stinson, together with all and singular the rights, members and appurtenances thereunto belonging, to have and to hold the said tract & premises to the only proper use, benefit and behoof of the said Rhoderick Easley his heirs forever And the said John Cobb for himself his heirs and assigns will warrant and forever defend the aforesaid tracts of land and premises unto the said Rhoderick Easley his heirs forever against him the said John Cobb & his heirs, and all and every other person or persons whatsoever. In witness whereof he the said John Cobb has hereunto set his hand and Seal the day and year first above written. Signed, Sealed and delivered in the presence of "B. Easley" }

"Robt. Jackson" }

"John Cobb (L. S.)"

"Ben Easley being duly sworn saith he saw John Cobb sign and acknowledge the above Deed, and that he saw Robert Jackson subscribe as a witness with him."

"Sworn to before me this fifteenth day of March 1799. Ben Easley." James Pittman J. P.

"Recorded 15th of March 1799.

"Geo. Taylor Clk."

The above is an exact copy, capitalization, punctuation and all.

HEALTH AND LONGEVITY OF THE PEOPLE.

Jackson County has always stood at the head of the list, as a healthy place in which to live, noted for its good water and healthful climate.

Since many of the streams have become choked with trash and sand, causing them to overflow the adjoining lands, in some sections, malarial fevers are felt. But the people are beginning to realize that by proper drainage, this evil can be overcome. There are now drainage companies being organized that promise to not only improve the health of the county but to reclaim thousands of acres of as good land as there is in the state.

The surveyors have demonstrated that there is ample "fall" to carry the waters, if given a clear channel in which to flow. This has been proven beyond a shadow of doubt.

At a cost of some twenty dollars per acre this land can be brought into cultivation. When that is accomplished, what is now waste land will produce enough food for every man and beast within the bounds of the county.

This county is noted for the long life of many of its people. A Mrs. Loggins is said, on good authority, to have lived 115 years. Mrs. Elizabeth Merk, grandmother of Mr. Henry Merk, died at 116. We give below short sketches of three dear old mothers that are nearing the century mark:

Mrs. Virginia Elizabeth Veal

was born September 29, 1822. She lived in Hall until her marriage to Mr. Elijah A. Veal, of this county, in the year 1838.

Mrs. Veal's maiden name was Miss Kidd. She is the mother of 14 children, 7 sons and 7 daughters. She has 62 grandchildren, 142 great-grandchildren and 17 great-great-grandchildren.

With her weight of 92 years, she is "hale and hearty" and does light housekeeping, making her home, not on her own farm but with one of her children, Mrs. T. T. Cooper, near Braselton, Ga.

Mrs. Rebecca Hancock

was born January 28, 1818. Her maiden name was Miss Lyle. She was married to Mr. John R. Hancock, December 30, 1834. To them were born 10 children, eight of whom lived to be grown, and four, Mrs. E. J. Whitehead, Mrs. Fannie Stanton, Mrs. Emma Rush and J. B. Hancock, are still living.

Mrs. Hancock has 17 grandchildren and 26 great-grandchildren. While more than 96 years old, she is able to sit and converse with her friends and neighbors for quite a long while each day.

Mrs. Martha Gober

was born on the 27th day of April, 1815. Her maiden name was Miss Hudson. She was married to Mr. Henry B. Gober on January 26, 1837. To them were born four children, two boys and two girls.

She has 18 grandchildren. Notwithstanding her pilgrimage of nearly 100 years, she holds up wonderfully well. Her mind is reasonably active and she can converse with her friends very intelligently.

SOME FACTS ABOUT JACKSON COUNTY.*

Jackson County lands sell for \$50 and up. Compare this with the price asked, but not always obtained, for New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey lands at \$25 and less per acre.

One historian, sixty years ago, as has been mentioned in this work, said the lands of our county were "mostly very poor, except the river bottoms." How does that strike the young mind of to-day? Even thirty years ago, land in some sections of the county was considered too worthless to clear away the timber for cultivation.

Such lands got the high sounding name of Pea Ridge and Chinquapin Ridge. Said to have been called by those names because the land would not sprout peas but would grow the little sweet nut that the children called "chinkey pins." (The writer is very sorry to part company with these little friends of by-gone days.)

These same ridge lands are selling to-day at from \$50 to \$100 and difficult to obtain at that price. They are producing one bale of cotton or 50 bushels of corn per acre.

What has wrought this seeming miracle, you say. The answer

*We are indebted to THE FARM AND HOMESTEAD for much of the information contained herein.

is not far to seek: improved methods in farming. Our farmers are not only carrying out the old adage of "growing two blades where only one grew" but are doubling and thribbling the yields on the "old hills of Jackson County."

Indeed, Jackson ranks second in agricultural importance in the state. While many of the other counties were settled sixty or seventy years before Jackson, she is forging her way to the very front.

Population.

In 1890, this county had 19,176 inhabitants; in 1900, 24,039 and in 1910, 30,169. At the same rate of gain, the population stands at about 32,000,—not quite 70 to the square mile.

There are 2,839 white boys and 2,663 white girls of school age in the county and 1,278 colored boys and 1,236 colored girls, of school age, making a grand total of 8,016.

The census of 1913 shows the rate of illiteracy among white children to be 5.1, a gain over 1908 of 2.4.

Forty-five counties in Georgia are larger than Jackson, but only one, Bulloch County, produced more crop-wealth during the census year. And some years Jackson produces a greater number of bales of cotton than any in the state.

Jackson has some large land owners but the county is made up largely of small farmers. Nearly two-thirds of the farms are less than 50 acres in size. The total wealth, including city property, according to the census report 1912, was nearly 5,500,000 dollars. About \$47,000 per year gain for the 117 years since the organization of the county.

The money value of the crops of 1910, was, in round numbers, \$4,582,000. The question will arise, and naturally so, too, What becomes of all that great wealth? The answer is not hard to find. Jackson County has been under the reign of the great king, King Cotton.

The tide is turning. In the year 1913, our people produced more corn and oats, peas, hay and syrup than in any previous year of the history of the county.

While the people of Jackson County have been inclined to agriculture, yet, from time to time, some have given attention to manufacturing.

As early as 1820, Mr. James Orr, father of Professor S. P. Orr, now of Athens, had a cotton gin establishment in what is now known as the Merk Settlement, between Dry Pond and Apple Valley. Mr. Orr and Mr. Cowan constructed a machine with which the "teeth" of the saws could be cut as speedily as a sewing machine can make stitches, whereas, before that invention, each tooth was made by hand. They never had their idea patented but allowed others to use it free.

The iron used in these gins was smelted at Hurricane Shoals.

Many of our older citizens can recall the old hat factories of our county. At the old mill site, now owned by Mr. R. C. Roberts, some three miles above Jefferson, was a factory that produced an excellent grade of hats from native wool. There was another factory in the eastern part of the county, also. These factories flourished for many years before the Civil war, and the first named, until after that great strife was settled.

Commerce had a foundry and machine shop some years past. Winder now has a foundry and shops that is a paying investment.

Jefferson, Winder and Commerce all have cotton mills that give employment to many people and these mills turn out a first class product. Each of these cities, as well as Pendergrass, Maysville and Hoschton, have oil mills with fertilizer plants attached. Winder has an overall factory, also. Braselton has a fertilizer plant known as "The Co-Operative Fertilizer Co."

Maysville has two banking establishments; Commerce has three; Jefferson, three; Statham, one; Winder, three; Hoschton, one; Braselton, one; and Pendergrass, one, all of which are owned and conducted by Jackson County people.

This county has three railroads. Gainesville Midland, through the center and on the west; Seaboard on the south, and the Southern (old North Eastern) on the eastern side of the county.

The National Highway, from Atlanta to New York, crosses the county, entering at Winder, passing through Jefferson and Com-

merce and thence to the Banks County line. This county has many other graded roads, also.

The Financial Condition of Jackson.

From the general presentments of the Grand Jury, of February, 1914, it is observed that the county has a good court-house, substantial jail, home for the poor, roads supplied with good bridges across all the streams, is out of debt, no bonded indebtedness, and has a cash balance of \$26,314.05.

Talmo Cotton.

It is not generally known, but nevertheless true, that Talmo enjoys the distinction of being located in the midst of a section that is noted for its fine cotton.

In the cotton trade it is known as the "Talmo Cotton District."

This little city is surrounded by some twelve or fourteen square miles of gray—nearly white—lands that produce the finest "short staple" cotton in the world. In fact, most of Jackson County lands produce a fine grade of cotton.

When the Pacolet Cotton Mill Company was looking for a location suitable to place their dismantled mills, they chose Gainesville, Ga., in order that they might be in close touch with this section of Georgia—Jackson and surrounding section.

This cotton is sought after by all mill men and always commands a higher price than any other cotton.

Water Power.

Jackson County has no navigable streams but does possess some fine water-powers. There is enough power going to waste on the North Oconee river to put electric lights on the streets and in the buildings of every town in the whole county. And there is enough power wasting in the different streams over the county to light, with the proper storage facilities, every home in and turn every wheel of machinery in the county. This can be utilized without materially interfering with the proper drainage that is contemplated.

Jackson County First.

Martin Institute was the first "endowed" school in the world. Jackson county was first to manufacture gins in upper Georgia, —1820, by Mr. Orr.

First to have an Academy solely for girls—1824.

First to use an anaesthetic,—by Dr. Crawford W. Long, March 30, 1842. Mr. J. M. Venable was the patient.

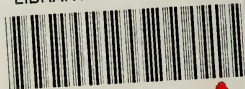
First to produce 100 bushels of corn,—by Master Joe Stone, in 1910.

First in growing the finest "short staple" cotton,—Talmo District.

Thus our county has made wonderful progress in the 118 years of its existence, but greater things are in store for her and she will attain the goal.



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